THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Dec. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

5c. THE NOV. 24, 1917

QUALITY FOLKS—By IRVIN S. COBB

Buick

Everybody Knows Valve-in-Head Means Buick

AND the majority demand not only the Valve-in-Head principle, but the Buick development in which that principle reaches highest efficiency.

Buick popularity is built on the substantial foundation of dependable service—built on the Buick record for power and economy in fuel and tires, through strenuous and long-distance driving.

In the models for 1918 there is wide range of style—a still more pleasing dignity with grace and beauty of line.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY, FLINT, MICH.
Branches in all principal cities. Dealers everywhere.
NOTE—The Car Shown in Illustration is E6-45

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm

A Lifetime Friend

THE Big Ben man in the evening of life enjoys ambition's contentful reward. Big Ben to him is a lifetime friend.

And *you*, in retrospect, at three-score-and-ten, will thank Big Ben of Westclox for each cheery morning call—his faithful comradeship through life—his thrifty guarding of your hours:

"Good fellow, Big Ben, he helped me live on time!"

Big Ben of Westclox is respected by all—sentinel of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is true—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Back of Big Ben stands a community of clock-makers. Each year they build more than four million alarms—accurate, long-lived, almost friction-free. And Big Ben is their masterpiece.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your jeweler's; $2.50 in the States, $3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

La Salle, Ill., U.S.A. **Western Clock Co.** Makers of *Westclox*

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo and Sleep-Meter

GILBERT TOYS

GILBERT Electrical Sets

ELECTRICAL engineering is wonderful fun, boys! With a Gilbert Electrical Set of Experimental Apparatus—together with the illustrated elementary course on Electrical Engineering—you can make a motor that will lift your own weight and magnets that pick up objects. Wire in electric door bells. Operate toys and models with electricity. Do a hundred "stunts" that are being done every day by grown-up electrical engineers. It's fun that's worth while—teaches and demonstrates the secrets of electricity.

Set No. 3004 contains all parts for building motor and other apparatus; also for conducting 100 experiments. Price $5; in Canada, $7.50. Other Gilbert Electrical Sets, $1, $2.50 and $10; in Canada, $1.50, $3.75 and $15.

GILBERT Electric Motors

Gilbert Toys include all kinds of electric toy motors. The one here shown is known as Gilbert Motor P-82. You can have wonderful times with this motor by operating mechanical toys and Erector models. It is just like a regular power motor, is wound for battery use and also has a reversing attachment. Price $3.50; in Canada, $5.25. Other Gilbert Toy Motors $1 to $5; in Canada, $1.50 to $7.50.

GILBERT Brik-tor

With Brik-tor you can "brick-in" the walls, chimneys and foundations of your Erector buildings—the towers and piers of your steel bridges. These bright red bricks, the slate ones for roof effects and the white pieces for trimming, make your buildings more like the real thing. Fine big book of instructions, free with each set. Price of Brik-tor Sets, $1.50, $3 and $5; in Canada, $2.25, $4.50 and $7.50.

GILBERT Mysto Magic

Give exhibitions—earn money—with one of these dandy Mysto Magic Sets. You can do wonderful tricks just like real magicians; give regular shows at parties, churches, halls. These sets contain apparatus for some of the most famous tricks of great magicians. Any boy can do them with a little practice.

Mysto Magic Set 2004 contains many mystifying tricks, with fine Magician's Wand, big poster and my fine Manual of Magic Knowledge, "How to Become an Entertainer", etc. Price $5; in Canada, $7.50. Other Gilbert Mysto Magic Sets, $1, $2, $3 and $10; in Canada, $1.50, $3, $4.50 and $15.

Your Boy is Building His Future Today

"Well, son, what would you like to have for Christmas?" is the question of the hour in your home. Boylike, the lad tells you that he wants a present that will give him "lots of fun."

And then you ask yourself, "What do *I* want him to have?" You realize that his play guides and directs his thoughts and ambitions—and upon his thoughts and ambitions of today are built his character and achievements of tomorrow.

Gilbert Toys meet this double test of fun and education. The boy delights in them because they appeal to his desire for variety and they challenge his skill and ingenuity. The parents appreciate Gilbert Toys because they awaken and develop the constructive and engineering ability which builds cities; the knowledge of electricity which plays such a large part in modern science; the sleight-of-hand dexterity which stimulates quick thinking and quick acting; the interest in military and naval development which safeguards the nation.

Around Erector—the world's best-known toy—I have built a complete line of Gilbert Toys. The name, Gilbert, is your guarantee of *everything* that a worth-while toy should be. Dealers everywhere sell Gilbert Toys.

Alfred C. Gilbert

One of the hundreds of original models which boys can build with Erector

GILBERT ERECTOR

"THE TOY LIKE STRUCTURAL STEEL"

Hello Boys! What construction toy have your boy friends got? Erector! Ask Bill or Jim or Harry—any of your chums—which builds the most, the strongest and best models. They will all answer—Erector! Well, then, isn't Erector the construction toy you want this Christmas? Of course it is!

I guess I've never got over being a boy myself. I know the importance to you boys of having things genuine. So I have studied and worked as hard to make Erector mechanically true as other men do to make a bridge strong or a building architecturally correct.

You can build toy steel bridges, skyscrapers, battleships, machines with Erector and never lose interest in them because they're true! They're exactly like the real thing. Erector girders have lapped interlocking edges (a patented exclusive feature all my own) so you can build with square, four-sided columns, instead of flat strips, and your models are "strong as a horse" instead of flimsy and shaky.

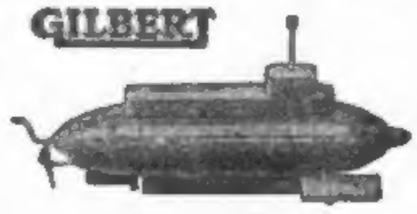
Besides, Erector is the construction toy which has every piece stamped accurately out of steel, scientifically made and correct in design and proportion. The big reinforced steel wheels in the Erector sets are grooved and hubbed for every engineering purpose.

With most sets you get the powerful Erector Electric Motor which operates with reversing switch base, control switch, multi-geared box, etc. Think of the fun you'll have, hooking up this sturdy motor to a model that will actually work when you turn on the power!

Set No. 4

Includes the Erector Electric Motor and every essential engineering part for building all kinds of machinery and buildings—big girders, large and small wheels, shafting, corner plates, angle irons, pinions, pulleys, gear wheels. Price $5; in Canada $7.50. Other Erector sets, $1 to $25; in Canada, $1.50 to $37.50.

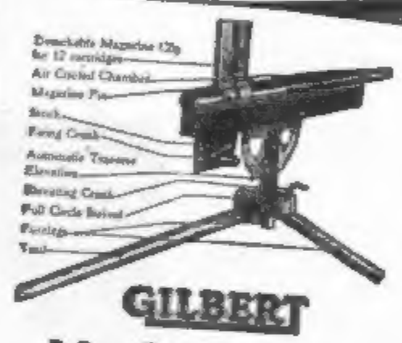
GILBERT Submarine



The Gilbert Submarine "G-150" is an *actual working* miniature model of the history-making submarine. It cruises under its own power; then submerges and continues its course below the surface identically like a real submarine. Discharges its (wood and metal) torpedo automatically.

Non-sinkable; 13½ inches long by 7 inches high; finished in battleship gray. Price $1.50; in Canada, $2.25.

GILBERT Machine Gun



Ready! Aim! Fire! Bang—Bang! Quick as lightning it works, this Gilbert Machine Gun—10 shots per second.

Note all the features, shown above, which are just like "sure-enough" machine guns used in the armies of the world.

Gun is mounted on heavy tripod and is 28¾ inches long, 15⅝ inches high; finished in nickel and black enamel. Machine Gun Manual, free with every Gun, contains full instructions for organizing Machine Gun Company. Price $3; in Canada, $4.50.

GILBERT Chemistry Outfit

Gives you all the materials and instructions for conducting chemistry experiments—doing things that seem really marvelous.

It contains wet cell and equipment for electroplating; nickel-plating; tests for metals; how to make soap; how to make ammonia; how to make ink; laboratory equipment; test tubes and filter paper; helping hints for laboratory; chemical magic with "patter". Price $3; in Canada, $4.50.

Write for the Big Holiday number of my boys' magazine, Gilbert Toy Tips

Tells all about Gilbert Toys. Also about the famous Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys—how you can win degrees, splendid gold watch, handsome gold fraternity pin, a good salaried position (in or near your home town) with us during the Holiday season.

It's all explained in this issue of Tips. Send today for free copy.

Fill Out Coupon and Mail to Me Today.

Mr. A. C. Gilbert, Pres., The A.C. Gilbert Co., 119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

Please send me, free, the special Holiday number of your Gilbert Toy Tips.

Name_____

Street_____

City & State_____

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TAXING WITH EYES SHUT

By WILL PAYNE

JANE SMITH has a millinery shop and knows how to run it. Whether a woman is fat and fifty and can pay eight dollars for a hat, or is slim and eighteen and can pay twenty dollars, Jane will contrive her a headpiece that puts a spotlight on her best points and has some snap in it. She will manage to give every woman who buys a hat an agreeable impression that the shop hasn't had anything on its mind all summer except just to fit that particular headpiece on that particular head. She manages her help capably.

Her natural taste, tact and shrewdness have been improved by fifteen years' experience—and hard work. So the shop flourishes in a modest way. Its net profit is six thousand dollars a year. But the actual money investment is small, consisting of some stock hats, feathers, ribbons, artificial flowers, show cases. Five thousand dollars will cover it.

Good lawyers who have studied the new war-revenue act say Jane's war taxes this year will amount to twenty-nine hundred and forty dollars, or practically half her income.

Probably Congress did not intend that, for the law says an individual, in computing his "war excess-profits tax," may deduct from net profits six thousand dollars and nine per cent on the capital invested. But a further provision seems clearly to make this deduction applicable only to profits which do not exceed fifteen per cent on the capital invested, with no deduction at all for profits in excess of fifteen per cent on the investment. Individuals in business and partnership are not permitted to deduct anything for their personal services—unless they pay themselves a fixed salary, which few individuals and partners do.

Fifteen per cent on Jane's actual investment would be only seven hundred and fifty dollars, so—according to this strict construction of the law—almost all her profits are subject to taxation at rates running from twenty-five to sixty per cent, and the sixty per cent rate applies to about three-fourths of her entire profit.

It may be hoped the Treasury Department will finally apply the law according to what Congress probably meant to say instead of according to what it actually did say—thus exempting Jane and thousands of other small businesses which are in the same situation. But Washington advices at this writing make that doubtful.

The United States declared war in April and the House Ways and Means Committee at once addressed itself to framing a war-revenue bill. The bill passed in October. So Congress devoted practically six months to it, and in spite of that protracted consideration the bill as passed is so indefinitely worded in certain sections that lawyers and accountants with the greatest experience in tax matters cannot tell how, in some very important respects, it will apply. An expert has calculated that according to one reading of the excess-profits section the war tax of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana would be sixteen million and odd dollars, while according to another reading it would be thirteen millions and odd—a difference of almost three million dollars for one typical big concern.

One of Chicago's leading lawyers has declared that it will take one hundred Treasury rulings and court decisions to determine how the law, in its entirety, applies. A recent Washington dispatch announced that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue was about to appoint an Excess Profits Advisory Board to assist his bureau in construing and applying that particular section of the act, and an Advisory Board of Legal Review, "composed of prominent attorneys of large experience," to deal especially with the more technical legal phases of the problem.

So the first fact that one encounters in studying the new revenue law is a regrettable degree of ambiguity and uncertainty—which might, it would seem, have been avoided when the bill was under consideration for practically six months.

But aside from that it is certain that the law will operate with extraordinary inequality. Take two instances of the way it affects what may fairly be considered as war profits:

Several years ago three men bought a comparatively small and moribund factory which was suitable for making a certain article of cutlery. The American market for that particular article—or for those particular grades of the article—had been pretty largely captured by German manufacturers and naturally there was an impression in the trade that American manufacturers couldn't turn out so good an article as the Germans did at the same price.

The three Americans did not share that impression. They purposed to demonstrate to the trade that at least as good an American article could be had at at least as low a price. They invested twenty thousand dollars apiece in the venture. They also invested their ability and experience in making and selling merchandise, and they invested much enthusiasm. They set to work establishing their American trade-mark in the preëmpted field and building up a goodwill for it. War came along and shut off German imports. Then, naturally, they went over the top.

This year they are cashing in. Net profits will probably be a hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The new revenue law allows them to deduct from that nine per cent on the investment plus a flat

At the Athletic Club

exemption of three thousand dollars—this being a corporation instead of an individual or partnership—or eighty-four hundred dollars in all.

On their net profits which exceed the exemption but do not exceed fifteen per cent on the capital invested, it taxes them twenty per cent. But as fifteen per cent on the capital invested is only nine thousand dollars this rate of taxation applies to only six hundred dollars of profits.

On profits which exceed fifteen per cent of the investment but do not exceed twenty per cent—that is, on three thousand dollars—the tax is twenty-five per cent. On the next three thousand dollars it is thirty-five per cent. On forty-eight hundred dollars—the amount in excess of twenty-five per cent on the capital but not in excess of thirty-three per cent—the tax is forty-five per cent. On all remaining profits the tax is sixty per cent. The war-tax bill comes to approximately a hundred thousand dollars, or more than half the profits.

For another case we may take the Bethlehem Steel Company. Net profits in 1914 were six million dollars. For the first seven months of this year they were at the rate of fifty-six millions a year. Of course these are war profits. But the balance sheet shows assets of two hundred and eighty-five million dollars. Whatever the capital investment may be the company is entitled to deduct nine per cent on it; so the highest rate of taxation will scarcely touch its profits.

A smaller steel company, which has been enjoying large war profits, recently published a statement for eight months of the current year. It figures its war tax at twenty-seven per cent of net profits—against more than fifty per cent in the case of the small concern which was taken as the first example.

That inequality runs throughout, because Congress finally recognized nothing but the money actually invested in the business. It said, in effect, that a man was entitled to earn nine per cent on his actual investment, and everything above that should be subjected to a heavy tax.

Now in the case of the great standardized businesses, with heavy capital investment, that rule may be tolerable. It is well known, for instance, that the Standard Oil companies have always earned a high return on their investment; and nowadays, with war prices for gasoline, and so on, they are making big profits. Yet they have a huge investment, so this war tax touches them much more lightly than it does many small concerns.

On the basis of last year's profits it has been calculated that the Atlantic Refining Company—an eastern refining and marketing Standard Oil concern—would pay twenty-two and nine-tenths per cent of its net earnings in war taxes; that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, covering a good part of the Middle West, would pay thirty-seven and seven-tenths, and the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, covering the Southwest, would pay nineteen and eight-tenths. On the whole, the tax would take about one-quarter of net profits.

Heavy Burdens on Small Business

FOR such big concerns as the Harvester Trust and the Chicago packers it will be fairly negligible, because net profits hardly exceed fifteen per cent on the investment.

But everybody with any experience of business knows that—especially as to concerns which are small as compared with these big institutions—ability and goodwill are often greater factors in earnings than the money investment is. That applies to innumerable businesses.

Here is a trade journal which has established itself as an authority in its field. It was founded more than fifty years ago, and because it has always been conducted with ability it has a strong position. People engaged in that trade know it, trust it, refer to it for trade information. In fifty years, in short, it has built up a large goodwill value. Before the war it earned seventy-five thousand dollars a year net. But war has greatly increased the cost of paper and other materials as well as of labor. This year it will earn only sixty thousand dollars.

The money invested is but forty thousand dollars. Almost all city publications of that sort are printed in some big establishment in which they have no interest as owners, for a big plant can print twenty papers of comparatively small circulation much more cheaply than the work could be done in twenty little separate plants.

What counts in this journal is not at all the money invested, but the editorial ability and the goodwill which that ability has created. The new revenue law, however, will take about half of this journal's net profits—though its profits are actually smaller because of the war instead of larger—as against about one-quarter of the Standard Oil companies' profits and of the munition-making steel companies' profits.

As it happens the founders of this journal are dead and the business is now owned in equal shares by five successors. Before the war each of those five families drew fifteen thousand dollars a year from the business. War costs and war taxes will reduce their incomes this year to less than half that. For them the war amounts to an income tax of more than fifty per cent on a fifteen-thousand-dollar income.

There are twenty-odd thousand newspapers and periodical publications in the United States. The above illustration applies to almost all the prosperous ones among them, for publishing is typical of those businesses which depend upon ability for their earning power rather than upon the cash invested.

There are a number of daily newspapers in the United States that make more than five hundred thousand dollars a year net profit. They have a certain investment in printing presses, but that investment has relatively nothing to do with their earnings. Anybody with money or credit can set up a plant sufficient to print a daily newspaper. Innumerable people have done it, but comparatively few of them have made a profitable newspaper. Greeley, Childs, Medill, Pulitzer had no money to speak of; but they had a genius for the newspaper business. This revenue act seems to regard that genius as bogus, or negligible, and the money invested as the only legitimate source of profit.

The book-publishing business is in the same category. Only a few of the well-known publishing houses have any plant to speak of. Mostly they get their printing done at some big printing establishment. If the house is successful and useful it is because somebody at the head of it has a special ability in judging books and selling them—not because he owns a certain number of printing presses.

The Tax on Personal Ability

WHEN the staff of the prosperous publishing house—whether it publishes a newspaper, a magazine or books—put their hats on their heads and the concern's intangible goodwill in their pockets and go home to dinner, all that they leave behind is mere dead machinery, worth so much a pound. If it should burn up overnight the only result would be a temporary inconvenience. But the revenue act says it is the only thing to be considered.

You may not have realized—as Congress finally did not—the tremendous part which intangible assets, such as ability and goodwill, play in business. But you can realize it by walking half a dozen blocks on any thriving retail street and looking about. Many of the shop windows, you notice, are arranged to catch the feminine eye. The materials in that hat—the actual cash investment—may be worth three or four dollars. The taste and skill with which they are combined are what sell it. The name on that corset could not be bought for a trainload of whalebone and linen; years of ability and energy have gone into establishing its goodwill. The name over this shoe shop is worth many times the value of all its ponderable contents.

In this window you notice a toilet article—famous for years. Its name is almost as familiar to you as your own. You buy it as a matter of course. The original owner of the name made a fortune out of it. The business now is worth millions. But it never owned a plant. The proprietor had a formula for making the article and ideas as to how it ought to be put up and sold. Having the formula anybody could get the ingredients together and mix them in the prescribed way. That was a mere mechanical, manufacturing affair. The proprietor simply got somebody with a suitable plant to make the article for him. That was easier than bothering about it himself. The business will probably pay a fifty-per-cent war tax, while the man who supplied the merely mechanical accessory of putting the ingredients together, but who has a large plant investment, may pay five per cent or nothing.

One of the conspicuous objects on a celebrated retail street is a certain tall hotel. Years ago the manager of that hotel demonstrated a genius for that particular business in a smaller place. People liked to go to his establishment, where they were sure to be comfortable and well fed. He wanted a larger field and looked ambitiously to the famous street referred to.

To buy the ground and build there a hotel such as he had in mind would take several million dollars. He had no million dollars, but that was no obstacle. He had his demonstrated ability, his established goodwill. So some men who had a great many million dollars were perfectly ready to build the hotel for him, knowing he would make a success of it.

He died some time ago and probate proceedings disclosed that his investment had grown to about two million dollars—consisting of furniture, stores and so on—and he made a net profit of eight hundred thousand a year. The revenue bill would permit a deduction of nine per cent on the actual investment, leaving six hundred and twenty thousand dollars to be taxed at rates running from twenty to sixty per cent, though profits are no greater now than before the war. Incidentally the land on which the hotel stands has more than doubled in value; but the landowners pay no war tax because their return does not exceed nine per cent on the value of the tangible property. Of course the important things there weren't land, bricks and timber, but the hotel man's ability and goodwill.

Here is an ingenious invention whose name is also very familiar to you. As it happens, its makers own a big plant, but for some years they have made more of the article than their plant can turn out, so quite a proportion of their output has been manufactured for them in a plant that they have no interest in as owners. As to profits on that part of their product which is made in their own plant they are of course entitled to deduct nine per cent of the value of the plant. But as to that part—no doubt as good in every way—which is made in another plant they can claim no deduction.

Somewhere in New York stands an Italian villa whose proprietor came to this country with no money, but some ideas. He came from a famous tobacco district and his ideas ran in that direction. He began to mix certain kinds of smoking tobacco in a certain way, and to get a few people to buy the product. Gradually more people bought it. He had no plant, no capital investment to speak of. He simply had the trick of getting a certain combination of tobacco and selling it. In time so many people were buying this combination that he sold the brand to the tobacco trust for so much money that he can spend the rest of his days in the Italian villa ruminating on the oddities of American tax laws if he chooses.

For if he had kept the business—which made big earnings on a small capital investment because it had established a highly valuable goodwill—this new revenue law would have taken about half his net profits. But since he sold his goodwill the purchaser is entitled to treat it as a legitimate investment and to deduct nine per cent of the price paid therefor.

The law says that the capital invested in a business—nine per cent of which may be deducted from profits before figuring war taxes—shall be: "[1] Actual cash paid in; [2] the actual cash value of tangible property paid in other than cash . . . ; [3] paid-in or earned surplus and undivided profits used or employed in the business, exclusive of undivided profits earned during the taxable year . . . provided the goodwill, trade marks, trade brands, franchise of a corporation or partnership or other intangible property shall be included as invested capital if the corporation or partnership made payment bona fide therefor specifically as such in cash or tangible property."

In other words, goodwill, trade marks, trade brands and like intangible assets are not regarded as a legitimate source of earnings when in the hands of the man who created them, but they are regarded as a legitimate investment in the business when in the hands of a man who bought them.

Some years ago a clever woman established a brand of cigarettes on the market and presently sold the brand—her goodwill—for a million dollars. The purchaser can deduct ninety thousand dollars from earnings; but the woman herself could have claimed no deduction on account of goodwill. Now business fairly bristles with instances like that—illustrations of the indubitable fact that ability, established trade marks, goodwill, patents and such intangible assets are about as important on the whole as the actual cash investment.

Curiosities of the Tax Law

YOU have invented a useful article—say an automatic churn or a self-cleansing cream separator. You let someone else manufacture and market it, merely taking a royalty on each machine sold. Your royalties amount to a hundred thousand dollars a year. You have no capital whatever invested. So the revenue act, under the war excess-profits section, taxes you a flat eight per cent on your net income after deducting six thousand dollars. Your tax is seventy-five hundred and twenty dollars a year.

Suppose, however, you wish to market your churn or separator yourself, getting someone else, who has a suitable plant, to manufacture it for you. In that case you must invest some capital in an office and selling paraphernalia, perhaps in a warehouse. Say you invest twenty-five thousand dollars. Doing the selling yourself, you should expect a little greater net return. Put it at a hundred and ten thousand a year. After the deductions mentioned in the bill and the small amounts subject to taxation at a rate less than sixty per cent, about a hundred thousand dollars of your income will be taxed at sixty per cent, and your tax bill—under the excess-profits section and without regard to the income tax proper—will be sixty thousand dollars.

Suppose you saw that coming and didn't like it, so you went to a farm-implement concern and said "I have a business here which earns more than a hundred thousand a year net. I will sell it to you, including my patent, for a million dollars; it will pay you better than ten per cent on the money." The implement company buys your business and patent. It earns a hundred and ten thousand dollars net as before. But the implement company deducts nine per cent on a million dollars, or ninety thousand dollars, and pays practically no war excess-profits tax.

In one position the churn pays seventy-five hundred dollars tax, in another position it pays sixty thousand dollars, in still another it pays virtually nothing. It was the same churn and virtually the same business all the way through. Congress regards the cash investment of a million dollars in buying your patent as the only really important thing; whereas, of course, the only really important thing is the ability which made the invention.

(Continued on Page 57)

THE PLAIN WOMAN

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

THE mere mention of the fact is against his story; but Steve Vinton did a bit of free verse now and then. There is much in extenuation. He was young and a man's man; he did a man's work; had some money and many friends. The occasional bit of verse didn't keep him out of the ball parks or the billiard rooms, but is altogether responsible for the present run of affairs.

Thirty years old, a bachelor, with considerable travel experience as a correspondent in the past, Steve was now in charge of an important news and feature bureau with world-spanning wires. Everything had come easy for him; so that he was inclined to turn a bored look ahead and behind. In itself this constitutes a challenge to Fate. Still, he wasn't prepared for what came.

It was a letter from a human being called Mona Hermon. He had done a verse she liked—probably one of the things that he gladly gave away; possibly one of the things he liked, himself. There was a fine feminine flash to her appreciation. He acknowledged her note. A month afterward she wrote again. Steve found that he had remembered the angular beauty of the writing and that he opened the second letter with a sense of inner quickening.

There was no question about it at all. Here was a real mind; here was writing, he thought, above the writing for the public; the freedom and wide-revealing charm which can only direct themselves to a loved or understanding mind, and which would become dumb and helpless before the first thought of the crowd.

Moreover, Steve found that he could write to M. H. as he had never written before.

There was a vernal night. He was at home, and alone, except for a manservant. He turned off the electric bulb above his desk. Moonlight and south wind stole in—a hot-weather moon, full and red as Mars. The far glory of Egypt was in the purple south.

A sense came to Steve of his own idiocy; but that passed. Then he felt he wanted to be a pilgrim, with but a rag and a staff—to begin again and find this woman. She was no more real than a skylark whose song comes out of the blue; yet she had spoiled everything else for him. He wanted to go to her now.

He wrote, instead. It was the kind of writing that transcends for the moment the sense of time and space. He dropped the letter into a box while the witchery of the June night still enchanted.

He felt dry, a bit burned, the next morning, and saddled for a couple of hours, transferring the slight strain to his muscles before going downtown. There was a note from M. H. She had found a portrait or print of him somewhere and commented on it deliciously.

"I wonder whether you are half so impressive as that?" she had inquired; and added: "I wonder whether you think of me as I am—plain, plain, plain? . . ."

He did not. The accepted laws of beauty did not exactly belong to his forming picture of her; but she meant something for him beyond care and canon—dark, vivid, electric; a manifestation of eyes, lips and mind—all the poundage part of a human being utterly vague in his conception.

This letter of hers thralled him. It was so blithe in intent, yet so keen and accurate in mental matters. Invariably her words animated his interlacing emotions. Her answer came to his June-night letter. She never forgot her humor for an instant; but his writing that night had carried her up and up. She gave him a bit of rapture in answer to it—the first real rapture Steve Vinton had ever known.

Her letter also expressed a deep dread of disappointing him—if they ever met. Almost any woman would have done this to keep a man from looking too high; but Steve didn't believe she was plain, even though she repeated it. Bright men are very dull at times. Steve must have retrenched a little in his next letter—perhaps used his head instead of his heart, which had sufficed so far. His dullness was not so much in retrenchment—the world teaches any man that—but in the time he chose for cooling the solution. He had caught her at her highest—literally on the wing.

Then he learned what silence meant; he saw his own crudity. He was uptown and downtown as usual; but other people did his work. He ate little, slept little; his vitality was prodigious, a miracle maturing in his breast—mightily and madly in love for the first time in his life, and with a woman he had never seen.

He forced himself into the woods alone for four days, and returned to his upper room—something like an intolerable sickness of tension in his breast as he looked over the pile of accumulated mail. None from M. H. . . . He looked again. The fact was the same, and it was a fact formed of chilled steel.

He sat down and began the fight all over again. He must have remained in stillness two hours. A servant entered with afternoon mail of the day—thickness of thin tough sheets that crinkled, the much-loved angular handwriting—bounty to the starving; yet he was afraid.

She had been away. She had been very busy and half ill with a friend's illness. . . . It was so wonderful to feel herself writing again. . . . She had got so she could open his last letter now without gasping.

That was the way the news of her hurt was broken to him—five sentences of commonplaces, and one of pulse and passion and pain. With every sentence in her letter, she was withdrawing. He saw it as he read, and the breath and blood seemed hardly to move in his breast. She spoke of her house and street, and the tension of Europe; and then it came like a cry that formerly her intuitions did not betray. She expressed the thought that it was woman's one deadly sin to mistake a voice. Finally she confessed that she did not mean to write again for the present—that she might go to Europe.

His eyes turned up at last to the room in which he sat—the study and trophy room. It shocked him with its abject silliness—boyish things that he had not put away. He glanced at his books and guns—things that should have been passed long since to children behind. He saw the pitiful smugness of his own work. All healthy men get such hours as these; but in the midst of them a man thinks he alone is persecuted. Devils and angels walked with him in the upper room that night—at least, his thoughts swept the whole distance from black to white, and back again.

He decided to go to M. H.; to see her face to face. . . . "She's just a woman," he said to himself. "The gods are far away. For her sake, for mine, we must talk this over and learn whether we can be sane ——"

There wasn't a straight line in this decision. Steve knew it vaguely. It wasn't either chivalrous or truthful. She was brave. She had asked him not to write, because it was nobler to endure the present pain than to lose the dream entirely. Steve couldn't altogether lie to himself. His heart told him that he had found the big Helen who waits for every man; but his mind answered that, ten to one, he was bound in his own imagination—that the fragrance which intoxicated him and the ardor that blinded were both intensified by passing through the mists of dreams. He loved because he had not seen her.

Without writing, Steve went to New York and presented his card at her apartment house, opposite a small park. It was returned after several minutes with the word that Miss Hermon was out. . . . No; she was not out of the city—at least, no word to this effect had been left. . . . No; it would be quite impossible to tell when she would return. Miss Hermon lived alone. . . . Her comings and goings were quite unreckonable.

Steve wondered why it had taken the servant several minutes to learn this. All day he lounged about his hotel and tried again in the evening, with the same result.

"Has Miss Hermon been at home since morning?" he asked.

The answer was evasive. He couldn't laugh at himself. A sudden strange sickness swept through his arteries. He felt a desert-island loneliness, his ship sinking into the horizon. He saw the courage and delicacy of a woman who could suffer alone and in silence, while he had come to have a torturing illusion broken.

He was sick, like the big town around him; sick of himself, sick with heat, full of horrible grinding. He had lost his humor. His thought of Steve Vinton loose like a madman in old New York—forcing himself to a woman's door, only to be turned away, almost crying aloud against the thought of just a door between them—brought no lightness with it. People stared at him. He could not have forgiven another man his own emotions.

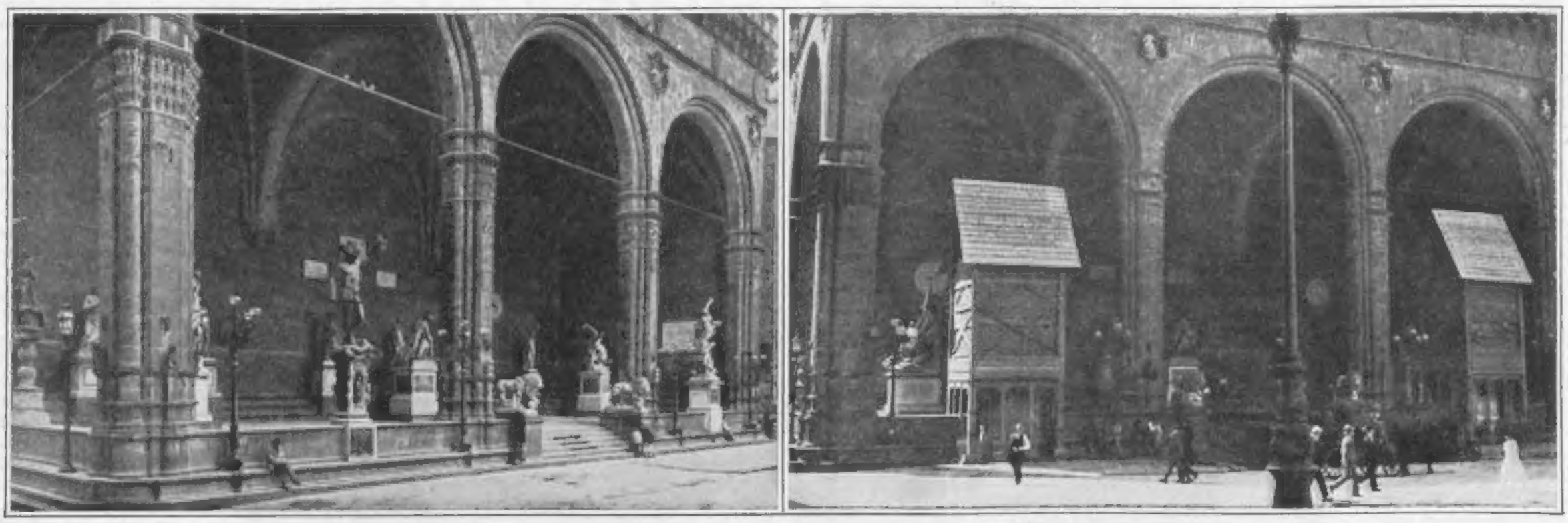
He crossed the street and strode into one of the hot shaded roads of the little park. He was trying hard to get himself in hand a last time. He realized vaguely that he was not conducting himself like a modern American; this was more like Balzac and Hugo days—an infatuation of Europe a century ago. He had brooded too much—hours of writing to her—hours of living with her letters—hours of conceiving beauty round his own image of her. He had bound himself in his own creation. The way out was the way of pain—pain of detachment and denial.

The next morning he went to the little park, but not to her house. Men and women and children passed him. Steve suddenly became prey to the thought that she might be watching him—that she might even be here

(Concluded on Page 63)

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

Over the Border to Italy—By Will Irwin



The Loggia del Lanzi, Florence, as it Looked Before the War and Now. The Shed at the Left Covers Cellini's Perseus, the One at the Right the Rape of the Sabines

GENEVA, August 26, 1917.

ONE passes from Bern to Geneva, from the shades of the Jungfrau to those of Mont Blanc, into an atmosphere of sweet peace. Bern, the capital of Switzerland, haunted by the agents of the belligerents, nervous with a sense of impending trouble, is but one step removed from a war city. Gracious Geneva-by-the-Lake is farther away from the focus of trouble. Also, the prevailing blood here is French; the people do things with a Gallic lightness; whereas Bern is Germanic and heavy.

To-day is Sunday. A broad avenue bordering the lake stretches beneath my window. This morning a bicycle road race finished on that avenue, amid tremendous cheering from the populace, and a general human fuss that reminded me of Paris. This afternoon the lake was sprinkled with little pleasure boats; also, there was a swimming race. Along the quais all the world and his girl paraded. The atmosphere here is a little unhealthy for interned German soldiers; so one misses the green-blue-gray uniform on the streets.

The interned French poilu, on the other hand, is everywhere—almost always accompanied by a girl. He lounges on the quais; he sits on the park benches; he takes the ladies boat riding; he fishes. This is a red-letter day in my existence. I have seen hundreds of thousands of people fishing in Europe, but I have never, until this afternoon, seen one of them catch a fish. That hitherto unparalleled feat was performed in my sight this afternoon by a Frenchman; and people came from blocks away to look at a flopping shiner six inches long.

GENEVA, August Twenty-seventh.

Time out of mind, Geneva has been a favorite residence for persons wanting to escape from the summer heat of Italy, the anæmic Julys and Augusts of France, and from all seasons in Germany. Since the tourists travel no more, it ought to be its real self again for the first time in a hundred years. But it isn't. The most pleasant Swiss city, on the whole, for steady summer-and-winter residence, it has drawn well-to-do refugees wholesale. Serbia, as the world knows, is gone for the present—a nation without territory. The average Serbian woman, child or old man serves the country little by staying in that narrow strip of barren land wherein the "army of tired old men" is fighting. So four thousand Serbians have added themselves to the population of Geneva; in fact, there is a sprinkling from all the Balkans.

In my last letter I recorded the failure of my search through the allied resorts of the Bernese Oberland for the slackers, the people who have left their native lands because they cannot stand the war. Here the search has been a little more successful. I announce with pride, and yet with truth, that the specimens I have discovered come mainly from the Central Powers. A friend of mine encountered in an American bar, the other day, an Austrian of noble birth whom he once knew in Vienna. Wounded on the Rumanian Front, he had obtained permission to pass his convalescence in Switzerland. "And I'm not going back," he said. "I've had enough of this smelly war. My physician can keep discovering new complications."

Only the other day, as the newspapers recorded at the time, a German princeling, passing his convalescence from wounds in a town on the German side of Lake Constance, was smuggled across the lake by his pacifist mother to the tune of volley firing by the sentinels. Many wounded Germans, equally disgusted with the war but possessed of a smaller pull, have managed somehow to cross the frontier. When the time comes for return to the ranks they will be posted as deserters, to be shot if found. Nevertheless, they prefer disgrace, exile and expropriation of property to the man mills of the Kaiser.

Queer Fish in Geneva

THIS is one reason why the German Government is at present so terribly strict about letting anyone cross the frontier. The Austrians, more humane and easy-going, are less severe. We have in our hotel, for example, an Austrian prince, an attractive man of some fifty years, passing the summer in Geneva with a lady. Further, we have a rich Turk who eats a good deal, and who told an American of his acquaintance that he had left Constantinople because the dinners were getting so bad.

Geneva is a catchall for those odd fish of civilization wholly at outs with the present state of the world or with their own fatherlands—a city of originals and eccentrics. Often you pick out those sports of the social structure by their very appearance. Every morning I meet on the pleasant walk of the Quai Mont Blanc an old gentleman dressed in white flannel. Apparently he has never cut his hair or his beard in all his life. Hatless, and blinking a little when the sun pours into his eyes, he walks with his hands clasped behind him and appears to meditate. He looks like a cleaned-up duplicate of Schlatter the Healer.

Odd fish—they are here in schools. Over at St. Moritz an ex-King of Greece keeps a toy court. Somewhere in the suburbs of this town Romain Rolland, at outs with France, is shaping another of his three-decker novels. Somewhere else the anonymous author of J'Accuse is exposing again the crowd that has perverted his native Germany. From resort to resort floats a Hohenlohe, who cannot abide Hohenzollern rule and has said so overfrankly.

Less eminent cases there are by thousands. An American-born journalist of German parentage, stationed in Berlin before the entrance of America into the war, went mad over the land of his ancestors and took violent issue with France and England in his dispatches. Nevertheless, he was not a German; and a little while after our declaration of war he crossed into Switzerland. He cannot pass through allied territory because of his known views and his old services to Germany. He cannot return to Germany without practically agreeing to turn traitor to the United States; and, being an honest man, he is unwilling to do that. So he is stuck in Switzerland for the period of the war. His journal fortunately is keeping up his salary, which amounts now to a pension, since his pro-German dispatches probably do not go through.

An American woman married a German banker. Just before the war he died. She was in Switzerland, on her way home to New York, when the war arrived. Her marriage, under the universal rule of international law, had made her a German. She had intended to get her American citizenship restored, because she did not like Germany. Nations will not change horses while crossing a stream, and the privilege of getting citizenship restored has been virtually suspended since the war began. So here she is; as a German by citizenship, she cannot travel across France or Italy; as an American by birth and sentiment, she will not return to Germany. She too is in exile; in fact, exiles of this class, holding one citizenship on their passports, another in their hearts, dwell by thousands in Switzerland.

Twice in my travels I have encountered a large plump American, escorting in to dinner a tall beautiful wife and a more tall and beautiful daughter. These ladies wear the most expensive Parisian evening dresses, cut as low as the law allows, and many jewels. When they enter a dining room every neck

Women and Children in the Food Demonstration at Geneva

cranes; for they really are superb specimens of decorated womanhood. This man, it appears, was making much money before the war by trading with Germany through Switzerland. We entered the war; and he remained in Switzerland. I do not know whether he could get an American passport, but he certainly could not get a French or Italian visé; he must stay here.

If Switzerland were anybody's country, if both sides could come here and arrest and execute at will, I tremble to think what a riot of shooting, hanging and beheading we should have in Geneva. Many people now in Switzerland, such as Italians born in the Trentino and therefore technically Austrian subjects, and Frenchmen born in Alsace-Lorraine, who are counted as Germans by their conquerors, have been proclaimed outlaws and deserters by the military courts of the lands of their enslavement. Also, there are the spies—leaving German Switzerland for French did not rid us of the spy! Indeed, that profession is exceptionally active hereabout; for Geneva is only an hour or so from the Swiss border.

Extraordinary tales of espionage pass from mouth to mouth. Already there are the stock stories, such as this one, which was whispered into my ear last night:

A Swiss merchant, living for a time in Germany, wanted to go to Holland. He was given permission on condition that he would not visit England. He broke that promise; he ran over to England just for a day. Returning to Germany, he was asked at the frontier if he had visited London. "Certainly not!" he said. "What about this, then?" asked the German official; and he flashed a snapshot photograph that showed the Swiss entering the Charing Cross Station of the London Tube.

I had heard that tale before, many times and with many variations. Usually the leading character is a Belgian who had obtained permission to cross Germany into Switzerland; in this case, the photograph shows him entering the Opéra Station of the Paris Subway. Sometimes—by way of artistic completeness—a calendar marking the date, or a clock showing the hour, stands in the background of the photograph. These narratives never explain how Our Hero crossed to England or to France without getting the proper visé on his passport—which would have betrayed his movements as thoroughly as any photograph.

However, I have just heard a spy story equally interesting and, I believe, more authentic:

A certain American banker, with a roving commission from his firm, visited Germany several times during the period of our neutrality. One day, soon after we declared war, he was strolling along a street in the center of Paris. A man came out of a shop, crossed the street before him, entered a taxicab at the curb with its flag down, and drove away. The American recognized this man perfectly; he was a German reserve officer whom he had known and with whom he had done much business during the year 1915. Getting over his stupefaction a little too late, he called another taxicab and commanded the driver to follow the German's cab. He was excited, and he betrayed his eagerness; whereupon the crafty chauffeur stopped to bargain. Only when the American cried "But I am following a spy—any price!" did the chauffeur start. Then it was too late; the German's cab had rounded a corner and lost itself in the traffic of the boulevards. In his excitement the American had failed to note the license number.

That night he dined in a Parisian restaurant that I shall call Joseph's; his companion was a British officer. The American related his adventure in full, with the name and description of the German. A few days later he crossed into Switzerland. On the quais of Geneva he ran bump against his man—the reserve officer of Berlin, the spy of Paris. The German spoke first.

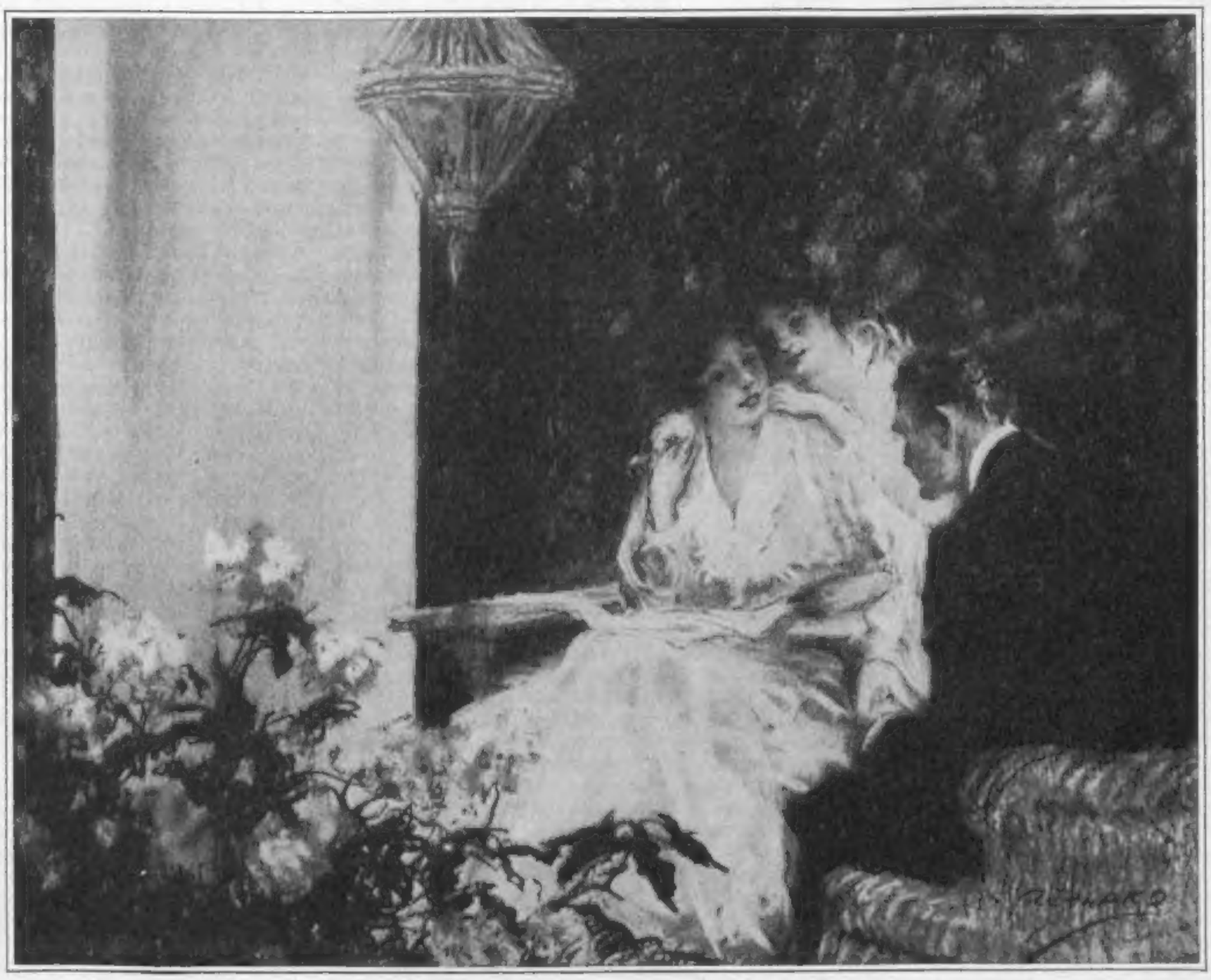
"You saw me in Paris last week, didn't you?" he said. "Yes—I know. That night you told all about me to Captain Blank, of the British Army, in Joseph's restaurant. You were overheard!"

(Continued on Page 67)

QUALITY FOLKS

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD



The Two Sisters Were by Way of Being Reigning Belles

IN OUR town formerly there were any number of negro children named for Caucasian friends of their parents. Some bore for their names the names of old masters of the slavery time, masters who had been kindly and gracious and whose memories thereby were affectionately perpetuated; these were mainly of a generation now growing into middle age. Others—I am speaking still of the namesakes, not of the original bearers of the names—had been christened with intent to do honor to indulgent and well-remembered employers of post-bellum days. Thus it might befall, for example, that Wadsworth Junius Courtney, Esquire, would be a prominent advocate practicing at the local bar and that Wadsworth Junius Courtney Jones, of color, would be his janitor and sweep out his office for him. Yet others had been named after white children—and soon after—for the reason that the white children had been given first names having a fine, full, sonorous sound or else a fascinatingly novel sound.

Of these last there were instances amounting in the aggregate to a small host.

I seem to remember, for example, that once a pink girlmite came into the world by way of a bedroom in a large white house on Tilghman Avenue and was at the baptismal font sentenced for life to bear the Christian name of Rowena Hildegarde.

Or is Rowena Hildegarde a Christian name?

At any rate, within twelve months' time, there were to be found in more crowded and less affluent quarters of our thriving little city four more Rowena Hildegardes, of tender years, or rather, tender months—two black ones, one chrome-yellow one, and one sepia-brown one.

But so far as the available records show there was but one white child in our town who bore for its name, bestowed upon it with due knowledge of the fact and with deliberate intent, the name of a person of undoubted African descent. However, at this stage to reveal the circumstances governing this phenomenon would be to run ahead of our tale and to precipitate its climax before the groundwork were laid for its premise. Most stories should start at the beginning. This one must.

From round the left-hand corner of the house came with a sudden blare the sound of melody—words and music—growing steadily louder as the unseen singer drew nearer. The music was a lusty, deep-volumed camp-meeting air, with long-drawn quavers and cadences in it. The words were as follows:

Had a lovin' mother,
Been climbin' up de hill so long;
She been hopin' git to heaben in due time
Befo' dem heaben do's close!

And then the chorus, voicing first a passionate entreaty, then rising in the final bars to a great exultant shout:

Den chain dat lion down, Good Lawd!
Den chain dat lion down!
Oh, please!
Good Lawd, done chained dat lion down!
Done chained dat deadly lion down!
Glor-o-o-o!

The singer, still singing, issued into view, limping slightly—a wizen woman, coal-black and old, with a white cloth bound about her head, turban fashion, and a man's battered straw hat resting jauntily upon the knotted kerchief. Her calico frock was voluminous, unshapely and starch-clean. Her under lip was shoved forward as though permanently twisted into a spout-shape by the task of holding something against the gums of her lower front teeth, and from one side of her mouth protruded a bit of wood with the slivered bark on it. One versed in the science of forestry might have recognized the little stub of switch as a peach-tree switch; one bred of the soil would have known its purpose. Neither puckered-out lip nor peach-tree twig seemed to interfere in the least with her singing. She flung the song out past them—over the lip, round the twig.

With her head thrown away back, her hands resting on her bony hips, and her feet clunking inside a pair of boys' shoes too large for her, she crossed the lawn at an angle. In all things about her—in her gait, despite its limp, in her pose, her figure—there was something masterful, something dominating, something tremendously proud. Considering her sparseness of bulk she had a most astoundingly big strong voice, and in the voice as in the strut was arrogant pride.

She crossed the yard and let herself out of a side gate opening upon an empty side street and went out of sight and ultimately out of hearing down the side street in the

hot sunshine of the late afternoon. But before she was out of hearing she had made it plain that not only a loving mother and a loving father, but likewise a loving brother and a loving sister, a loving nephew and a loving uncle, a loving grandmother and divers other loving relatives—had all been engaged in the hill-climbing pilgrimage along a lion-guarded path.

The hush that succeeded her departure was a profound hush; indeed, by comparison with the clamorous outburst that had gone before it seemed almost ghastly. Not even the shrieks of the caucusing blue jays that might now be heard in the oak trees upon the lawn, where they were holding one of their excited powwows, served to destroy the illusion that a dead quiet had descended upon a spot lately racked by loud sounds. The well-dressed young man who had been listening with the air of one intent on catching and memorizing the air, settled back in the hammock in which he was stretched behind the thick screen of vines that covered the wide front porch of the house.

"The estimable Aunt Charlotte appears to be in excellent voice and spirits to-day," he said with a wry smile. "I don't know that I ever heard her when her top notes carried farther than they did just now."

The slender black-haired girl who sat alongside him in a porch chair winced.

"It's perfectly awful—I know it," she lamented. "I suppose if Mildred and I have asked her once not to carry on like that here at the front of the house we've asked her a hundred times. It's bad enough to have her whooping like a wild Indian in the kitchen. But it never seems to do any good."

"Why don't you try getting rid of her altogether as a remedy?" suggested the young man.

"Get rid of Aunt Sharley! Why, Harvey—why, Mr. Winslow, I mean—we couldn't do that! Why, Aunt Sharley has always been in our family! Why, she's just like one of us—just like our own flesh and blood! Why, she used to belong to my Grandmother Helm before the war——"

"I see," he said dryly, breaking in on her. "She used to belong to your grandmother, and now you belong to her. The plan of ownership has merely been reversed, that's all. Tell me, Miss Emmy Lou, how does it feel to be a human chattel, with no prospect of emancipation?" Then catching the hurt look on her flushed face he dropped his raillery and hastened to make amends. "Well, never mind. You're the sweetest slave girl I ever met—I guess you're the sweetest one that ever lived. Besides, she's gone—probably won't be back for half an hour or so. Don't hitch your chair away from me—I've got something very important that I want to tell you—in confidence. It concerns you—and somebody else. It concerns me and somebody else—and yet only two persons are concerned in it."

Aunt Sharley Was Forever Quarreling With Delivery Boys, With Marketmen and Storekeepers

He was wrong about the time, however, truthful as he may have been in asserting his desire to deal confidentially with important topics. Inside of ten minutes, which to him seemed no more than a minute, seeing that he was in love and time always speeds fast for a lover with his sweetheart, the old black woman came hurrying back up the side street, and turned in at the side gate and retraversed the lawn to the back of the old house, giving the vine-screened porch a swift searching look as she hobbled past its corner.

Her curiosity, if so this scrutiny was to be interpreted, carried her further. In a minute or two she suddenly poked her head out through the open front door. She had removed her damaged straw headgear, but still wore her kerchief. Hastily and guiltily the young man released his hold upon a slim white hand which somehow had found its way inside his own. The sharp eyes of the old negress snapped. She gave a grunt as she withdrew her head. It was speedily to develop, though, that she had not entirely betaken herself away. Almost immediately there came to the ears of the couple the creak-creak of a rocking-chair just inside the hall, but out of view from their end of the porch.

"Make the old beldam go away, won't you?" whispered the man.

"I'll try," she whispered back rather nervously. Then, raising her voice, she called out in slightly strained, somewhat artificial voice, which to the understanding of the annoyed young man in the hammock appeared to have almost a suggestion of apprehension in it:

"Is—is that you, Aunt Sharley?"

The answer was little more than a grunt.

"Well, Aunt Sharley, hadn't you better be seeing about supper?"

"Num'mine 'bout supper. Ise tendin' to de supper. Ise bound de supper'll be ready 'fo' you two chillens is ready fur to eat it."

Within, the chair continued to creak steadily.

The girl spread out her hands with a gesture of helplessness.

"You see how it is," she explained under her breath. "Auntie is so set in her ways!"

"And she's so set in that rocking-chair too," he retorted grimly. Saying what he said next, he continued to whisper, but in his whisper was a suggestion of the proprietorial tone. Also, for the first time in his life he addressed her without the prefix of Miss before her name. This affair plainly was progressing rapidly, despite the handicaps of a withered black duenna in the immediate offing.

"Emmy Lou," he said, "please try again. Go in there yourself and speak to her. Be firm with her—for once. Make her get away from that door. She makes me nervous. Don't be afraid of the old nuisance. This is your house, isn't it—yours and your sister's? Well, then, I thought Southerners knew how to handle darkies. If you can handle this one suppose you give me a small proof of the fact—right now!"

Reluctantly, as though knowing beforehand what the outcome would be, Emmy Lou stood up, revealing herself as a straight dainty figure in white. She entered the door. Outside in the hammock Harvey strained his ears to hear the dialogue. His sweetheart's voice came to him only in a series of murmurs, but for him there was no difficulty about distinguishing the replies, for the replies were pitched in a strident, belligerent key which carried almost to the yard fence. From them he was able to guess with the utmost accuracy just what arguments against the presence of the negress the girl was making. This, then, was what he heard:

". . . Now, Mizz Emmy Lou, you mout jes' ez well hush up an' save yore breath. You knows an' I knows, even ef he don't know it, dat 'tain't proper fur no young man to be cotein' a young lady right out on a front po'ch widout no chaperoner bein' clost by. Quality folks don't do sech ez dat. Dat's why I taken my feet in my hand an' come hurryin' back yere f'um dat grocery sto' where I'd done went to git a bottle of lemon extractors. I seen yore sister settin' in dat Mistah B. Weil's candy sto', drinkin' ice-cream sody wid a passel of young folks, an' by dat I realize' I'd done lef' you 'lone in dis house wid a young man dat's a stranger yere, an' so I come right back. And yere I is, honey, and yere I stays . . . Whut's dat you sayin'? De gen'l'man objec's? He do, do he?" The far-carrying voice rose shrilly and scornfully. "Well, let him! Dat's his privilege. Jes' let him keep on objectin' long ez he's a mind to. 'Tain't gwine 'fluence me none. . . . I don't keer none ef he do heah me. Mebbe it mout do him some good ef he do heah me. Hit'll do him good, too, ef he heed me, I lay to dat. Mebbe he ain't been raised de way we is down yere. Ef so, dat's his misfortune." The voice changed. "Whut would yore pore daid mother say ef she knowed I wuz neglectin' my plain duty to you two lone chillen? Think I gwine run ary chancet of havin' you two gals talked about by all de low-down pore w'ite trash scandalizers in dis town? Well, I ain't, an' dat's flat. No, sir-ree, honey! You mout jes' ez well run 'long back out dere on dat front po'ch, 'ca'se I'm tellin' you I ain't gwine stir nary inch f'um whar I is twell yore sister git back yere."

Beaten and discomfited, with one hand up to a burning cheek, Emmy Lou returned to her young man. On his face was a queer smile.

"Did—did you hear what she said?" she asked, bending over him.

"Not being deaf I couldn't well help hearing. I imagine the people next door heard it, too, and are no doubt now enjoying the joke of it."

"Oh, I know she's impossible," admitted Emmy Lou, repeating her lament of a little while before, but taking care even in her mortification to keep her voice discreetly down. "There's no use trying to do anything with her. We've tried and tried and tried, but she just will have her way. She doesn't seem to understand that we've grown up—Mildred and I. She still wants to boss us just as she did when we were children. And she grows more crotchety and more exacting every day."

"And I—poor benighted Yank that I am—I came down here filled with a great and burning sympathy for the down-trodden African." Harvey said this as though speaking to himself.

The girl forgot her annoyance in her instinct to come to the defense of her black mentor.

"Oh, but she has been like a mother to us! After mamma died I don't know what we should have done—two girls left alone in this old house—if it hadn't been for Aunt Sharley. She petted us, she protected us, she nursed us when we were sick. Why, Harvey, she couldn't have been more loyal or more devoted or more self-sacrificing than she has been through all these years while we were growing up. I know she loves us with every drop of blood in her veins. I know she'd work her fingers to the bone for us—that she'd die in her tracks fighting for us. We try to remember the debt of gratitude we owe her now that she's getting old and fussy and unreasonable and all crippled with rheumatism."

She paused, and then, womanlike, she added a qualifying clause: "But I must admit she's terribly aggravating at times. It's almost unbearable to have her playing the noisy old tyrant day in and day out. I get awfully out of patience with her."

Over on Franklin Street the town clock struck.

"Six o'clock," said Harvey. Reluctantly he stirred and sat up in the hammock and reached for his hat.

"I could be induced, you know, if sufficiently pressed, to stay on for supper," he hinted. For one Northern born, young Mr. Harvey Winslow was fast learning the hospitable customs of the town of his recent adoption.

"I'd love to have you stay," stated Emmy Lou, "but—but"—she glanced over her shoulder toward the open door—"but I'm afraid of Auntie. She might say she wasn't prepared to entertain a visitor—'not fixed for company' is the way she would put it. You see, she regards you as a person of great importance. That's why she's putting on so many airs now. If it was one of the home boys that I've known always that was here with me she wouldn't mind it a bit. But with you it's different, and she's on her dignity—riding her high horse. You aren't very much disappointed, are you? Besides, you're coming to supper to-morrow night. She'll fuss over you then, I know, and be on tiptoe to see that everything is just exactly right. I think Auntie likes you."

"Curious way she has of showing it then," said Harvey. "I guess I still have a good deal to learn about the quaint and interesting tribal customs of this country. Even so, my education is progressing by leaps and bounds—I can see that."

After further remarks delivered in a confidential undertone, the purport of which is none of our business, young Mr. Winslow took his departure from the Dabney homestead. Simultaneously the vigilant warder abandoned her post in the front hall and returned to her special domain at the back of the house. Left alone, the girl sat on the porch with her troubled face cupped in her hands and a furrow of perplexity spoiling her smooth white brow. Presently the gate latch clicked and her sister, a year and a half her junior, came up the walk. With half an eye anyone would have known them for sisters. They looked alike, which is another way of saying both of them were pretty and slim and quick in their movements.

"Hello, sis," said Mildred by way of greeting. She dropped into a chair, smoothing down the front of her white middy blouse and fanning her flushed face with the broad ends of her sailor tie. Then observing her sister's despondent attitude: "What are you in the dumps about? Has that new beau of yours turned out a disappointment? Or what?"

In a passionate little burst Emmy Lou's simmering indignation boiled up and overflowed.

"Oh, it's Aunt Sharley again! Honestly, Mil, she was absolutely unbearable this evening. It was bad enough to have her go stalking across the lawn with that old snuff stick of hers stuck in the corner of her mouth, and singing that terrible song of hers at the very top of her lungs and

wearing that scandalous old straw hat stuck up on her top-knot—that was bad enough, goodness knows! I don't know what sort of people Har—Mr. Winslow thinks we must be! But that was only the beginning."

Followed a recapitulation of the greater grievance against the absent offender. Before Emmy Lou was done baring the burden of her complaint Mildred's lips had tightened in angered sympathy.

"It must have been just perfectly awfully horrible, Em," she said with a characteristic prodigality of adjectives when the other had finished her recital. "You just ought to give Aunt Sharley a piece of your mind about the way she behaves. And the worst of it is she gets worse all the time. Don't you think you're the only one she picks on. Why, don't you remember, Em, how just here only the other day she jumped on me because I went on the moonlight excursion aboard the Sophie K. Foster with Sidney Baumann?—told me right to my face I ought to be spanked and put to bed for daring to run round with 'codfish aristocracy'—the very words she used. What right has she, I want to know, to be criticizing Sidney Baumann's people? I'm sure he's as nice a boy as there is in this whole town; seems to me he deserves all the more credit for working his way up among the old families the way he has. I don't care if his father was a nobody in this town when he first came here.

"Quality folks—quality folks! She's always preaching about our being quality folks and about its being wrong for us to demean ourselves by going with anybody who isn't quality folks until I'm sick and tired of the words. She has quality folks on the brain! Does she think we are still babies? You're nearly twenty-three and I'm past twenty-one. We have our own lives to live. Why should we be so ——"

She broke off at the sound of a limping footstep in the hall.

"Supper's ready," announced Aunt Sharley briefly. "You chillen come right in an' eat it whilst it's hot."

Strangely quiet, the two sisters followed the old negress back to the dining room. Aunt Sharley, who had prepared the meal, now waited upon them. She was glumly silent herself, but occasionally she broke, or rather she punctuated, the silence with little sniffs of displeasure. Only once did she speak, and this was at the end of the supper, when she had served them with blackberries and cream.

"Seem lak de cat done got ever'body's tongue round dis place to-night!" she snapped, addressing the blank wall above the older girl's head. "Well, 'tain't no use fur nobody to be poutin' an' sullin'. 'Tain't gwine do 'em no good. 'Tain't gwine budge me nary hair's brea'th frum whut I considers to be my plain duty. Ef folkses don't lak it so much de wuss fur dem, present company not excepted. Dat's my say an' I done said it!"

And out of the room she marched with her head held defiantly high.

That night there were callers. At the Dabney home there nearly always were callers of an evening, for the two sisters were by way of being what small-town society writers call reigning belles. Once, when they had first returned from finishing school the year before, a neighboring lady, meeting Aunt Sharley on the street, had been moved to ask whether the girls had many beaus, and Aunt Sharley, with a boastful flirt of her under lip which made her side face look something like the profile of a withered but vainglorious dromedary, had answered back:

"Beaus? Huh! Dem chillens is got beaus frum ever' state!" Which was a slight overstretching of the real facts, but a perfectly pardonable and proper exaggeration in Aunt Charlotte's estimation. At home she might make herself a common scold, might be pestiferously officious and more than pestiferously noisy. Abroad her worshipful pride in, and her affection for, the pair she had reared shone through her old black face as though a lamp of many candle power burned within her. She might chide them at will, and she did, holding this to be her prerogative and her right, but whosoever spoke slightingly of either of them in her presence, be the speaker black or white, had Aunt Charlotte to fight right there on the spot; she was as ready with her fists and her teeth to assert the right of her white wards to immunity from criticism as she was with her tongue lashings.

These things were all taken into consideration when Emmy Lou and Mildred came that night to balance the account for and against the old woman—so many, many deeds of thoughtfulness, of kindness, of tenderness on the credit side; so many flagrant faults, so many shortcomings of temper and behavior on the debit page. The last caller had gone. Aunt Sharley, after making the rounds of the house to see to door boltings and window latchings, had hobbled upstairs to her own sleeping quarters over the kitchen wing, and in the elder sister's room, with the lights turned low, the two of them sat in their nightgowns on the side of Emmy Lou's bed and tried the case of Spinster Charlotte Helm, colored, in the scales of their own youthful judgments. Without exactly being able to express the situation in words, both realized that a condition which verged upon the intolerable was fast approaching its climax.

Along with the impatience of youth and the thought of many grievances they had within them a natural instinct for fairness; a legacy perhaps from a father who had been just and a mother who had been mercifully kind and gentle. First one would play the part of devil's advocate, the while the other defended the accused, and then at the remembrance of some one of a long record of things done or said by Aunt Sharley those attitudes would be reversed.

There were times when both condemned the defendant, their hair braids bobbing in emphasis of the intensity of their feelings; times when together they conjured up recollections of the everlasting debt that they owed her for her manifold goodnesses, her countless sacrifices on behalf of them. The average Northerner, of whatsoever social status, would have been hard put to it either to comprehend the true inwardness of the relationship that existed between these girls of one race and this old woman of another or to figure how there could be but one outcome. The average Southerner would have been able at once to sense the sentiments and the prejudices underlying the dilemma that now confronted the orphaned pair, and to sympathize with them, and with the old negress too.

To begin with, there were the fine things to be said for Aunt Charlotte; the arguments in her behalf—a splendid long golden list of them stretching back to their babyhood and beyond, binding them with ties stronger almost than blood ties to this faithful, loving, cantankerous, crotchety old soul. Aunt Charlotte had been born in servitude, the possession of their mother's mother. She had been their mother's handmaiden before their mother's marriage. Afterward she had been their own nurse, cradling them in

The Two of Them Sat on the Side of Emmy Lou's Bed and Tried the Case of Spinster Charlotte Helm, Colored, in the Scales of Their Own Youthful Judgments

babyhood on her black breast, spoiling them, training them, ruling them, overruling them, too, coddling them when they were good, nursing them when they were ailing, scolding them and punishing them when they misbehaved.

After their father's death their mother, then an invalid, had advised as frequently with Aunt Sharley regarding the rearing of the two daughters as with the guardians who had been named in her husband's will -and with as satisfactory results. Before his death their father had urged his wife to counsel with Aunt Sharley in all domestic emergencies. Dying, he had signified his affectionate regard for the black woman by leaving her a little cottage with its two acres of domain near the railroad tracks. Regardless though of the fact that she was now a landed proprietor and thereby exalted before the eyes of her own race, Aunt Sharley had elected to go right on living beneath the Dabney roof. In the latter years of Mrs. Dabney's life she had been to all intents a copartner in the running of the house, and after that sweet lady's death she had been its manager in all regards. In the simple economies of the house she had indeed been all things for these past few years—housekeeper, cook, housemaid, even seamstress, for in addition to being a poetess with a cookstove she was a wizard with a needle.

As they looked back now, casting up the tally of the remembered years, neither Emmy Lou nor Mildred could recall an event in all their lives in which the half-savage, half-childish, altogether shrewd and competent negress had not figured after some fashion or other: as foster parent, as unofficial but none the less capable guardian, as confidante, as overseer, as dictator, as tirewoman who never tired of well-doing, as arbiter of big things and little—all these rôles, and more, too, she had played to them, not once, but a thousand times.

It was Aunt Sharley who had dressed them for their first real party—not a play-party, as the saying goes down our way, but a regular dancing party, corresponding to a début in some more ostentatious and less favored communities. It was Aunt Sharley who had skimped and scrimped to make the available funds cover the necessary expenses of the little household in those two or three lean years succeeding their mother's death, when dubious investments, which afterward turned out to be good ones, had chiseled a good half off their income from the estate. It was Aunt Sharley who, when the question of going away to boarding school rose, had joined by invitation in the conference on ways and means with the girls' guardians, Judge Priest and Doctor Lake, and had cast her vote and her voice in favor of the same old-fashioned seminary that their mother in her girlhood had attended. The sisters themselves had rather favored an Eastern establishment as being more fashionable and smarter, but the old woman stood fast in her advocacy of the other school. What had been good enough for her beloved mistress was good enough for her mistress' daughters, she insisted; and, anyhow, hadn't the quality folks always gone there? Promptly Doctor Lake and Judge Priest sided with her; and so she had her way about this important matter, as she had it about pretty much everything else.

It was Aunt Sharley who had indignantly and jealously vetoed the suggestion that a mulatto sewing woman, famed locally for her skill, should be hired to assist in preparing the wardrobes that Emmy Lou and Mildred must take with them. It was Aunt Sharley who, when her day's duties were over, had sat up night after night until all hours, straining her eyes as she plied needle and scissors, basting and hemming until she herself was satisfied that her chillen's clothes would be as ample and as ornate as the clothes which any two girls at the boarding school possibly could be expected to have. It was Aunt Sharley who packed their trunks for them, who kissed them good-by at the station, all three of them being in tears, and who, when the train had vanished down the tracks to the southward, had gone back to the empty house, there to abide until they came home to her again. They had promised to write to her every week—and they had, too, except when they were too busy or when they forgot it. Finally, it was Aunt Sharley who never let them forget that their grandfather had been a governor of the state, that their father had been a colonel in the Confederacy, and that they were qualified "to hole up they haids wid de fines' in de land."

When they came to this phase of the recapitulation there sprang into the minds of both of them a recollection of that time years and years in the past when Aunt Sharley, accompanying them on a Sunday-school picnic in the capacity of nursemaid, had marred the festivities by violently snatching Mildred out of a circle playing King Willyum was King James' Son just as the child was about to be kissed by a knickerbockered admirer who failed to measure up to Aunt Sharley's jealous requirements touching on quality folks; and, following this, had engaged in a fight with the disappointed little boy's colored attendant, who resented this slur upon the social standing of her small charge. Aunt Sharley had come off victor in the bout, but the picnic had been spoiled for at least three youngsters. So much for Aunt Sharley's virtues—for her loyalty, her devotion, her unremitting faithfulness, her championship of their destinies, her stewardship over all their affairs. Now to turn the shield round and consider its darker side:

Aunt Sharley was hardly a fit candidate for canonization yet. Either it was too early for that—or it was too late. She was unreasonable, she was crotchety, she was contentious, she was incredibly intolerant of the opinions of others, and she was incredibly hardheaded. She had always been masterful and arrogant; now more and more each day she was becoming a shrew and a tyrant and a wrangler. She was frightfully noisy; she clarioned her hallelujah hymns at the top of her voice, regardless of what company might be in the house. She dipped snuff openly before friends of the girls and new acquaintances alike. She refused point-blank to wear a cap and apron when serving meals. She was forever quarreling with the neighbors' servants, with delivery boys, with marketmen and storekeepers. By sheer obstinacy she defeated all their plans for hiring a second servant, declaring that if they dared bring another darky on the place she would take pleasure in scalding the interloper with a kettle of boiling water. She sat in self-imposed judgment upon their admirers, ruthlessly rejecting those courtiers who did not measure up to her arbitrary standards for appraising the local aristocracy; and toward such of the young squires as fell under the ban of her disfavor she deported herself in such fashion as to leave in their minds no doubt whatsoever regarding her hostility. In public she praised her wards; in private she alternately scolded and petted them. She was getting more feeble, now that age and infirmities were coming upon her, wherefore the house showed the lack of proper care. They were afraid of her, though they loved her with all their hearts and knew she loved them to the exclusion of every living person; they were apprehensive always of her frequent and unrestrained outbreaks of temper. She shamed them and she humiliated them and she curbed them in perfectly natural impulses—impulses that to them seemed perfectly proper also.

Small enough were these faults when set up alongside the tally of her goodnesses; moreover, neither of the two rebels against her authority was lacking in gratitude. But it is the small things that are most annoying usually, and, besides, the faults of the old woman were things now of daily occurrence and recurrence, which chafed their nerves and fretted them, whereas the passage of time was lessening the sentimental value of her earlier labors and sacrifices in their behalf.

And here was another thing: While they had been getting older Aunt Sharley had been getting old; they had grown up, overnight, as it were, and she could not be made to comprehend the fact. In their case the eternal conflict between youth and crabbed age was merely being repeated—with the addition in this particular instance of unusual complications.

For an hour or more the perplexed pair threshed away, striving to winnow the chaff from the pure grain in Aunt Sharley's nature,

Judge Priest Had Been Taking a Cat Nap on His Ancient Sofa

and the upshot was that Emmy Lou had a headache and Mildred had a little spell of crying, and they agreed that never had there been such a paradox of part saint and part sinner, part black ogre and part black angel, as their Auntie was, created into a troubled world, and that something should be done to remedy the evil, provided it could be done without grievously hurting the old woman's feelings; but just what this something which should be done might be neither of them could decide, and so they went to bed and to sleep.

And the next day was another day exactly similar in its petty annoyances to the day before.

But a day was to come before the summer ended when a way out was found. The person who found the way out—or thought he did—was Mr. Harvey Winslow, the hero or villain of the hammock episode previously described in this narrative. He did not venture, though, to suggest a definite course of action until after a certain moonlit, fragrant night, when two happy young people agreed that thereafter these twain should be one.

Mildred knew already what was impending in the romance of Emmy Lou. So perhaps did Aunt Sharley. Her rheumatism had not affected her eyesight and she had all her faculties. All the same, it was to Aunt Sharley that Emmy Lou went next morning to tell of the choice she had made. There was no one whose consent had actually to be obtained. Both the girls were of age; as their own master they enjoyed the use and control of their cosy little inheritance. Except for an aunt who lived in New Orleans and some cousins scattered over the West, they were without kindred. The Dabneys had been an old family, but not a large one. Nevertheless, in obedience to a feeling that told her Aunt Sharley should be the first, next only to her sister, to share with her the happiness that had come into her life, Emmy Lou sought out the old woman before breakfast time.

Seemingly Aunt Sharley approved. For if at the moment she mumbled out a complaint about chillens too young to know their own minds being prone to fly off with the first young w'ite gen'l'man that came along frum nobody knowed whar, still there was nothing begrudged or forced about the vocal jubilations with which she made the house ring during the succeeding week. At prayer meeting on Wednesday night at Zion Colored Baptist Church and at lodge meeting on Friday night she bore herself with an air of triumphant haughtiness which sorely irked her fellow members. It was agreed privily that Sis' Charlotte Helm got mo' and mo' bigotty, and not alone that, but mo' and mo' uppety, ever' day she lived.

If young Mr. Winslow had been, indirectly, the cause for her prideful deportment before her own color, it was likewise Mr. Winslow who shortly was to be the instrument for humbling her into the dust. Now this same Mr. Winslow, it should be stated, was a masterful young man. Only an abiding sense of humor kept him sometimes from being domineering. Along with divers other qualities it had taken masterfulness for him at twenty-nine to be superintendent of our street-railway system, now owned and operated by Northern capitalists. Likewise it had taken masterfulness for him to distance the field of Emmy Lou's local admirers within the space of five short months after he procured his transfer to our town from another town where his company likewise had traction interests. He showed the same trait in the stand he presently took with regard to the future status of Aunt Sharley in the household of which he was to become a member and of which he meant to be the head.

For moral support—which she very seriously felt she needed—Emmy Lou took her sister with her on the afternoon when she invaded the kitchen to break the news to Aunt Sharley. The girls came upon the old woman in one of her busiest moments. She was elbows deep in a white mass which in due time would become a batch of the hot biscuits of perfection. "Auntie," began Emmy Lou in a voice which she tried to make matter-of-fact, "we've—I've something I want to say to you."

"Ise lissenin', chile," stated the old woman shortly.

"It's this way, Auntie: We think—I mean we're afraid that you're getting along so in life—getting so old that we ——"

"Who say Ise gittin' ole?" demanded Aunt Sharley, and she jerked her hands out of the dough she was kneading.

"We both think so—I mean we all think so," corrected Emmy Lou.

"Who do you mean by we all? Does you mean dat young Mistah Winslow, Esquire, late of de North?" Her blazing eyes darted from the face of one sister to the face of the other, reading their looks. "Uh-huh!" she snorted. "I mout 'a' knowed he'd be de ver' one to come puttin' sech notions ez dem in you chillens' haids. Well, ma'am, an' whut pray do he want?" Her words fairly dripped with sarcasm.

"He thinks—in fact we all three do—that because you are getting along in years—you know you are, Auntie—and

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CUTTING UP THE MELONS

By Albert W. Atwood

THIS country is just now plunging into a necessary but, for us, none the less startling and revolutionary experiment in taxation. It is fortunate indeed that, as these wholesale and gigantic demands develop, the leading industries of the land are still in a period of fruitfulness. Obviously the golden stream will not continue to pour forth in the same volume under a régime of government price fixing and war taxation. The future is uncertain; but there is no doubt about the past and present. Corporations have had a couple of years of unbounded prosperity, unregulated prices and small taxes.

And now they are called upon to disgorge; not to their shareholders this time, but to the public treasury, on a scale as tremendous as that on which the profits were made. Nor is there any choice in the matter, for the rich corporation is viewed much as the farmer regarded his cow. When asked by the city boarder how much milk the cow gave, the farmer replied: "She doesn't give a drop. You've got to take it away from her by force."

Three years ago, when the Allies first began to place war orders in this country, it was predicted that a period of boom prosperity would follow. The boom came; but, following the placing of foreign orders, there sprang up what was perhaps the largest and craziest speculation in stocks we have ever known. Not a shade less delirious was the scramble on the part of ill-prepared and miscellaneous manufacturing companies to share in the pie that was going round. Apparently every one-horse machine shop in the country expected overnight to become as rich as the Standard Oil.

Million-dollar orders were scattered broadcast, like manna from heaven. They were handed about at first without discrimination and with the hurry and frenzy of panic. Under such conditions there were many failures to make good. Expected profits did not materialize. Many of the original war brides were long ago forced to give up their suddenly bestowed titles, and the prices of stocks in many cases became as fully and quickly deflated as they had just been inflated.

Of course there is no way of discovering just what the total war profits of the country's corporations have been. Congress has passed its revenue bill on estimates that war profits for this year will be about four billion dollars. Detailed figures were considered by Congress for at least one hundred different companies. It is inevitable, but unfortunate, that in all such debates, and in the newspapers as well, only the larger and better-known companies are usually considered. Generally, too, most consideration is given to those whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, or actively bought and sold in other well-known markets.

Wall Street's Favorite Sport

OUTSIDE the white glare of publicity and the pitiless inquiry of the open markets are the obscure, closely owned good things. These are the "gold mines" that Wall Street has never been able to entice away from the smug ownership of satisfied families, who live contentedly unknown, except to the small cities where their factories happen to be. There are literally scores, perhaps hundreds, of such companies, whose earnings give no discomfort to their owners, who are reaping in their quiet but solid way the true rewards of conservatism, preparedness, good fortune and common sense.

Nothing in the whole wide realm of finance and corporate activities rouses such keen human and personal interest as the melon or plum. I do not mean only among those fortunate and favored mortals who receive the melon, but among all, rich or poor, who come within range of the news. It is the natural, deeply ingrained human tribute to success. Perhaps the newspapers can extract a forced sensationalism out of failure and sorrow and bankruptcy; but, after all, these are dull, drab matters. It is to success, to unusual success, that mankind instinctively and joyously responds. So, when a corporation chances to find itself in possession of profits above the average, in excess of the moderate and mediocre, it often cuts a melon. Nothing else in the language so aptly expresses the process as this phrase; for the general effect upon stockholders is like that upon a crowd of small boys when one of their number slices up before their hungry eyes a large watermelon.

As in the horticultural world, so in the financial sphere—melons must ripen. They do not suddenly spring into being. Thus we have the joys of anticipation. Decades of almost continuous and impressive speculation in the stock of one of the largest American railroads has hinged upon the ultimate ripening of a melon. It is still uncut, undistributed; but speculators never tire and never give up, because of the moral certainty that some day the Reading Company will, through the ownership of its valuable hard-coal mines, be able and indeed be forced to cut a melon.

Melons are the food upon which speculation grows fat. Still more, it might as well be admitted that many people who consider themselves investors, and maintain an attitude of lofty contempt toward speculation, are led to make their purchases by hopes of an extra or special dividend. It is not the regular rewards of thrift that lend spice to one's investments. Men watch with eager and persistent solicitude the growing surpluses of prosperous and successful companies; not half so much to be sure of their four or five or six per cent as for the possibility of a sudden and unexpected enrichment. Nor is the solicitude of the onlooker much less keen. To him the melon cutting holds out the chance of a like romance in his turn.

So it is but natural to find that the technic, the mere financial detail, of melon cutting absorbs an amazingly large share of Wall Street's attention in times of prosperity. The financial, legal and ethical issues that arise from the relative merits and procedures involved in the various forms of distributing profits—such as stock dividends, rights, and the like—form a little world by themselves.

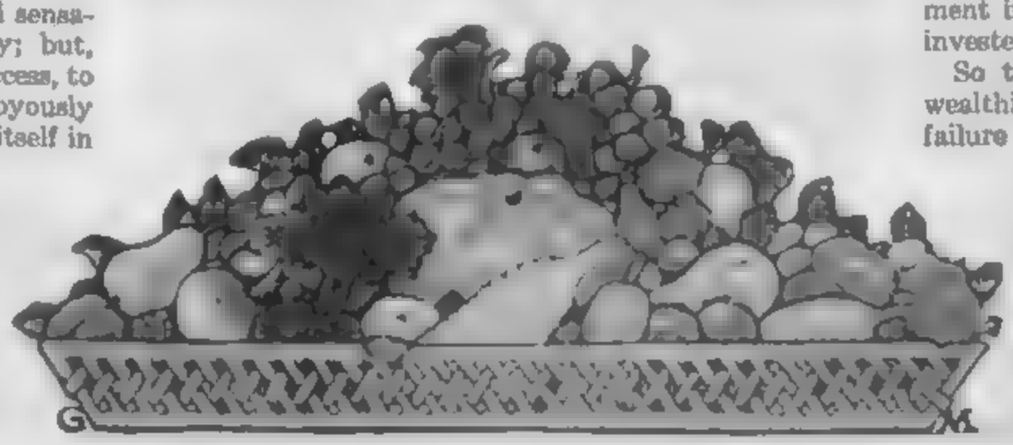
The common saying that "You cannot eat your cake and have it too" has become, in Wall Street and the financial world, the foundation, as it were, of a great system of philosophy about which storms of controversy rage. No question so directly touches and delights the speculator, investor, banker and financier as this one. If a corporation pays out large dividends, will it have anything left to pay at another time? In other words, is it better to keep adding to surplus and maintain moderation in dividends, or to be open and generous? What policy is best for the stockholder in the long run?

Allied to this great general issue is another, embodied in a phrase drawn from the field of mathematics: Is the sum of the parts greater than the whole? Upon these two absorbing questions Wall Street has argued for generations without coming to any definite conclusion.

Of course there can be no final answer, because each case must be judged on its own merits, in the light of its own circumstances. Obviously some corporations might easily pay out too large dividends, and thus eat up all their cake. But it is just as clear that, where assets have been successfully concealed or where the dividends have been kept absurdly low, the result of melon cutting looks like both eating and keeping the cake. The great majority of business enterprises make only moderate profits; but there are exceptions whose fecundity approaches the miraculous.

Just so it may seem mathematically absurd to say that the sum of the parts may exceed the whole; but in the case of some corporations it works out that way. A stockholder who is given ten new shares of stock in place of one old share may say: "I have exactly the same proportion of the assets and property of the company that I had before; so why am I any better off?" But the truth is that often he is better off, because the ten shares together may sell for more than the one share sold for, and the total cash dividends received may be larger than they were before.

It is the practice of paying stock dividends—to get right down to brass tacks—that is most feverishly debated and debatable. Consider the New Jersey Zinc Company, whose war profits and dividends could be explained to the reader of this article only by the obviously impossible method of distributing an adding machine with each copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. New Jersey Zinc happens to have one of the finest deposits of zinc ore in the world, which was discovered in 1640, but not worked to any notoriously lucrative purpose until perhaps ten or fifteen years ago. Then it blossomed forth.



From 1907 to 1915 the company paid cash dividends of from thirty to fifty per cent a year on its ten million dollars of stock. Just before the war started it was under fire in the United States Senate for its large dividends; and in defense a former director wrote a letter to one of the papers in which he declared the stockholders were getting the proper rewards of their patience and conservatism. "If the company were capitalized as most companies are nowadays," he added, "the dividends would be small, and the immensely increased stock would be loaded off on the public."

Then the war came, and only a year later the stock was increased by declaring a two hundred and fifty per cent stock dividend; and, marvelous to relate, the cash dividends on this greatly enlarged stock have actually remained at from fifty-seven to nearly seventy-six per cent a year ever since. Moreover, the stock, even now, is selling at three hundred dollars a share.

When Melons are Lemons

IT MIGHT be supposed that stockholders would regard these showers of gold as blessings from the gods, and be thankful. Not so at least with one director and very large stockholder, who, if he retained the stock he had in 1915, drew down in cash dividends no less than two and a half million dollars last year. This gentleman has invested millions in the choicest pieces of New York City real estate in the last year or two. Despite all of which, he recently wrote a letter to a Wall Street newspaper as follows:

"Do you not think that the investors, and indeed the public at large, should be made fully acquainted with the meaning of stock dividends and their usual results? The impression which generally prevails and which has been fostered is that a stock dividend is a melon, so called.

"Nothing could be farther from the truth. I need not cite to you, who are so fully informed, the instances where the melons have turned out lemons. Nothing, in fact, is a dividend other than cash. You do not increase the size of the apple by cutting it into four parts, or into any number of parts. The old simile of attempting to lift yourself by your boot straps applies."

This would be strange and inexplicable, indeed, were it not for another paragraph in his letter, which refers to the "wrongful" practice of the Government in considering stock dividends as income and taxing them as such. The income tax of 1916 specifically included stock dividends as income, and the new law of October 3, 1917, specifically reaffirms that clause. This is a hard blow to Wall Street, and it leaves the corporations that happen to be in a state of apoplectic wealth in a less agreeable state of bewilderment and perplexity.

Of course no one bothered when income-tax rates were low; but, now that super taxes have risen as high as sixty-three per cent, there is much wailing from the high places of finance. The wealthy recipient of a large stock dividend must find the cash elsewhere to pay his huge taxes, or he must sell the stock; and the position of the corporations themselves is further complicated by the imposition of an additional tax of ten per cent upon their undistributed income, or surplus, which is not actually invested and employed in the business itself, or retained for employment in the reasonable requirements of the business, or invested in Liberty bonds.

So the payment of stock dividends will subject the wealthier shareholders to excessive taxation, and the failure to pay them may well subject the corporations themselves to extra taxes. But why not pay out all profits in cash dividends? The answer is very simple. A company may have large earnings, but relatively little cash with which to pay dividends, because most of it goes back into the property itself. A factory demands that dividends shall be put back into it, just as the earth demands a return in the form of nitrates and potash. You can

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VANDERLIP'S DOLLAR JOB

By JULIAN STREET

SECRETARY of the Treasury McAdoo's selection of Frank A. Vanderlip for the chairmanship of the War-Savings-Certificate Committee was doubly appropriate because Mr. Vanderlip's experience peculiarly equips him to grasp the opposite extremes involved in the war-savings-certificate plan—extremes far greater than any hitherto known in American finance.

Under the plan it is proposed to raise in the coming twelvemonth the sum of two billion dollars. Mr. Vanderlip understands what two billion dollars is. At least it seems fair to assume that he does, since another great international financier has said of him that "he is one of the few men alive who can comprehend a billion"—and obviously it should be as easy for a man who can comprehend a billion to comprehend two billions as for two pigs under a gate to make more noise than one pig under a gate. Indeed, it should be easier for the billion-dollar man to understand two billions than for that man to understand four dollars and twelve cents. It is precisely here that Mr. Vanderlip's peculiar fitness lies. He does understand four dollars and twelve cents. He understands how hard it is to earn that sum and how very hard it is to save it. For four dollars and twelve cents—the price at which war-savings stamps will be sold throughout the months of December and January—is just thirty-one cents less than the weekly wage received by Mr. Vanderlip when, as a boy of sixteen, he left the farm and went to work in a machine shop in Aurora, Illinois.

To be sure, his present wage from the Treasury Department is smaller than that he got in the machine shop thirty-seven years ago. For assisting Secretary McAdoo he now draws a salary of one dollar a year; and if anything were needed to prove finally his gift for finance that proof might be found in what he makes his annual dollar do. Out of that dollar he manages to provide a home for his family not far from New York, to pay the rent of a nice old house which he occupies in Washington, to get three simple but wholesome and Hooverian meals a day, to maintain a neat appearance, and to give his mite to the Liberty Loan—his last mite having amounted to just one million times his annual salary from the Treasury Department. I doubt that any other man in the United States can make a dollar go as far as this.

When Mr. Vanderlip was employed in the machine shop he worked ten hours a day, except on Saturdays. Saturdays were his holidays. On Saturdays he worked only nine hours, abandoning the spare hour thus afforded to frivolity. Frivolity in his case seems to have consisted in studying shorthand.

Having mastered shorthand, he presently became a reporter on an Aurora newspaper. Recently I asked him what his pay as a reporter was.

"Six dollars a week," he said—"if I could collect it."

Later, when in conversation I referred to this position as his second job, he corrected me, saying that it was in reality his third, since before going to work in the machine shop he had labored on the farm in the capacity, as he put it, of "nursemaid to forty-three calves."

The New War-Savings Certificates

AT THE age of twenty-two he went to Chicago, where he was employed as a stenographer. At twenty-five he became a reporter on the Chicago Tribune, and at twenty-six financial editor of that paper. From this position he resigned at thirty-two to become private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, becoming Assistant Secretary three months later; and it was from the Treasury Department that he went to the National City Bank, in New York, as vice president.

"That was the hard job of my life," I once heard Mr. Vanderlip say—"to go into the bank with a group of highly trained technical men, get hold of the work and make a place for myself. I had never been back of a bank screen. I didn't succeed anybody. I hadn't any duties assigned to me. I was simply given a desk, a title, and the job of finding something to do. A board of directors can't make you a vice president; you've got to do that yourself."

As most Americans must be aware, Mr. Vanderlip did find something to do. One of the things that he did was to transform himself from vice president to president of the National City Bank. That was eight years ago. Even then the bank was one of the dozen leading financial institutions of the world; now it is one of the first three or four. From the presidency of the National City Bank it was, as the author of the Rollo Books might have put it, "but a single upward step" to a sixteen-hour day, in a rather modest office in the Treasury Building, at the aforementioned dollar-a-year salary.

What is this dollar job?

On the face of it, it is the job of raising, for war purposes, two billion dollars in very small units. In point of actual fact, however, it is the much more interesting, the much more difficult, the vastly more constructive job of reforming the American spendthrift.

The wave of patriotic enthusiasm, which has washed billions of dollars out of people's pocketbooks, creating eight or ten million Government bondholders in the United States among people who never before held a bond, has demonstrated not alone the fervor of Americans for their country, for democracy and for the war, but has vividly exhibited their almost-undreamed-of financial resources. Prior to the war there were in France some twelve million bondholders out of a total population of about forty millions. In contrast to this there were among the one hundred and ten million people of the United States but three hundred and seventy thousand bondholders. Probably not one person in ten had so much as seen a Government or corporation interest-bearing security, while a still smaller percentage of the population understood the character and purport of such securities. Bond coupons were less familiar objects than tickets to World's Series baseball games. It is one of the indisputable blessings that the war has brought us that one person out of every ten or twelve now owns a Government bond.

"The Secretary of the Treasury has recognized from the first," said Mr. Vanderlip recently in discussing the war-savings-certificate plan, "the desire of the people to translate their patriotism into financial action; and not the least of the many stupendous tasks which have devolved upon him has been that of making it possible for the enormous and splendidly eager army of small savers to come forward and do their bit.

"The bond, with its coupon representing semiannual interest, is not well adapted to being put out in very small denominations. It was in spite of this fact, rather than because the fifty-dollar Liberty bond was entirely desirable from an economic standpoint, that the Secretary made fifty dollars instead of one hundred dollars the Liberty Loan minimum. He wished to recognize the patriotism of the small investor, even at the cost of encumbering the Treasury Department and the banks with a staggering amount of detail work. The cost to the Government of issuing small-denomination interest-bearing obligations is very great. A one-dollar coupon costs as much to print, to pay, and to keep track of in the Government bookkeeping as does the coupon from a thousand-dollar bond. Moreover, the interest return on a fifty-dollar bond, coming as it does every six months, is not of great moment to the person who receives it, and as a rule the owner would much prefer to have the Government retain the semiannual interest until it amounted to a more important sum.

"All these considerations have been weighed in creating the new system of war-savings certificates. They are designed to give every man, woman and child in the United States the opportunity to aid the Government in financing the war. The unit is five dollars; but instead of loaning the Government five dollars and getting a semiannual interest return of ten cents a much better plan has been devised for the small investor: Beginning December 1, 1917, the Government will offer a war-savings-certificate stamp, which it will sell in December, 1917, and in January, 1918, for $4.12. This obligation is in effect the Government's note for five dollars, falling due January 1, 1923; and the buyer who, during the coming December or January, purchases for $4.12 one of these five-dollar war-savings certificates is virtually discounting the Government's note for five dollars—counting it at four per cent interest, compounded quarterly. In other words, Uncle Sam says to the citizen: 'Lend me $4.12, and in return I will give you a stamp which is my promise to pay. I will use your $4.12 to prosecute the war and meet the expenses of Government, and will pay you four per cent interest, compounded quarterly. Thus, when January 1, 1923, rolls round, I will hand you back the money you helped me out with, plus the interest; so that—speaking approximately, and ignoring, in our liberal American way, the few odd cents—for every four dollars you lend me now, when I need it, I'll give you back five dollars five years hence.'

"'But,' we can imagine the citizen saying to Uncle Sam, 'don't you want me to lend you more than $4.12?'

"'Of course I do!' says Uncle Sam. 'I want you to let me have all you can spare throughout the coming year.'

"'Indeed I will!' says the citizen. 'I can let you have $4.12 in December, 1917; $4.12 more in January, 1918; $4.12 more in February, and ——'

"'No,' says Uncle Sam; '$4.12 is all right for December and January, but on the first of every month after January I shall have to raise the price of the stamps one cent. They will cost you $4.13 each during February, $4.14 during March, $4.15 during April, and so on.'

"'There's only one question that troubles me,' says the citizen; 'I don't quite like the idea of tying up my savings for five years. Suppose I need some of this money between now and January 1, 1923?'"

Money Back if You Say So

"'THAT'S all looked after,' says Uncle Sam. 'In the event of your having to use the money which you will have loaned me you can go to any post office and get back the amount you have paid, plus one cent a month, for each stamp you have bought. I'll only ask you to give the post office ten days' notice so that funds may always be on hand to meet any demands made. Aside from this, you are free, if it becomes necessary, to draw your money from any one of my ten thousand money-order post offices.'

"'Great!' replies the citizen; 'you can absolutely count on my support.'

"'I always knew I could,' returns Uncle Sam; 'but I like to hear you say so. And, by the way, I want to call your attention to the fact that whereas the small investor has been known to complain sometimes that he could not get for himself terms as favorable as those open to the large investor, he is in this case offered terms which are actually more favorable. For example, the person who buys a Liberty bond on the installment plan gets no interest until his bond is fully paid for. Under the war-savings-certificate plan he draws interest on each unit of four dollars and a few additional cents. Compound interest is not paid on the Liberty Loan, whereas interest on war-savings certificates is compounded. Again, Liberty bonds, as marketable securities, are subject to some slight fluctuation in value, but war-savings certificates are not. Their value is established not by market conditions but by law. In this they are unique. They are the only Government securities which the law says shall positively increase in value. It is precisely because the terms of the war-savings-certificate plan are so peculiarly advantageous that it was found necessary to limit to a maximum of one thousand dollars the amount of war-savings certificates which may be held by one individual. If there were no limit the banks would jump at the opportunity to buy the certificates in large blocks, for they represent what is practically call money.' . . . Yes, one can imagine Uncle Sam's putting the case to the small investor in some such way as that."

At this juncture there arose, while I was present, a discussion between Mr. Vanderlip and several other gentlemen of the war-savings-certificate branch of the Treasury Department as to ways and means for making every man, woman and child in the country—large numbers of them utterly inexperienced in the simplest matters having to do with investment—fully comprehend the plan. One of the gentlemen had drawn up a statement of the plan in which was used not a little of the technical language of finance, and this brought up the general question of what understanding of simple financial operations the great American public actually has. Mr. Vanderlip was insistent upon the utmost simplicity in all statements of the war-savings-certificate plan, and to illustrate the need for simplicity told two stories of events which occurred in connection with the placing of the last Liberty Loan.

"The Secretary of the Treasury," he said, "told me the other day of having received a letter

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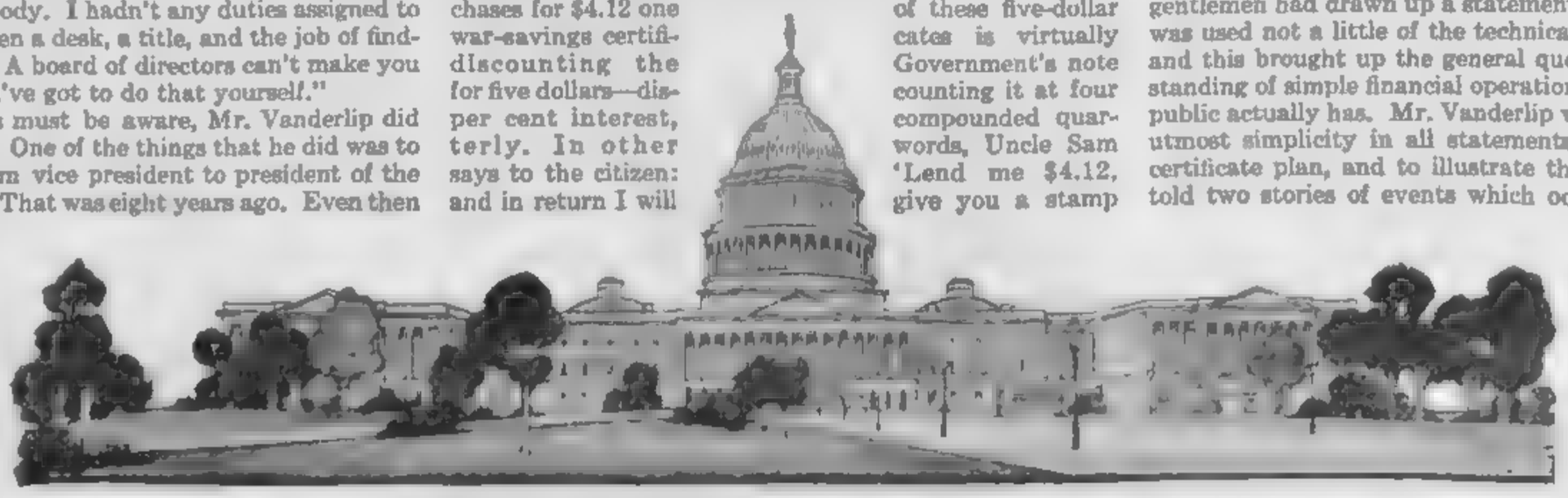


STEVE SCAEVOLA

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. JOULEN

STEPHEN RAWN was a Celt without a sense of humor. This subjected him to many unpleasant experiences, and provoked and distressed his father, who had what Stephen lacked. Through Steve's boyhood the elder Rawn watched hopefully for the awakening of that sleeping sense; but at length he gave up the vigil and decided that the boy would never know when to laugh. In this the elder Rawn was wrong.

Nevertheless, for a long time he had the facts on his side. For example, when Stephen went to work in the printing office of the town's semiweekly paper the foreman sent him to the office of the weekly to borrow the space grinder. Steve went, and returned carrying, with great care, a coal hod full of bricks, covered with sacking. When the jest was made plain to him he eyed his tormentor sorrowfully and remarked:

"But what is there funny about that?"

He lacked perspective, and matters that were clear to others were confused in his eyes. When the United States entered the war Stephen took advantage of his noon hour to enlist and could not understand his father's indignant surprise.

"You didn't have to be so sudden about it," the elder Rawn protested.

"But—the President says we need men," said Stephen. "Doesn't he mean it?" He frowned in a bewildered way. "Is there a joke in it somewhere?" he asked. His father surrendered.

From the first, Stephen took warfare seriously. He found himself rubbing shoulders with grinning young fellows who mocked at the prospect of decisive and unpleasant death; and he regretted, quite seriously, his inability to see the joke in it all. Stephen had no desire to be killed; and to the end that he might avoid that contingency he set about the task of perfecting himself in the arts of self-defense. There was nothing humorous about his proficiency with the bayonet; and when first he donned mask and pads and faced a living opponent, that opponent swore wrathfully at the force of Stephen's thrusts and threatened to knock Steve's head off if Steve jabbed him in the belt buckle again. "Don't you go pulling your funny stuff on me!" he warned belligerently; and Stephen protested:

"But I didn't mean it as a joke at all."

His new tasks were not attractive to Stephen. He had been the butt of so many jests that he was inclined to be sensitive; and he was by nature a gentle young man. It hurt him as much to thrust six inches of steel into a bundle of withes as it would have hurt him to receive that thrust himself. But he was deadly serious about it all, and deadly serious in the face of the horseplay his comrades in arms directed at him. When he discovered Kit Booth in the act of abstracting his right shoe and substituting one designed for the left foot in its place, on the eve of the regiment's first practice march, Steve inflicted painful though not necessarily dangerous injuries upon Kit.

In his serious way he devoted himself to learning the art of marksmanship. The rifle was easy for him, but the automatic revolver was his sweetheart. The weapon proved a fickle jade. When he fired his first real cartridge at the target he struck sand from the bank some three feet above the spot at which he had aimed. This amused the spectators; and they were further amused when Steve spent all his extra money for revolver ammunition and wasted that ammunition on the desert air.

Their mirth paled on the day that Steve threw a baseball twenty feet away from him and kept it rolling under the successive impacts of the bullets while he emptied his magazine. The baseball was seized and preserved as proof of the tales that were thenceforth told of Steve's prowess.

A Hand Gripped His Right Wrist. The Hand Was Extremely Cold, and Had a Flabbiness About It Which Covered Muscles of Steel

When the regiment detrained at the port of embarkation Steve had been promoted to a second lieutenancy—and took it seriously.

They embarked upon two transports and drew down the harbor to lie for three days, waiting for the order to sail for France. This was in June, a day hot and muggy, when the mists lay low over the water and mysterious whistles roared hoarsely from the fog on every hand. Nevertheless, the harbor knew the transports were about, and through the fog came whistled salutes and muffled cries of good cheer. At the anchorage a swarm of destroyers appeared and cruised slowly round and round the gathering transports.

On the morning of the second day the fog had lifted and Steve saw the casks that supported submarine nets across the harbor's mouth lying not a quarter of a mile from where they lay. The wind was easterly and the long ocean swell came drifting idly in. So Steve became seasick. He was violently sick for three hours, and because he was the only one on the ship so affected he afforded mirth for many. Steve did not protest; but four days later, when they were at sea and others were suffering in their turn, he remarked that he saw nothing particularly funny in watching seasick men.

Steve had never been to sea before; and he was interested. They had fair weather, a cordial sun, and a sea as blue as a girl's blue eyes. The sea dimpled and laughed in the breeze as a girl's eyes laugh. Steve remarked on this to Second Lieutenant Jasper Morse, who was suffering, and he and the dimpling sea were cursed for their pains.

The ship was beset with men on watch, official and volunteer. The ship's crew—merchant sailors—did their stint calmly; the naval watch were businesslike and full of restrained enthusiasm; the soldiers were hilarious. It is a matter of record that five enemy submarines were sighted by these soldier-sentries before land had dropped into the sea behind.

Steve investigated the ship from her bowels to her crows' nests; and he tortured the mate with questions until the man profanely announced that Steve would never live to be killed by the Prussians if he so much as opened his face for the rest of the voyage. So Steve found a new and more complaisant victim.

Steve was too interested to be homesick until the fifth day out. That day he sat in the second-cabin smoking room and wrote letters to everyone whose address he could remember, and cried over most of them. He wrote to his father: "This is a serious thing—to go to war." And when the elder Rawn read what his son had written he blinked twice and read the letter to Steve's mother, and told her never to mind.

There was no loneliness in the sea as Steve saw it. Nine other transports accompanied them; and the horizon was peopled by smoky smears that now and then resolved themselves into cruisers or destroyers when the convoying ships closed in to exchange signals with the transports. On the eleventh day eight destroyers came up out of the sea ahead, rushed down on them with smoke boiling from their funnels, divided right and left, wheeled, and fell into the transports' jogging pace on each flank. The convoy had entered the danger zone. Steve found himself trembling and wondered whether he was afraid.

Thenceforth the rails were lined with men whose eyes gave suspicious scrutiny to every billow that dared to raise its head above its fellows. Their watch was fruitful, though Lieutenant Morse was scornful of their zeal. "If every sub the Kaiser's got was under our bows those chaps would never spot them," he told Steve.

"Are they so hard to see as that?" Steve asked soberly; and Lieutenant Morse whistled between his teeth and looked at Steve, and made a hopeless gesture with his hands.

When a sluicing rain began to fall most of the watchers sought cover. Steve stayed on deck, near the bow gun; and at twenty minutes past two in the afternoon he turned to the chief gunner and asked diffidently:

"Is that just a—just a stick or something, over there?"

The man looked, and then he moved quickly. While Steve was still wondering why the gunner did not answer his question the gun began to roar. Then destroyers converged on the stick, which disappeared. Something raced through the water under the transport's bows. Steve saw the scurrying bulk of it and the bubbles that rose behind it. Ahead, the destroyers were crisscrossing with businesslike energy. There came a muffled explosion from the depths; and a moment later the transport slid past a patch of troubled water where oil and bits of wreckage drifted pitifully to the surface. The gunner's mate spat in that direction.

"Got 'em!" he commented. Then to Steve: "Good eye, bo!"

The rain held when they slid into port, a bearded Frenchman on the bridge handling the transport with quick decision. This was in the murk of dawn; nevertheless, there were friendly folk on the dock to wave at them, and sing, and cheer. There were bands going, much calling back and forth; and, cutting through this tumult, the hoarse shouts of the officers as the lines were made fast. The transport drifted gently into her berth and was secured there. Lieutenant Morse, at Steve's elbow, yielded to the intoxication that possessed him.

"Now, Willie, look out for us—eh, Steve?" he cried.

"But—we've got to get our training here first," Steve objected.

The other lieutenant came to earth with a thump.

"You're too damned practical, Steve!" he declared.

"A man's got to be!" said Steve.

The training camp to which they were conducted captured Steve's imagination. They detrained there at dawn one day, and the increasing light gradually extended their vision until they could see outspread before them a vast plateau, dotted with rough buildings and marked with orderly rows of tents, peopled by a multitude of men. The regiment was instantly lost in this multitude—became a part of it. The ferment in Steve found expression that night when he and Lieutenant Morse were thrown together again.

"It's—great! Isn't it?" Steve exclaimed.

Lieutenant Morse studied Steve and grinned.

"Knew it would get you in the end," he commented; then added jokingly: "But don't forget to be practical, Stevie."

"That's right," Steve agreed, steadying himself; "a man's got to be practical."

They began to call him Practical Rawn after Morse told the story. They devised artifices to make Steve smile, and failed. He was in sober earnest—soberly busy preparing himself for the tasks he foresaw. They called him Practical Rawn—and promoted him to be a first lieutenant. Steve scarcely noticed. He was so interested in many other things that he had no time to be interested in himself.

The regiment became absorbed in playing a vast game; and, for the most part, the men played it as a game. But not Steve. Trench drill was a serious matter to him; the gas chambers were places of grisly interest; the bombs fascinated him. Between times he found time to dally with his automatic; and the day he tossed a five-franc piece in the air and struck it twice before it reached the ground Steve was as proud as a hen over her first egg.

In the Y. M. C. A. Building entertainment was provided for the men; and this entertainment included reading. One day Steve found there a Roman History, arranged for school use. It was the only book not in use at the time, and he took it up. Ten minutes later he had found a new love. He secured permission to take the book away with him, and thereafter he pored over it endlessly. With this book in his hand, a finger between the leaves, he sought Lieutenant Morse one day. His face was rapt, his eyes afire.

"Listen!" he cried; and when Morse gave attention Steve read:

"'Caius Mucius volunteered to assassinate Lars Porsena.'" Steve looked up quickly. "Porsena was besieging Rome," he explained, and turned to the history again: "'He made his way through the enemy lines safely; but he did not know Porsena by sight, and so slew his secretary by mistake. He was captured, and was threatened with torture. Mucius thrust his right hand into the altar fire and held it there until it was completely consumed. Porsena was so impressed that he freed Mucius and raised the siege of Rome. The young man was given the name of Scævola—the Left-handed—by the grateful Romans.'" Steve looked up quickly at Morse. "That was a wonderful thing to do, wasn't it?"

"I call it a darned-fool stunt," Morse commented. "He ought to have knocked old Porsena's block off."

"I think it was—wonderful!" Steve insisted, a little shaken.

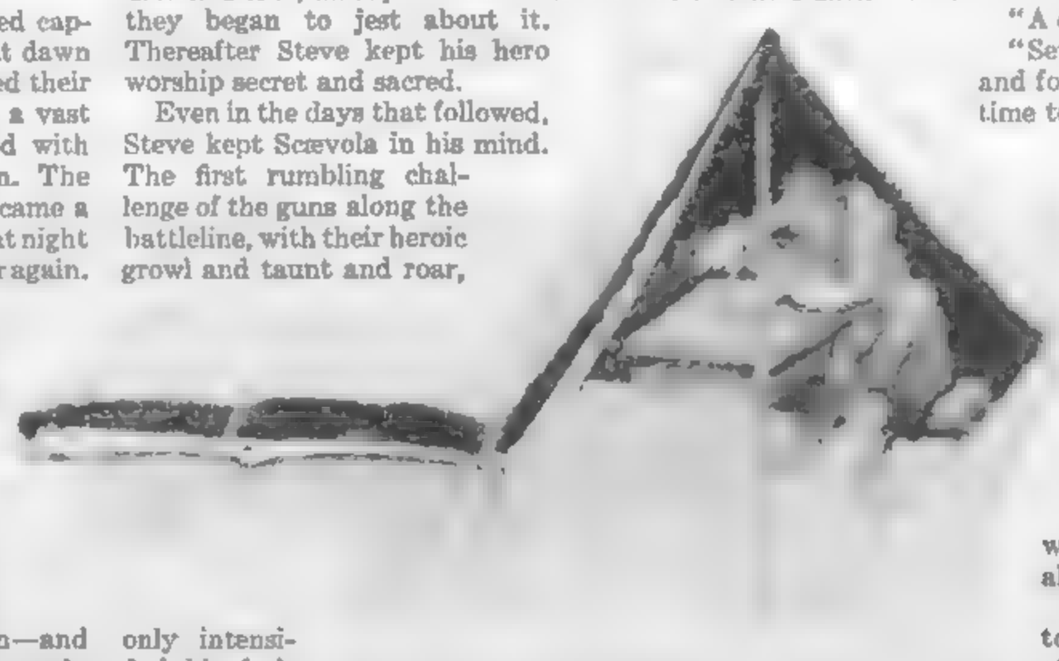
Morse laughed.

"Maybe so—but it wasn't practical," he said.

Steve looked downcast.

"We-ell—I hadn't thought of that!" he confessed.

They received orders at length to prepare to entrain for the Front. Steve was afire. When the day of departure came the History of Rome was in his kit; and the page that told of the deed of Mucius was turned down. For all Morse's scorn, the story had obsessed Steve. It made him tremble with a curious mixture of horror and admiration. It made him burn to do some equally glorious deed, though at the same time he knew the thing Mucius had done was far beyond his powers. Steve did not take kindly to pain, either in himself or others. He had tried to stifle this feeling; but he had failed in this effort. The story of Mucius had become something like a textbook in heroism for him; he read it over and over, and dreamed of it; and spoke of it to Morse and to others until they began to jest about it. Thereafter Steve kept his hero worship secret and sacred.



He Secured Permission to Take the Book Away With Him, and Thereafter He Pored Over It Endlessly

Even in the days that followed, Steve kept Scævola in his mind. The first rumbling challenge of the guns along the battleline, with their heroic growl and taunt and roar, only intensified his feeling. When the regiment settled itself into its billets behind the line, Steve removed that page from his history, folded it and tucked it inside his uniform. It had become his creed.

It lay there in his inner pocket on the first day he went into the trenches.

That first entry into the trenches was not an abrupt incident. It followed careful preliminaries; and these began on a day when the French officer commanding the sector the regiment was to take over met the officers of the regiment and explained to them, with maps, the region they were to occupy.

He gave Steve three photographs, taken from an aëroplane, and a large scale map marked with mysterious crisscrossing and zigzagging lines. These portrayed the particular section that was to be under Steve's command, with its relation to the trench systems on either hand.

Steve studied this map that night until it was photographed on his brain. There was a road running north and south, along the west side of which ran the front German trench. Another road ran east and west through Steve's position. At the southeast angle of the intersection of these roads there had been a village of seven houses. The aëroplane maps told Steve that these houses were mere piles of brickdust now. Above this vanished village rose a little hill, a hundred and forty feet above sea level and a hundred above the surrounding terrain.

"This hill," the officer had explained when he gave the map to Steve, "is the center of our effort on this sector; but we are not yet ready for a main attack here." He pointed to zigzagging lines to the north and south of the village. "We are digging toward the German trenches here. At this point we are within sixty yards of them. Your effort should be to nibble off a section of German trench by night raids, consolidating it with your own system at once."

Steve studied the map. The officer pointed out how German machine guns to the north and south enfiladed the territory before the ruined village; and in half a dozen sentences he pictured for Steve the village itself, jammed with fighting men, who lurked in cellars and deep dugouts, ready to repel any attack. He pointed to the saps again.

"Those have cost us three hundred and twenty-seven casualties in three weeks," he said simply. "They were worth that price; and to hold them is worth far more."

Steve gulped with resolution. After four days of this instruction he and the other officers were taken into the trenches. Each saw for the first time the section for which he was responsible. Steve found his little kingdom a maze of deep trenches, six inches of running water in the bottom of one of them, where a brook had been diverted in their direction by the busy Germans. The very earth itself had lost all resemblance to normal earth, so torn it was by shells; so stained with gases. On the lip of one trench a yellow flower was blooming; Steve wondered what it was called, and looked back at it after they had passed.

Next day, when he came back with his noncoms to instruct them, he looked first of all for this flower. It was gone. No trace of it remained. The front wall of the trench was patched with new sandbags. He asked his French guide about it, and that officer turned to one of the holders of the trench, spoke swiftly, and then told Steve:

"A chance shell dropped there. Seven casualties!"

"Seven men—and the flower!" Steve whispered; and for the first time since he had enlisted he found time to dislike the Prussian.

He had given the noncoms instructions to prepare marking stakes bearing their names.

He told each man where to place these, assigning to each a section of trench as his especial care. He assigned a squad to drain the flooded trench; another to look after general drainage; a third to the sanitary work.

At four o'clock the next morning Steve's men were in their places. Man by man they had replaced the weary Frenchmen, and the bearded little poilus had filed away with shuffling, dragging feet. Steve was left alone with his command.

He plunged instantly into his task; for Steve took the business seriously. With the first flush of dawn he inspected the trenches and the loopholes, and saw that a man was assigned to each loophole and that he knew what his duties were to be. He crawled out the zigzag saps to the listening posts and spoke to the grenadiers there. He devised two new vantage points for snipers and put his best marksmen at work in them. He put the bombers through a drill, inspected the two trench cannon in his section, and listed the material that had fallen into his hands with the trench. One periscope had been broken by a bullet. He requisitioned a new one. Rockets were running short. He sent for a new supply. These would be brought up at nightfall by a reserve detachment.

At eleven o'clock he reprimanded a grinning little private for laying aside his trench helmet.

"It's too danged heavy!" the man protested.

Steve had no false notions of the respect due him from the enlisted men.

"A shrapnel ball is heavier," he said seriously. "Put it on—and keep it on!"

That reminded him of the masks; and he inspected them. He was in the midst of this work when Jim Hughes—who had enlisted from Steve's own home town—tried to pass Mart Rutgers in the trench, and climbed on the fire step to do so. A ball came through the loophole and struck Jim above the ear.

Steve became very sick; but when he looked about him he saw that his men were also sick and shaking—and it cured Steve. He sent to the first-aid station for a stretcher and what was left of Jim was borne away. When the body was out of sight the men joked themselves into spirits again. Steve did not joke. He passed the word quietly:

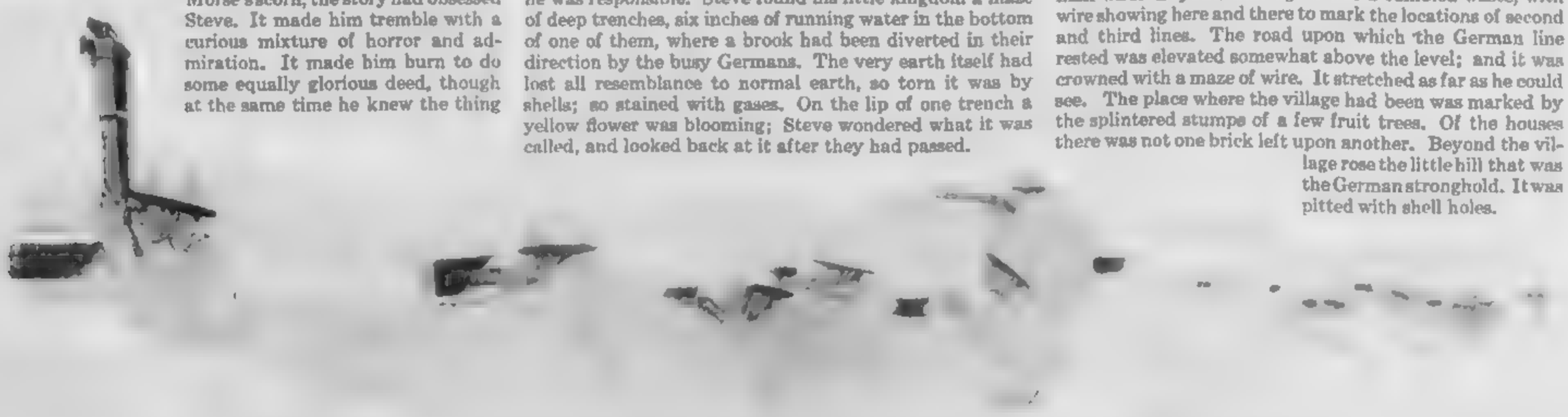
"The next man who unnecessarily exposes himself will be court-martialed."

The men grinned; and someone called softly: "Germans'll tend to that!" Then everyone laughed. Steve was puzzled; but he knew that a joke was beyond his comprehension, and let the matter drop.

At a little after one o'clock he found time to read that paragraph about Mucius Scævola; and it gave him new strength. He went into those forward trenches that were but sixty yards from the Germans, and he warned the men there to hush their voices.

"They don't know we have relieved the French," he told the men. "Let's not let them find it out till we are ready."

Through a periscope he studied the terrain before him. Directly in front of the trench lay the wire, put there by the poilus. Beyond an intervening desolation was the German wire. Beyond that again was a tumbled waste, with wire showing here and there to mark the locations of second and third lines. The road upon which the German line rested was elevated somewhat above the level; and it was crowned with a maze of wire. It stretched as far as he could see. The place where the village had been was marked by the splintered stumps of a few fruit trees. Of the houses there was not one brick left upon another. Beyond the village rose the little hill that was the German stronghold. It was pitted with shell holes.



Through a Periscope He Studied the Terrain Before Him. Directly in Front of the Trench Lay the Wire, Put There by the Poilus

Nowhere in all this prospect was there a sign of life. The earth lay tortured and dead. The occasional crack of a sniper's rifle seemed to come from every quarter of the compass at once. In the bright sunlight the flash was invisible; and there was no smoke. The illusion began to possess Steve that there were no men before him. He knew this was illusion; nevertheless, he could not shake it off. "I'd like to go and see," he whispered to himself; and trembled at the thought. Five minutes later it had crystallized. "I will go and see," he vowed.

Almost at once, as it seemed, night began to fall; and Steve set about the performance of his vow.

It was a black night that fell upon the trenches. A little mist hid the stars and there was no moon. The rifle shots now were stabs of flame; and the sudden glare and roar of exploding shells reminded Steve of nothing so much as a photographer's flashlight. His ears had become so attuned to the continuous explosions that he no longer heard them. He caught the faintest near-by sounds, even through the roar of shells and the snap of rifle fire.

Long before they reached the front-line trenches he heard the details coming with the food and ammunition and supplies he had requisitioned that morning. He greeted them and saw to the distribution of the burdens they bore; and then, through the telephone in his dugout, he asked permission to leave the trenches for a reconnaissance. Regimental headquarters gave him permission. He put Lieutenant Morse in charge of his section.

Then Steve belted on two holsters, each with its automatic. He hung six grenades at his belt; and he bore a trench knife, gripping it by the leather sheath. It was a weapon eighteen inches long: the handle was heavy and weighted, so that it might serve as a club or as a knife upon occasion. Steve tried the edge and found it good.

He had planned his route that day; and he followed it in the blackness of the night as readily as though he had the eyes of a cat. There was a listening post just north of the road that ran through the position; and Steve crept out to this post. Two men watched there. Steve spoke to them in whispers. They had heard no enemy patrols and the line before them was quiet, though on the north there was a brisk exchange of artillery fire and gusts of rifle shots were sweeping up and down the trenches.

Steve Expected Him to Shoot, But the Superior Officer Caught the Young Man's Arm and Whirled Him Away

Steve whispered something to himself, then climbed up and sat on the lip of the hole that sheltered the listeners. Half of his body was above the protecting earth; but the darkness sheltered him.

Something hissed into the air above the German trenches; and high above Steve it burst, with a soft plop, and blossomed into glaring light. Steve slid softly over on his face and lay still. No rifle cracked. The star shell burned out and died; and when blackness fell again, and while men's eyes were still blinded, Steve began to crawl toward the German lines.

They were at this point about a hundred yards away. Steve followed a shallow ditch beside the road; and he went very slowly. He was on hands and knees, and each hand searched the ground before him with the utmost care before it bore his weight. Each knee was lifted gently, lowered gently to the earth again. Steve was in no hurry. The night was young.

He had covered perhaps thirty yards when another star shell forced him to lie motionless. It caught him on the lip of a shell hole; and he slid into the hole and was sheltered till the light burned out. When darkness came again he crawled on. His knife was in his left hand, gripped by the heavy leather scabbard. Its hilt was ready to his right hand, and he never forgot to be prepared to snatch it on the instant.

A tangle of old barbed wire barred his path as he left the shell hole. He was forced to crawl round it, over a low knoll of soft earth; but he had passed this and descended into the ditch again before another star shell halted him. While he lay quiet his nostrils detected a new horror in the smell of the trenches that lay like an ugly pall over this land; and by the light of the next shell he saw the body of a German soldier lying ahead of him.

He had almost reached the German barbed wire now. The star shell illuminated it for him, so that he discovered a zigzag way through the wire, just south of the road. This was the only way through the wire and he would have to cross the road to reach it. That was not so bad; but the body of the dead German lay in this zigzag path. He must cross that—touch it—to reach his goal.

He caught only a glimpse of these things before he closed his eyes, for the human eye catches light and reflects it, and such a reflection may draw a rifle ball. When the light died he turned to the right and crossed the road, and so pushed forward. His nostrils guided him. His groping hands touched a strand of German wire.

Another star shell hissed into the sky. It burst while Steve was dropping to the ground. By its first light he saw a thing that startled him. He had reached the outer end of the pathway through the wire. The body of the dead German lay not a yard ahead of him. And Steve, in that flashing glimpse, saw that there was not one body there alone; there were two.

It was a shock; it stunned him. One such thing in his path was bad enough; two were horrible!

Nevertheless, he lay quiet under the glare of the light, waiting for darkness. He had dropped flat on his face, his right hand outstretched before him. He was shuddering, praying that the eternity during which the light still burned might end.

His prayer was answered; and as the light burned out a hand gripped his right wrist. The hand was extremely cold, and it had a flabbiness about it which covered muscles of steel.

Steve was paralyzed for an instant with dismay. He knew that one of the dead men had seized him; but after a great deal of thought he decided that the dead man must be a live man, lying still, like himself, while the light burned out. It seemed to take him a long time to decide this; but the decision reassured him.

By the time the German's right hand, knife-armed, came probing for Steve in the dark, Steve had reasoned the thing out and decided what to do. He rolled on his right side and swung the trench knife back and down with all his might, gripping it by the sheath.

The loaded handle hit something that crunched in a satisfying way; and the hand that gripped his wrist released him. Steve instantly became extremely calm, though his hair was prickling. He groped in the dark and felt the throat of the man he had struck, and probed at it with his finger.

"No heartbeat!" he whispered; and he grinned a little and cracked his first joke: "Two dead men in the path—after all," he told himself.

After which he lay still on his face for minutes on end and shuddered, with sweeping billows of nausea; at the end of which time he went on his way. He crawled over the two dead men in his path, and then lay on his belly and moved like a snake toward the German trench. He took great care to move quietly; and he was so successful that in the blackness of the night he reached the lip of the trench and peered down upon the top of a German head without being discovered.

This was as far as Steve's plans had gone. He had intended to reach the German trench, but he had not considered what he was to do when he got there. He stopped now to think. There seemed to be plenty of time. The German two feet below him was standing in the bottom of the trench, his eye near a periscope, his rifle at his hand. "When the next star shell comes he will climb up on the fire step to be ready to shoot," Steve decided. "Now what am I going to do?"

He could discover no one else in the trench at this point. Six feet away, in one direction, it curved sharply. Two feet beyond the man, in the other direction, it was blocked by sandbags. "I think I will get down into the trench," said Steve to himself; and he gripped the hilt of his knife.

There was something sticky on it, and he shuddered and let go his hold. He must have made a faint sound when he did this, for the German looked up. Steve saw the white of his face for an instant before he drove the butt of the knife down into it. The German grunted a little and fell forward on the fire step, like one praying. Steve dropped noiselessly into the trench. The man was breathing heavily and Steve was glad of that; but he did not stop to congratulate himself. He took an automatic in each hand—thrusting the knife into his belt—and started along the trench.

Where it curved back on itself he went very cautiously and slowly. He was stealing forward so when a star shell burst above him; and Steve was suddenly bold. "They'll all be looking out toward our trenches," Steve told himself; and he leaped round the corner of the trench, with weapons ready.

The trench was floored with planks; and he tripped on the end of one of these and fell on his face. Someone sat down heavily upon his shoulders and began to beat at him with a pistol butt.

Steve thought soberly: "This is serious!" Then the pistol struck him on the back of the head and he became unconscious.

Steve dreamed that he had endured three years of trench warfare, was wounded three times, and when he returned

(Continued on Page 37)

The Hungry Man of the North

By DAVID EDSTROM

THE Swede is looking for his dinner. Will he get it or will he die looking for it? "Nöd-år," meaning the year of the famine, is a familiar word to him. But this coming year will be the great Nod-år.

An old peasant woman in Småland, a province in Sweden, anxiously said to me: "Nöd-år is coming. Will they use the clubs on us?"

She half believed the old tradition that the aged and weak were clubbed to death when Nöd-år stalked over the north.

The Swede as we know him is a child of modern science and refinement, but deep in his nature smolder the emotions and ideals that in far-away ancient days were ignited in his heart by the mighty northern gods, Thor and Odin, the great Troll and the spirit masters of the mountain forests and the arctic night. A hundred years of peace have subdued his fierce nature, but this winter's cold may again blow to life his warrior spirit. If he is destined to pass on to that wonderful land over the rainbow, where the gods abide in eternal plenty, perhaps he will choose to charge the rainbow bridge with a sword in his hand rather than waste away on a diet of bread made from the inner bark of the fir tree, as he did in past generations when Nöd-år visited his cottage.

The Allies have refused him bread. Germany supplies him with coal; and every train, street car and industry will stop the moment this supply is cut off. When Sweden has scraped the bottom of the flour barrel and hunger is griping in earnest, Germany will cut off her coal supply and open her knapsack. A loaf of war bread may then tempt the Swede from neutrality, especially if the Gulf of Finland has been cleaned out and Sweden is baited with a promise to share in the exploitation of the enormous natural resources of Russia.

If Germany tires out the Great Bear and sicks Sweden on him to finish the job while she is occupied elsewhere, will Sweden obey the call? Sweden has, with all the ingenuity that is hers, prepared for just such an event. The leaders of her army are impatient to test her various secret inventions for a winter campaign, and her soldiers are comfortable fighting in the snow, even with the temperature forty degrees below zero. The conservatives think this is Sweden's divine moment to get back what Russia once took away. The Great Bear crushed the blond northerner in the time of Peter the Great, and nothing but the still small voice of democracy, represented by the Socialist party under the leadership of Branting, now holds back the Swedish armies from pushing on over the frozen lakes and marshes into the land of her old enemy.

Will Sweden Come Into the War?

EVER since Sweden some fifteen or twenty years ago commenced to be a predominatingly industrial nation she has looked with ill will upon the emigration of her young people to the United States. For this reason the National Society for the Prevention of Emigration has done everything to keep her people at home. The newspapers have aided in this campaign. They have with persistency ridiculed everything—from the American skyscraper to the modern Pullman car. Cyclones, fires, murder, city graft, white-slave traffic—anything and everything that would put America in an ugly light—have been repeated and repeated and enlarged upon until they have succeeded in making us thoroughly misunderstood.

Before the war Sweden was a large importer of cereals, coffee, tea and cocoa, and millions of tons of other foodstuffs and fodder. The enormous increase in her industry and the decrease in her agriculture have put her in a position far more difficult than that of Germany. Her leaders are undoubtedly considering the price of war on the side of Germany in return for the foodstuffs the Central Powers could ship over the Baltic.

Princess Margaret, Wife of Sweden's Crown Prince, is a Daughter of the Duke of Connaught

Now and then we hear some reference made to the "terrible Swede." In remote parts of Germany where the traditions of the Thirty Years' War are still vivid the terrible Swede is used as a bogy man to scare naughty children. What the Swedes did to the Germans will be remembered for generations. If Finland and Norway were again under Swedish dominion, federated with Germany, with perhaps all of Russian Lapland conceded also to Sweden, it would wipe out the humiliation Sweden feels she has been subjected to by the Great Powers. To awaken Sweden's avarice and lust for conquest is however necessary.

Sweden can put half a million excellent troops in the field. During the winter of 1915 I was up in Umeå during the military maneuvers. A Vesterbotten regiment made a march of thirty-six miles on skis and then had vigor left to make a surprise attack on the enemy with great spirit. The temperature hung round thirty degrees below zero and the wind over the flat country cut like a whiplash. Two years before a German general had seen the same regiment in action and he had remarked: "If we had such material in our army we could conquer the world."

At the Olympic Games Sweden vanquished all comers—a nation of five and a half million people won against the United States and Great Britain. During the games the city of Stockholm gave a very magnificent dinner, serving several thousand guests at one time. Many of the best ladies of the land did humble service to entertain the visiting athletes and their friends. Sweden's principal kind of bread is a hard-tack made in cakes about a foot in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick and perfectly circular with a hole in the middle, giving them the appearance of car wheels. An American boy, seeing that they made fine discuses for throwing, let one of them fly. It went sailing a hundred yards or more over the heads of the diners. The whole American team took up the sport, and in a minute Sweden's staff of life was soaring over the vast stadium. In these hard days the incident is bearing fruit in added bitterness. One of the reasons why the Swedish-American has made himself so unpopular has been that when visiting his native land he has slighted home hospitality by leaving food on his plate. In Sweden nothing is wasted.

But however much the Swede may dislike America the poorer classes hate Germany still more. It is only the upper classes who want to fight with Germany. Strong-headed in hating or loving, it is difficult for the Swede to change his sympathies, and were he not so hungry a civil strife might result from the German issue. The hard malevolent eye a Swedish Socialist turns on you if you say a favorable word for Germany shows such inherent antipathy that a superficial observer would declare that such a man would rather die than fight for the Prussian. Hunger is, however, the third degree of all persuaders when it comes to bending men's wills.

Until about twenty years ago the Swede supported himself by agriculture. With heroic tenacity he wrested a living out of a soil so meager that it was a lesson in economy to the rest of the earth. But since the day that English and German capital opened up the vast iron mines of the north and Sweden entered its industrial period the country has changed in many respects.

German Influences In Sweden

BEFORE this time emigration was not discouraged; the yearly inflow of millions of dollars from the Swedes in America was especially welcome at holiday time. With the coming of big industry this charity from relatives became a pittance. Stockholm pointed with pride to more than three hundred millionaires of her own. The men who have made this possible look upon Swedish industry as a younger brother to Germany. England has often supplied capital in a large, generous, easy way, but Germany has been on the spot whenever "something was doing." Young, sharp and keen Swedes, often without education, have been given fine opportunities and have taken them. That these men feel kindly toward Germany is natural. When the Allies attack Sweden's industry the Swede howls with wrath.

At the opening of the war Sweden had steamship lines of her own to the Orient and South America, and when the Panama Canal opened new modern oil-burning freighters were ready for her trade on the Pacific. Almost every telephone in the world has some parts made in Swedish factories located in Sweden, America, France or Russia. She put in some of the machinery lighting the Panama Canal. Many of the lightships and light buoys are lighted by Swedish apparatus. High-grade cutlery,

Prince Eugene, From a Portrait by O. Bjorck in the National Museum

turbine engines, electrical machinery, wood pulp, paper, alcohol, sulphite, matches and many other manufactures circle the globe from this ambitious people of the north. To-day not only have her proud little merchant fleet and trade vanished from the sea, but like a wild animal she is cornered and starving in her dark, icebound lair.

In ancient days, when the intolerable loneliness and hard life made a heroic Viking out of the plodding peasant and fired him to raid other more fortunate shores, a metamorphosis was achieved that may be repeated to-morrow. The Viking was a bold, hardy thief. The modern Swedish peasant is an anxious and technically honest individual who, instead of putting his money in the bank, puts away enough grain to last a year ahead in case of Nöd-år. He makes all his own implements, wagons, sleighs, boats, guns—everything he needs. He is parsimonious and cautious to the point of avarice.

One year I went up to the sources of the Umeå River and followed the loggers down to the sea. The wild chances those peasant boys took in breaking jams and running rapids revealed to me what there was at the bottom of the Swedish heart if it should ever be loosed again. I was a young man then and loved the rough life. At every village if there was a possibility of a fight we had it. The lumber company had a system of putting heavy fines on men who ran certain rapids or took other unnecessary chances. I went over the rapids below Fällforsen, where we were fined ten kroner apiece for this sport. It was worth it, not only because of the swift ride but to see the childlike faces of the men lit up with a fierce savage joy which nothing but intense action and danger can bring forth. Will the Viking spirit in the Swede flare up in his darkest hour or will he stolidly submit and follow the lead of civilization and democracy?

From Småland, the most bleak and barren province of Sweden, have emanated many of her most adventurous and successful men.

A Swedish Pasha

IF A SWEDE succeeds in an unusual way it is common to say "He must be from Småland." There is a legend that when the Lord was making Sweden he had Saint Peter along, and when the latter saw with what ease the work was done he succeeded in getting permission to do a bit himself. The Lord gave him a trowel and hammer and he set to work. The result was unfortunate Småland—all rocks with thin soil, swamps and quicksands in the lowlands. The Lord was very annoyed, but to make up for Saint Peter's fiasco he took especial pains in making the Småländer a wiry, happy, tenacious individual who defies all obstacles. An eminent French journalist who once was a Småländer told me that while he was in the Foreign Legion of France building roads in Indo-China he came across a mandarin who in a moment of annoyance cursed him out in pure Småland dialect. He was a Småländer who had become a Chinaman. A classical Småland story, and a true one, is that of a Småland boy who ran away to sea and was not heard of for forty years, until he one day turned up as a pasha from Turkey with a retinue of wives and servants.

The poorest man in Sweden, the Småländer is the only one who can really laugh, who has a sense of humor. Albert Engström, the cartoonist, is a Småländer. He created a type some thirty years ago called Kolingen, a kind of Swedish Happy Hooligan, only the Kolingen was always drunk and ragged, and because he was drunk he did not care what anyone thought of him. He told everybody the truth in a poignant but not malicious way. So popular has the Kolingen become that an eminent sculptor has made a statuette of him which has been sold by the thousands all over the country.

The peasant cannot this winter have release from his gloom by drinking himself drunk. And he must have coal and grain, and feed for his cattle. Germany wants iron and man power. The Swede is too stubborn to change on the basis of barter. If he flops it will be quickly and for the sake of food and adventure. The class hatred and the fight against the gentry have been such fun. To humble these high gentlemen has tickled his malice. For years the stone walls of the great building called the People's House, in Stockholm, have echoed with the hoarse laughter of rough men as the great rawboned Socialist leader Branting has evolved his wily plans by which he has checkmated his opponents.

The Swedes never change a leader when they get what they want. The Secession Society of Swedish Artists found a great chief in Karl Nordström, and having found him they made a beautiful chair for him and on it is engraved "For Our Chairman, Karl Nordström." To accentuate that it is for always the chair has been built into its place.

The Swede is a fighter, but he has one weakness: When he is licked he knows he's licked and he stays licked. Peter the Great licked Sweden more than two hundred years ago, and she has stayed whipped ever since. The Irish have been battling for centuries against hope, and they are all there all the time. When I visited Sweden the first time, some twenty-three years ago, the nation had dropped away from the world. She was poor and desolate—so poor that she could take pride only in her economies. She pretended to hate wealth. Everyone looked abnormally serious. All men wore dark overcoats seemingly cut from the same pattern, with double rows of buttons. They observed rigid formalities. A new-found acquaintance showed marked annoyance when I walked with my overcoat unbuttoned. The women wore dark colors. An ostrich plume in a hat or a ruffle on a dress was the only mark distinguishing the upper classes, and but few wore that much decoration.

Incurable Wounded German Soldiers Being Exchanged Over the Bridge at Karungi

Three Years Ago Russia, Germany, Denmark and Sweden Gave an Exposition at Malmo

Table Customs

PEOPLE seldom smiled unless they had been drinking. Drink alone seemed to relax them from the grim business of making a living. They drank only at mealtime. The bar habit was unknown; drink and food were inseparable. Foreigners thought it a blessing that they drank well and deeply, for the Swedish dinner could thus develop into a sociable affair. The severe strain relaxed.

While the *hors d'œuvre* or *smörgåsbord* was being served the glasses were filled with aqua vitæ. The first glass was called *helan*, the second *halfvan*, the third *tersen*; each successive drink had a name, and a short verse appropriate for each successive glass was sung before drinking. Ceremony was attached to all drinking. The ceremonious customs associated with drinking and eating have been among the chief causes of making the Swede hate the German. The German is inquisitive, familiar and boisterous. The Swede is quiet, reserved and deliberate. The Swedes have a custom called *krusa*, which consists of refusing a number of times the food or drink that is offered. A showing of eagerness or gluttony is unpardonable. The guest must wait until he has been pressed repeatedly, and then at last seemingly overcome by the excellent quality of the food or drink offered he accepts. Not to partake is also an insult. My wife accompanied me to one of my favorite haunts, and as she could not stand the salted coffee and raw reindeer fat she became quite unpopular.

The *Smörgås-bord* used to be very elaborate affairs in all Swedish restaurants. Russian caviar, delicate smoked salmon and eel, crawfish, lobster and dozens of different kinds of cold meats were piled high in a sumptuous, inviting way. In the middle of the table there was always a fountain from which could be drawn half a dozen different kinds of whisky and aqua vitæ. The guest served himself, taking a little bite here and there with a glass of his favorite appetizer. As the price of the *Smörgås-bord* used to be about fifteen cents, and you could with ease in a few minutes eat five dollars' worth, it was only the Swede's sense of propriety that made the custom possible.

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A Scene in Central Sweden

PATERFAMILIAS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

"I'd Just Hate to Have a Sister of Mine Married to That Jonah"

ELIJAH was alone for breakfast in the dining room. Annie, the waitress, served him with smooth dexterity. She remembered his demands from the morning before. He was accustomed to form rapid estimates of character, capabilities; and in her he recognized a self-contained efficiency. Zopher was seated outside with a fresh accumulation of newspapers about his feet. Elijah tried to avoid his calamitous predictions, but the other darkly stopped him.

"Putting two and two together," he said, "there can't be the slightest doubt about the Gulf of Mexico," he lowered his voice, "destroyer base. Harry our shipping and coast. And there must be a hundred thousand reservists gathered on the border and ready to invade us at the slightest pretext."

Elijah exhibited a decent concern and continued to a seat in the flooding sunlight of the portico. He lighted a cigar mechanically, his gaze resting on the circling driveway before the inn, the bronze curtain of pines sweeping down and up to far blue heights. But he was largely unconscious of the scene—all his thoughts were bent on the questions presented by Jason and Eleanor—yes, and Mel; he was absorbed in the serious problem of his family.

He himself, Elijah realized, was as deeply involved in the present situation as any of the others. Jason's drunkenness, his own long withdrawal from their interests, Eleanor and Barton Crane, Mel's vanity, were all inexplicably mingled. Yet, together with his natural pride and affection, he saw his family objectively, as if they were an impersonal proposition offered for his consideration. In a way it was like a scene viewed for the first time, with every detail clear. He had never really seen this Jason before, nor Eleanor; and for the moment he was capable of approximations, judgments, to which Mel was blinded, and which he, too, must soon lose.

The result of this detachment was to show him that they were verging dangerously upon bad business. It was obviously not the time for easy sentiment; he had ample reason in the example of Mel to doubt the efficacy of unadulterated affection in the directing of offspring. For the present he must conceal the purely benevolent aspect of his love for the children. But during the trip South he hadn't anticipated any such necessary, apparent severity. Elijah was weary of the rigid discipline of affairs; he wanted to relax—approaching old age, he told himself—in the intimate interests of his family. He had longed, actually and metaphorically, to unbutton his vest.

Jason appeared in a doorway. He seemed, very naturally, thin and spent, and he came forward sullenly in response to his father's gesture.

"There's a lot we ought to say to each other," Elijah commenced as the boy lounged across a chair. "It has been put off too long now." Jason composed his features into a fixed tolerance of an inevitable and passing nuisance. "Don't mistake this for advice," J. Elijah Mimm pronounced decidedly. "I don't intend to show you what seems the right thing and trust to your doing it. That has already failed. I am going to be more unreasonable—I shall make up your mind for you, and see that you follow out what's planned."

"I suppose this leads to the holy condition of work."

"It will if I find anything you know and can do," Elijah crisply responded; "but it is hard to say just what that'll be. You see, Jason, you haven't any real useful experience or ability. You had a chance—good schools and so on—but it was thrown away. I wouldn't take you into my place, it would be unfair to the other office boys; I couldn't recommend you to my friends; and no one else would be likely to consider you."

"This noise about work's all rot!" Jason burst out. "We've got plenty of money; there's no need to hog all there is."

"Just how much would you figure on making?" his father persisted. "You're not worth four dollars a week. No, I am not counting on your adding to our deposits. All I am interested in, all I can hope for, is to keep you from becoming what, I believe, is called a 'good sport'. I am getting along, Jason; we'll need another man in the family soon," said little Mimm.

"Times are different from when you were young," Jason responded abruptly. "There is some fun in the world now."

His manner was antagonistic, Elijah saw; Jason treated him as if he were trying to deprive the boy of his right of happiness. A complete lack of sympathy and understanding alienated Jason from him. His manner was even touched by disdain. It was evident to Elijah that he occupied but a perfunctory position in his son's estimation. With this reflection a sharper note entered his manner.

"One thing's changed, and that's certain," he replied; "we weren't so soft that almost anyone could squeeze us like a sponge."

"Some boys!" Jason mocked.

"That is enough," Elijah commanded. Anger threatened to overwhelm him. But, with a struggle, he hid his emotion within his unimpressive gray exterior. Jason rose and lunged out to where his car was parked by the driveway. There, climbing into the low seat, he started the engine, sharply threw it into gear and swept away, fast picking up momentum.

It was comparatively easy to inform Jason that his idleness was to be retrieved; but not until he had stated the difficulties of that consummation did Elijah realize the extent of his undertaking. Jason actually was as useless as he had said. His education had been nullified by such excursions, mistaken leniency, as that of the present winter. He had not, so far as Elijah could discern, acquired a single accomplishment, other than an aptitude at golf, in his life of twenty years.

He walked into the inn, hoping to see his wife or Eleanor. Suddenly he felt increasingly old, lonely, beset by a heavy sense of failure. But he found only the barber, Andrews. The latter nodded toward the pool tables, and Elijah assented. He took off his coat and mechanically gazed down the length of a cue. The balls rolled with a rapid, precise clicking and dropped smoothly into the pockets.

"Played perfect," Andrews reiterated after an inning of Elijah's. "If that boy of yours had his father's judgment he'd cost the crowd a piece of money. But he's not bad at that; always a pleasant word, and pays his account prompt."

A deep, uncritical pride in Jason rose magically from J. Elijah Mimm's troubled heart. It filled him with a sense of warm gratitude toward the barber totally unexpressed by the commonplace offering of a cigar.

x

AFTER lunch Eleanor actually embarrassed him by a total surrender to his interests and entertainment. Her arm within his, she paraded him up and down the portico, enveloping him in a bright, confusing chatter.

"I think I like men better than women," she proceeded; "they are broader and understand life." A slight uneasiness permeated Elijah at this remark. He turned and surveyed his daughter, vivid and gracefully mature. Surely it had been only yesterday ——

"When did you leave that boarding school?"

"Why, father, what a funny question from a loving parent! Do you mean that you have forgotten my coming out already?"

He had an indistinct recollection of several largish bills for a party given Eleanor a few years ago. Her picture had been in the evening papers . . . now he remembered. They had had melting green frappé, ridiculous sandwiches and lady fingers in ribbon, at the dinner table afterward. And a business acquaintance had said to him on the street, "I see, Mimm, your girl is listed in the market reports." He had smiled with the other, but moved on with a feeling of dismay.

"You've grown right away from me, Eleanor," he told her. She responded with a warm contradictory pressure on his arm. "Just as if I had been tied to my office chair. It seems," continued J. Elijah Mimm, "as if I've always been the same, plodding and unimpressive and smelling of leather. Dull, dull!"

"A perfectly wicked thing to say," she declared. "You're splendid and upright and—and, everything a man ought to be. I have been horrid and neglected you. We've all been useless and haven't tried to give you any sympathy."

"You've been all right, Nellie," he patted her shoulder. "Only I'd like to be in the fun more. I'd like to hear all your plans and hopes, and, as you say, help."

"Of course you would, darling," she responded enthusiastically.

"That's just what I thought to-day, and how selfish I was while you were here on your little holiday. And I made up my mind to tell you simply everything about—about Barton."

His initial uneasiness returned, augmented; and his commencing happiness, the sudden happiness that had filled him at his daughter's interest, wavered and decreased. She had come to him only to talk of Barton. He took up once more, with a deep feeling of rebellion, his attitude of cautious reserve.

"What about him?" he demanded.

"I love him," she responded simply. "He's been terribly handicapped," she went on hurriedly. "I suppose you'll be prejudiced because he isn't doing anything. But that was his parents' fault, they wouldn't let him. You see, Barton's not very strong."

"Didn't I hear something of a wife?"

"An outrageous creature! She spent all his money and then deserted him. He has never really loved anyone but me "

"But, Eleanor, has the woman any claim on him? Are they divorced?"

"Not yet, regularly. Barton says that as a man he can't demand one. Don't you think that's honorable of him! And she won't. But he's certain that with pressure she might change her mind."

"The pressure," said Elijah dryly, "I take to be pecuniary, and applied—yes, applied by me. Is that the honorable situation?"

"Something like that," she admitted. "Of course, Barton didn't suggest that in so many words; I helped him out. It would not take a great deal, father; she's rather a cheap person. Won't you do that for Nellie's happiness?"

"I'm to bribe this woman to get a divorce!" he repeated, blinking in his incredulity. She clung, fragrant and imploring, to his arm. "In order to save any further argument, Eleanor," he continued, emphasizing her formal name, "I'll say now in the plainest way possible—I won't.

"I never listened to a more outrageous proposal. And as for this Barton, I'll have a few words to say to him. Why, you must be insane! The probable truth about the fellow is that his wife had to leave him and depends on what the court forces him to give up. I've seen that kind before; we get 'em every now and then in business. It's you that astound me."

The warmth evaporated from her countenance. "The world is very different from the one you knew," she informed him, repeating what Jason had already said that day. "I thought because you are about so much, that you'd understand. People aren't nearly so narrow as they used to be, and women have a great deal more freedom. They think for themselves. If Barton doesn't get a divorce, why, I won't let it destroy my life. I'll go to him with my love in my hands," she said a little wildly.

He wondered for a moment whether, as the children declared, times, people, had absolutely changed. Perhaps he couldn't see clearly through the accumulation of fifty-eight years. It might be that he was merely hard, unsympathetic, blind. But his habitual caution, acumen, reasserted itself. There was nothing new in Jason or in Eleanor's plea—rebellious, self-sufficient youth, the mysterious promptings of what the girl called love.

He struggled mentally to find words to express his comprehension of Eleanor, flushed and standing aside; to bridge the space that divided him from her; but all that occurred to him appeared unendurably prosaic, trite phrases worn by myriad repetitions. It seemed to him that there was a curse of impotence laid on parenthood.

"He'll expect more than love," Elijah said half absently.

Her expression grew sharper, hard. "Heavens, how wrong I was," she proceeded evenly; "I had never thought of the money. What a ridiculous mistake. The most important thing of all." Her voice became deliberately sweet. "But, do you know, I fancy Barton is rather like me. I suppose a business man, an American business man, would call it impractical . . . Poor mother!"

"Has she expressed any need for sympathy?" he asked quickly.

"Don't worry, she's quite loyal. Only at times I think she has felt a need, a need not entirely filled by leather, for more poetry, more abandon."

"Your mother is a very sensible woman," he declared. "You've got your head full of rubbish! 'Abandon!'" he repeated angrily.

But Eleanor's superiority was beyond his reach. Without moving she seemed to have withdrawn to an infinite distance. She even smiled.

"Rubbish!" he flung at her. He got out a cigar and bit off the end.

"I'm sure you have a cigar cutter," she said plaintively, "but I suppose it came too late in life."

That was true. He couldn't accustom himself to the gold trifles Mel forced on him. It was, however, from Eleanor, an unpleasant thrust; he could think of no reply but an oddly formal, old-fashioned bow, after which he turned away.

■

"ELIJAH," his wife said later, "I must speak to you about playing so much with that barber; and in your shirt sleeves too."

"Very companionable," Elijah declared. "And I couldn't hit a balloon with my coat on."

"It doesn't look well. And you ought to associate with men of your own class. You are simply never with your children or me," she added calmly. He gazed at her helplessly. "I have insisted on Jason's taking us to the races at Sandholm this afternoon."

Jason's car sped at a perilous rate over the rolled clay, Elijah thought. He was sitting beside his son, watching the latter shift the levers and avoid the inequalities of the road. However, he soon lost all uneasiness. Jason, he realized, was a skilled driver; never for an instant did he falter in the complete mastery of the power under his hand. The boy's apparently careless manner was only an affectation grown out of pride in accomplishment and youth.

They soon reached the twisting streets of Sandholm, hedged with high glossy banks of holly, and proceeded to the race course. There, in company with a dense row of motors, they parked against the whitewashed railing of the track. Elijah and his wife remained in the car, but the children promptly moved away. Jason, Elijah saw, negligently joined a man and two women standing with elbows on the rail. The man, in leather puttees and a derby, had charge of the stables in connection with the hotel.

"Who's Jason with?" Melina demanded.

"It's the man who brings out the saddle horses," Elijah told her. He said no more; for, as one of the women turned, he had caught a sheen of red hair, and he was certain that it was the waitress at their table. The girl, he recognized, was not a mere drifter in search of casual, light entertainment; she had a clear

"I Mean," He Explained, "That I am Surprised to See an Able Girl Such a Fool as to Marry Jason"

head orders never had to be repeated—and a contained, appraising gaze. The four filed away, with Jason beside the smoothly curved, erect shoulder, the thin profile turned for his benefit.

The races proceeded, alternating with seemingly interminable delays. There was a steeplechase over perfunctory jumps, and a contest for lady riders, where three divinities, slim in satin breeches, tight jackets and professionally peaked caps, swept by, crouched on the sweating necks of their mounts and plying agile whips on the horses' broad rumps.

J. Elijah Mimm's interest revived slightly at the latter. Christmas, though, what were they coming to! Horse racing, the most amazingly bold pronouncements on marriage, and Mel playing cards for money. It wasn't that he was narrow or pig-headed, he assured himself; he had always enjoyed sitting in a game; but, and—well, it was not his idea of a lady, of his wife, stacking up against a bet. Cards and women, to his view, were associated with copious draughts of wine and the tuneful, reprehensible scenes in Hoyt's comedies.

However, he could see that views such as his had little place in the Conifer Arms to-day. The loneliness of which he had been lately conscious increased at the contemplation of Mel's up-to-dateness. He found the present entertainment on the whole unexciting, vastly inferior to baseball. Mel, he was certain, didn't enjoy it, either; but she responded enthusiastically to the comments called by various acquaintances. The races, he saw, were the thing! It was precisely in such valuations, he felt a little wearily, that he failed; and he muttered a commonplace about old dogs and new tricks.

Then again, here was Melina—old "Hunks" Clevenger's daughter—protesting against his playing pool with Andrews. Confound it, they were even calling pool pocket billiards! Ridiculous! He guessed, though, that he'd keep right on playing with Andrews. The fact was that he understood the barber better than any other man he had met at the inn: he had a heap of sense. And as for taking his coat off, it would have to come off. That was all there was to that.

Old dog . . . new tricks. His thoughts were interrupted by the end of the racing and his children's return. Jason backed the car out from a complication of starting motors and rapidly threaded a way to the entrance. The roads were full of low-hanging dust and droning machines, most of which, bound in his direction, Jason passed.

Elijah sat stiffly erect in the deep front seat, a hand holding his inappropriate hat in place, his eyes blinking against the rush of air. They were rapidly overtaking one of the local schooner wagons, its canvas cover bowed over a primitive, pegged body. Jason turned with a harsh rasp of the horn, there was a desperately shrill clamor before them, and Elijah saw a ponderous gray motor hurtling out of a cloud of dust. He had a fleet consciousness of a ditch and steep drop on the right, and of Jason's pale set face as he dragged the wheel about and threw every reserve of speed into the car. There was a rending jar, the tearing of underbrush, and they came safely to a stop with the wheels on either side of the ditch.

Melina screamed faintly, and then, shaken, declaimed against Jason's lack of caution. The boy only raised his eyebrows. Elijah, too, said nothing; but, with an embarrassed gesture, he dropped his hand on his son's shoulder. It had been a splendid exhibition of instantaneous judgment and courage.

XII

IN HIS room, dressing for dinner, he maintained an intermittent grumbling at that necessity. Mel's door was partly open, and, waistcoat in hand, he announced his intention of entering that formal domain. Melina, loosely enveloped in blue silk heavily embroidered in dull orange, was seated powdering suspiciously damp cheeks with a gold-mounted puff. In spite of the silk and gold, the luxury of her dressing table, she appeared miserable and crumpled.

"Well, which one is it now?" he demanded with a pretense of impatience.

"Eleanor," she replied, "has told me an untruth. The first, Elijah, I am mortally certain. I have lost my daughter."

"Not if she takes up with that Crane. Then you'll have her round the first of every month."

Suddenly he completely lost patience with the children. It was an insidiously hot night; and in the rigor of a dinner shirt he was oppressed within and without. Didn't a time ever come, he inquired, when a man got some comfort from his family? It looked a little as if, these days, the young never grew up; though at times, he added, moving his neck irritably in its relentless band of starched linen, it seemed as if some with grown children tried to appear young.

That, Melina sobbed, was more than she could stand. She liked to keep herself as freshly pretty as possible for all their sakes; she had thought he had a little pride in the—the . . . She knew that she was terribly faded, but it was cru—cruel to taunt her with it. No one could have tried harder to be a good wife and ——

He was overwhelmed at the flood of tears and protest liberated by his casual remark. "Gracious, Mel," he protested, "you went off like a pinwheel. Why, you know I think you are younger looking and prettier than anyone else I see. You don't seem a speck older than you did in Dillworth; anybody'd take you and Nellie for sisters. And I think it's splendid the way you fix up, hot and cold. Goddy knows these last nights have near finished me. If there's anything in the stores you need, just telegraph ——"

"I don't want clothes, Elijah," she said; "I want Eleanor back; I want to walk out with Jason and choose his first trousers all over again."

A discreet knock fell on the outer door. "There's the maid to hook me into my dress," she explained.

Elijah, back in his room, found his head whirling with old memories and new doubts, questions. Mel, for all her bravery of spirit and apparel, was, like everyone else, getting on. There was a knife-sharp pain at his heart in the thought of his wife's falling a victim to age, the sheen of her hair and gayety of her spirit wasting. A hundred visions of the past crowded back—the first time he had seen her, in pink and a wide lace hat, at the Olivet Baptist picnic; kissing him drowsily, a marvel of tender white youth, as he departed in the gray morning to the tannery; the infinitesimal sparkle of her first diamond; Nellie's birth.

Now Jason and Eleanor were grown up, leaving them, and they were rich. He was able to tell Mel to telegraph North for anything she might fancy. Suddenly that reflection bore the sting of a faint accusation—he had offered her clothes when she had been longing for the young confidence and unquestioning affection of her children. Beneath the expensive veneer she was lonely.

His thoughts returned to the leather market; he had given it, in place of Melina, his best years, his greatest concern. He had been successful; but now that success, measured against the sacrificed hours of his family and home, seemed inconsequential. He was, each had shown him in turn, virtually a stranger to the three beings bound into his life by the most intimate ties and necessities. Elijah perceived that the money he had so thoughtlessly given them had not been of the first importance; it couldn't make up to Mel for the loss of her youth; it was actually endangering his daughter; and it was, he realized clearly, corrupting Jason. He, who had never considered money in connection with his own happiness, had blundered incredibly in considering it sufficient for the needs of his family.

But it was late now—it might well be too late—to see all this. His vigor was ebbing; soon he would be actually aged, impotent. Nothing could redeem the past; excuses, even forgiveness, were vain to retrieve error. However, he reminded himself, he had never been a man to surrender easily; his life had been a constant opposition to warring circumstance; he had overcome some pretty heavy odds. He wasn't on the shelf yet, not by a long bet!

This was going through his head while he was seated in the masculine detachment from the principal evening activity. Futhey was reading for the third time the columns of what was evidently a home paper. Mr. Zopher was talking into the ear of an individual with a purplish, disturbed countenance.

"Then," the latter exclaimed, "my securities won't be worth their engraving!"

Mr. Zopher nodded triumphantly. "Just so; values all undermined. Why, the Imperial Government has been working for years ——" His periods were lost in a more confidential strain.

Jason lounged up in a careless manner that only half hid an actual uneasiness. "The heat in here's fierce," he declared. Following his evident wish, Elijah rose and moved to the comparative privacy of the portico. "Yes?" he asked cheerfully. "What's the amount?" The boy rammed his hands into the pockets of his dinner coat. "Could you make it a thousand?" he replied, looking away into the night.

"I could," Elijah admitted more dryly. "I am glad you put it just that way, and am curious to learn where such a sum would go."

"I've had rotten luck," Jason muttered.

"There you are wrong. You are being exploited; I believe 'worked for a good thing' is the term."

"Oh, it isn't all for Drew Fisher and that crowd," he replied. "I—I would like to have some money. I mean an income of my own. I'm tired of going to mother for it. I'm too old."

"There's a lot in that," Elijah admitted; "and I am willing to make an adjustment. For the present you may have ten dollars a week, in addition to your expenses for the car and so on."

"Don't cripple yourself."

"Did I say ten?" he asked. "I meant five. Yes, certainly, five. Plenty. Why, when I was your age ——"

"You supported your aged parents and a bank account and put something in the plate every Sunday," Jason interrupted. A cloud of misery settled over his countenance. "You will find out maybe when it is too late," he half threatened, half implored. "Will you give it to me or not?"

"Not," Elijah said shortly.

"If you think I am nothing but a child you are mistaken. You're the hell of a father, you are! Rather humiliate your only son than give up a little dirty money. I'd be ashamed to act like that with a bell boy." There was a note of fury, of tears, in his voice. "I tell you I've got to have it."

"You'll not get it in the way you have asked. I am willing to settle any debts; but, until I hear a reason for allowing you more, the five stands."

"What if I told you that I had a reason, that I ——" He stopped and gulped. He collected himself into an aspect of dignified melancholy. "I am not at liberty to speak yet," he announced. "When I do you will remember that I came to you in the most important moment of my life and you didn't put your confidence in me, you turned away."

J. Elijah Mimm, with a frown, watched his son disappearing rapidly through the gloom. The truth was that being a parent was a difficult job and called for extended experience. It was comparatively easy to limit Jason's money, but that fell far short of solving his son's problem. After all, the gold was in the bank; Jason must get a considerable part of it; or, cut off, importune his mother, grow into a parasite without any responsibility. Constantly denied, with the knowledge of the fortune's actuality, the boy would become bitter, furtive. One—Jason, the present Jason, with money—was as bad as the other. He wondered what the boy had hinted, and he must warn Mel of the present arrangement with their son. It was only temporary, of course; and a most unsatisfying

(Continued on Page 89)

"Rather Humiliate Your Only Son Than Give Up a Little Money. I'd be Ashamed to Act Like That With a Bell Boy"

THE FALSE FACES

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LONE WOLF

XXI

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THROUGH the breathing hush of that dark hour which foreruns the dawn, that hour in which the head that knows a wakeful pillow is prone to sudden and disquieting apprehension of its insignificance and its soul's dread isolation, the cab sped swiftly south upon the avenue, shadowed reaches of the park upon its right, upon its left the dull, tired faces of those homes whose tenants lay wrapped in the cotton wool of wealth.

The rain had ceased. A little wind was blowing up. There was a fresh smell in the air. Sidewalks began to be maculated with spreading areas of dryness, but the roadway was still wet and shining, the wide black mirror of a myriad lights.

Through the windows of the speeding cab an orderly procession of street lamps marching past threw each its fugitive and pallid glimmer. Periods of modified darkness intervened, when the face of the girl in her corner seemed a vision subtle and wraithlike. But ever the recurrent lights revealed her sweetly incarnate if deep in enervation of crushing weariness.

Once she stirred and sighed profoundly; and Lanyard, bending toward her, asked if he could be in any way of service.

She replied in an undertone scarcely better than a whisper: "Thank you, I am quite comfortable. Please—what time is it?"

The cab was passing Sixtieth Street. Lanyard caught a fleeting glimpse of a street clock with a dial like a little golden moon.

"Half after three."

"Thank you."

"Very tired?"

"Very."

He had the maddest notion that her head inclined to droop toward his shoulder. Perhaps the motion of the cab. If so, she recovered easily.

"Can I do anything?"

"No, thank you; only ——" An ungloved hand stirred from her lap and for the merest instant rested lightly above his own, or hovered rather, barely touching it with a touch tenuous and elusive, no sooner realized than gone.

"I mean," she murmured, "I'm a bit too overwrought, too tired to talk."

"I quite understand," he said. "Please forget I'm here; just rest."

Perhaps she smiled drowsily. Or was that, too, a freak of his imagination? Lanyard assured himself it was, in excess of consideration even tried to persuade himself he had dreamed that ghost of a caress upon his hand. It seemed so little like her.

Not that anything had happened more than a gesture of transient inadvertence due to fatigue. It could not have been intentional, that act of intimacy, when the girl was altogether engrossed in young Thackeray.

There was something one must not forget, something that gave the lie flatly to that innuendo of the Weringrode's. Ignorant of the circumstances, the intrigante had leaped blindly at conclusions, after the habit of her kind.

True, Sophie had not implied that this girl cared for him, but vice versa. Either supposition, however, was as absurd as the other. As if Lanyard could love a woman who loved another—as if the name of love meant aught to him but the memory of a sweetness that like a vagrant air of spring had breathed fitfully for a season upon the winter of his heart!

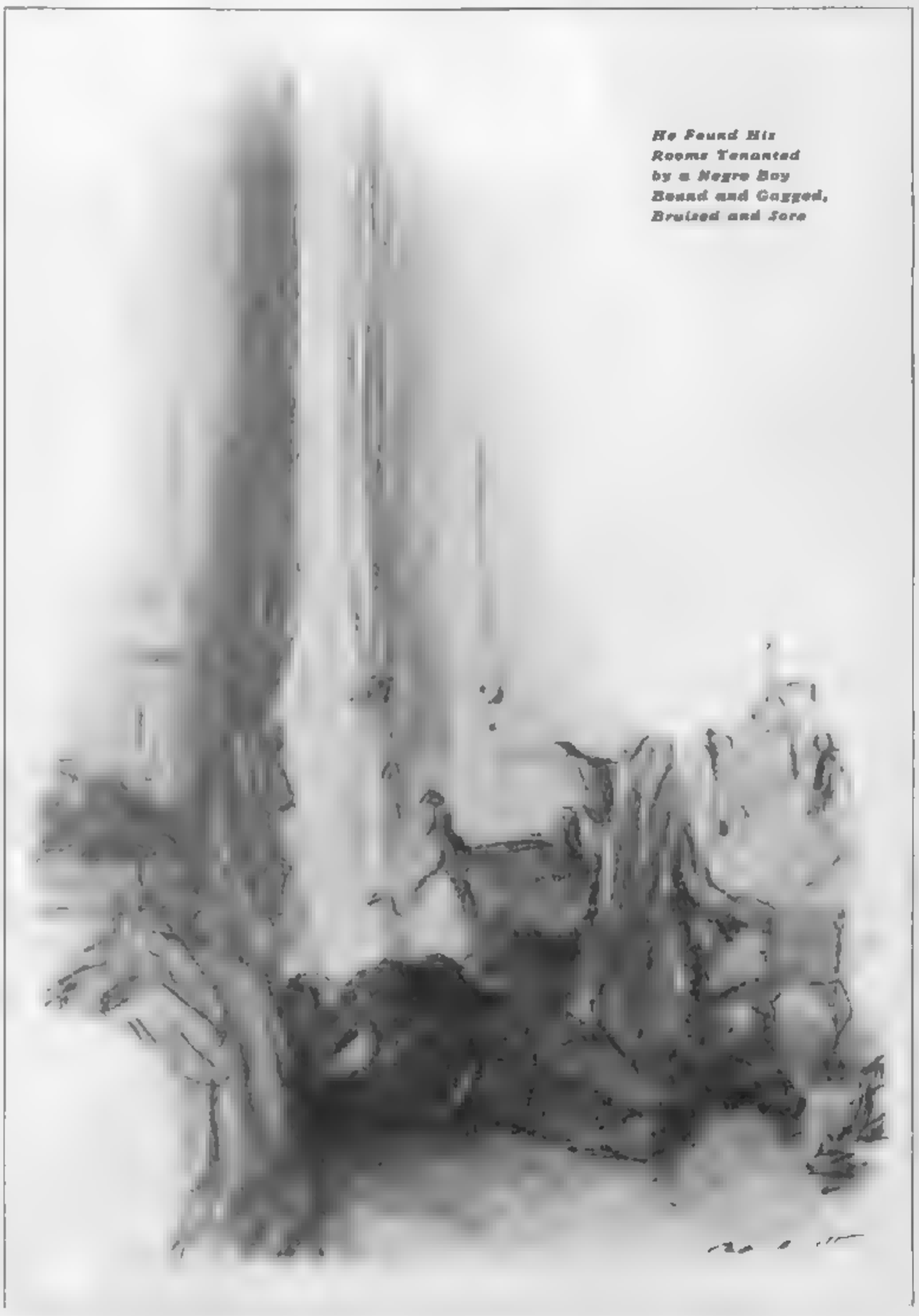
A corner of Lanyard's mouth lifted in a sneer. That precious heart of his, that heart of a thief upon which even now the fruits of his thieving weighed! Irritated, he wrenched his thoughts into another channel and began to piece together inconsecutive snatches of information gained from Crane in the confusion of the quarter hour just past, while the secret-service operatives were busy rounding up the inmates of that spy fold and searching for evidences of their impudent activities.

It appeared that Washington had at length, however tardily, roused out of its inertia, and at midnight had telegraphed instructions broadcast to arrest out of hand every enemy alien in the land against whom there was evidence of conspiracy or even a ponderable suspicion.

So unexpected was the issuance of this order that Crane had volunteered to show Cecelia Brooke that midnight rendezvous of the Prussian spy system without the least notion that he might be asked before morning to lead a raiding force against the establishment; and even when a messenger stopped him as he turned to enter Au Printemps after settling for their taxicab he was uninformed concerning the cause of this demand for his immediate presence at headquarters.

The first cast of what Crane aptly termed the dragnet had brought in the management and service staff to a man, with a number of the restaurant's habitués, including Sophie Weringrode and her errand boy, the exquisite Mr. Revel.

Velasco, however, had somehow mysteriously managed to slip through the meshes and had straightway hastened to Seventy-ninth Street to give the alarm.



He Found His Rooms Tenanted by a Negro Boy Bound and Gagged, Bruised and Sore

As for O'Reilly and Dressler, they had left with Ekstrom in pursuit of Lanyard less than five minutes before, and so had escaped not only arrest but all knowledge of the raid prior to their return to Seventy-ninth Street. The second cast of the net had been made at the latter place as soon as the watchers were able to assure Crane that Ekstrom and O'Reilly had returned—Dressler having anticipated them there by something like half an hour.

By daybreak, then, these gentry would be interned on Ellis Island. . . .

And break of day impended visibly in grayish shades that stole westward through the cross-town streets like clouds of secret agents spying out the city against invasion by the serried lances of the sun.

A garish twilight washed Forty-second Street from wall to wall by the time the car swung round in front of the hotel. As yet, however, there was little evidence that the town was growing restive in its sleep with premonition of the ardor of another day.

Lanyard stepped down and offered the girl a hand in whose palm her slender fingers rested lightly for an instant ere she passed on, while he turned to bid the driver wait. Following he overtook her in the entrance to the hotel, where by tacit consent both paused and lingered in an odd constraint. There was so much to be said that was impossible to say just then.

Visibly the woman drooped, betraying physical exhaustion in every line of her pose, seeming scarcely strong enough to lift the silken lashes that trembled upon cheeks that were a little drawn and pale, with the faintest of bluish circles beneath the eyes.

"I must not keep you," Lanyard broke the silence. "I merely wished to say good night and—I am sorry."

"Sorry?" she echoed.

"That you had such an unhappy experience," he explained—"thanks to your thoughtfulness for me. I do not deserve so much consideration; and that only makes me feel all the more regretful."

"It was silly of me," she admitted with a shadowy, rueful smile. "I'm afraid my silliness makes too much trouble."

He commented honestly: "I don't understand."

"If I had only been patient enough to wait for you to call me up ——"

"Forgive that oversight. I was pressed for time, as you may imagine."

"Oh, it all comes back to my own stupidity. I might have known you had come out all right."

"How should you?"

"Why not?—when you turn up here in New York safe and sound after being drowned on the Assyrian! As if that were not proof enough that you bear a charmed life!"

"Charmed!" he laughed.

"And you haven't yet told me how you survived that adventure."

"You are kind to be interested, and I am unfortunate in never seeing you save under circumstances unfavorable for yarn spinning."

"You might be more fortunate."

"Only tell me how!"

"If you cared to ask me to dine with you to-morrow—I mean, to-night ——"

"You would!"

He was distressed by consciousness that his voice had thrilled impetuously. But perhaps she had not noticed.

"I'm as inquisitive as any woman that ever lived. Even if I wished to, I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to resist an invitation to hear your Odyssey."

"Delmonico's at eight ——"

"Thank you," she said primly.

"You make me too happy. May I call for you?"

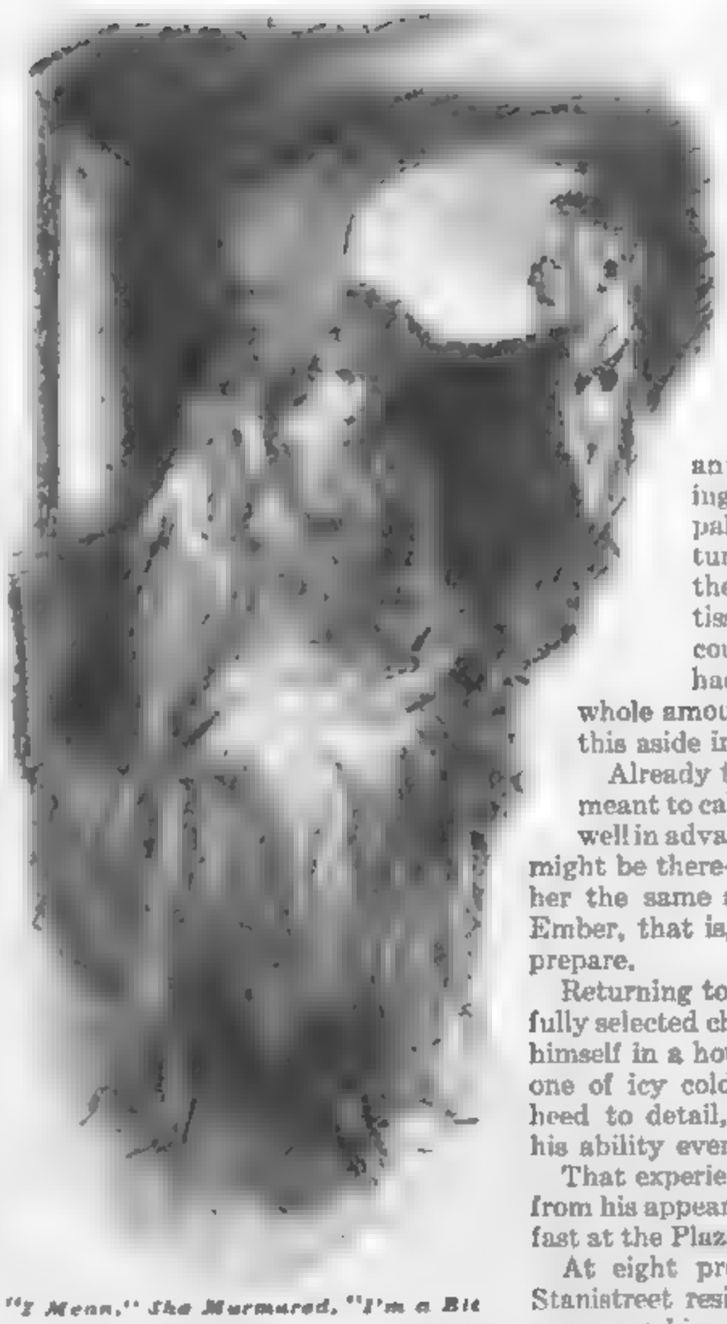
"Please." She offered a hand whose touch he found cool, steady and impersonal. "Good morning, Mr. Ember."

He stood in a stare while she went quickly through the lobby to a waiting elevator; then roused and went back to his cab.

In another quarter of an hour he reentered his rooms and found them tenanted by a negro boy bound and gagged, bruised and sore—and scared beyond intelligible expression.

Freeing him and salving his injuries bodily and spiritual with a liberal douceur, Lanyard exacted an oath of silence, then turned him out.

It was now something after four o'clock. He had approximately five hours to put in somehow before his appointment with Colonel Stanistreet at nine, and was too well versed in the lore of late hours to think of giving any part of that time to sleep. By so doing he would only insure a mutinous awakening with mind and body sluggish and unrested. If, on the other hand, he remained awake he would go to that interview in a state of supernormal animation exceedingly to be desired if he were to round out this adventure without discredit.



"I Mean," She Murmured, "I'm a Bit Too Overwrought, Too Tired to Talk"

For its end was not yet. He had still a part to play whose lines were not yet written, whose business remained to be invented. He neither dared shirk that appointment, for reasons of policy, nor wished to while there remained reparation to be accomplished, a wrong to be righted, justice to be done, a question to be answered.

Only when these matters had been put in order would he feel his honor discharged of its burdens, himself free once more to drop out and go in peace his lonely ways in life—ways henceforth to be both lonely and aimless. For when he strove to peer into the future only an emptiness confronted him. With Ekstrom accounted for finally and forevermore there was nothing to come but the last accounting of the Lone Wolf with that civilization which had suffered him.

One way presented itself to make that reckoning even. The Foreign Legion of France asks no embarrassing questions of its recruits, and enlistment in its ranks offers with anonymity a consoling certainty. Thus alone might he find his way home to the heart of that enigma whence he had emerged, a nameless waif astray in grim Parisian byways.

This vision of his end contenting him, he began to scheme a campaign for the day that was simple enough in prospect—a little chicanery with Stanistreet, a personal appeal to Crane to restore the passports of Monsieur André Duchemin, which must have been found on Ekstrom's body, a berth on some steamer sailing for Europe, then the last evanishment.

One thing alone troubled him, his promise to Cecelia that she should dine with him that night. Reminded of this obligation, figuratively he seized Michael Lanyard by the scruff of his neck and shook him with a savage hand. What insensate folly was ever his, what want of wit and strength to keep out of temptation's ways! Why must he have fallen so readily in with her suggestion? Why this infatuate thirst for sympathy, this eagerness to violate the seals of reticence at the wish of a strange woman? Was there any reasonable explanation of the strange lack of his wonted self-sufficiency in the company of Cecelia Brooke?

No matter. If he might not contrive somehow to squirm out of that engagement he could at all events school himself to decent reticence. He promised himself to make his account of the submarine adventure drearily bald and trite, to minimize to the last degree his part therein, above all things to refrain from painting the Lone Wolf in romantic colors.

She was much too good a sort, too straight, sincere, fair-minded, honest: The sort of girl who deserved the Thackeray sort of man, never a thief. . . . If she even dreamed . . .

Lanyard brought forth from its hiding place the necklace, weighed it in his hand, examined it minutely. Granting its marvelous perfection, he recognized no more its beauty, dispassionately reviewed in turn each stone of matchless loveliness, no more susceptible to their seductive purity, perceiving in them nothing but hard, bright, translucent pebbles—cold, soulless, cruel.

One by one they slipped through his fingers like beads of an unhallowed rosary. At length, crushing them together in the hollow of his palm, he stood a while in thought, then turning to his writing desk bundled the necklace in wrappings of white tissue secured with rubber bands and, counting carefully the sheaf of bills he had taken from Ekstrom, sealed the whole amount in a plain long envelope and put this aside in company with the necklace.

Already two hours had passed, and since he meant to call at the house on West End Avenue well in advance of the hour when Cecelia Brooke might be there—presuming Blensop to have given her the same appointment as he had given Mr. Ember, that is, nine o'clock—it was now time to prepare.

Returning to his bedchamber he laid out a carefully selected change of clothing, shaved, parboiled himself in a hot bath, chilled himself to the pith in one of icy coldness, and dressed with scrupulous heed to detail, studiously effacing to the best of his ability every indication of his sleepless night.

That experience was in no way to be surmised from his appearance when he sallied forth to breakfast at the Plaza.

At eight precisely, presenting himself at the Stanistreet residence, he desired the footman to announce him as the author of a certain telegram from Edgartown. He was obliged to wait less than a minute, the footman returning in haste to request him to step into the library.

This apartment—which he found much as he had last seen it, eight hours ago, its window shattered, the portières down, the furniture in some disorder—was, at his introduction, occupied by two persons: One an elderly, iron-gray gentleman of untidy dress and unobtrusive habit in spite of a discerning cool gray eye; the other Mr. Blensop, in the neatest of morning coats, with striped trouserings neither too smart nor too sober for that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him, and fair white spats.

The temper of the secretary was sunny. He tripped forward in sprightliest fashion, offering cordial hands to the caller till he recognized him, and even then was discountenanced only for the briefest moment.

"My dear Mr. Ember!" he purred soothingly. "Why didn't you tell me last night it was you who had sent that telegram? If I had for a moment suspected the truth you should have had your appointment with Colonel Stanistreet at any hour you might have cared to name, no matter how ungodly!"

Lanyard bowed gravely. "Thank you," he said. "And Colonel Stanistreet ——?"

"Is just finishing breakfast. He will be down directly. Please be seated; make yourself entirely at ease. And will you excuse me ——"

"With pleasure," Lanyard assured him, his gravity unbroken.

A doubt clouded Mr. Blensop's bright eyes, but its transit was instantaneous. He turned forthwith to join the iron-gray man before the portrait which concealed the safe.

"And now, Mr. Stone ——" said Mr. Blensop with indulgence.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Stone quietly, "if you'll be good enough to show me how this affair works, maybe I'll find out something interesting, maybe not."

Mr. Blensop proceeded to oblige by operating the lever and sliding aside the portrait.

"Thanks," said Mr. Stone, producing a magnifying glass and beginning to peer myopically at the face of the safe. "I take it nobody's been pawing over this since the late, as you might say, unpleasantness?"

"Not a soul has touched it. By Colonel Stanistreet's order it was covered as soon as we found it had been tampered with."

"Um-m," Mr. Stone acknowledged, bending close to his work.

Partially, perhaps, by way of administering an urbane rebuke to Lanyard for his readiness to dispense with his society, Mr. Blensop remained near Mr. Stone, hovering round him like a domesticated humming bird.

"Do you find anything?" he inquired when Stone straightened up.

"Finger prints aplenty," Mr. Stone admitted with a hint of temper, "a slew of the damn things. Looks like you must've called in the neighbors to help make a good show. However, we'll see what we can make of 'em."

He conjured from some recess in his clothing a squat bottle, from another a stopper in which was fitted a blow-pipe, joined the two together, approaching the safe with one end of the pipe between his lips and spraying it with a thin film of white powder, the contents of the bottle.

"I say—do tell me what is that for."

"That," said Mr. Stone patiently, "is to make the finger prints stand out, so we can get a good likeness of 'em."

He put the bottle aside, blinked at the safe approvingly, and by further exercise of powers of legerdemain materialized a pocket camera and a flash-light pistol.

"Can't I help you?" Blensop offered eagerly. "I used to be rather a dab at amateur photography, you know."

"Well, I'm kind of stuck on pressing the button myself," Stone confessed, adjusting the focus. "But if you want to work that flash light I don't mind."

"Delighted," Mr. Blensop asserted. "How does it go, now?"

"Like this." Stone set his camera down to demonstrate. "Now just stand behind me," he concluded, "and pull the trigger when I say 'Now!'"

"I'll do my best, but—I say—will it bang?"

Stone had taken up the camera once more. His sole answer was a grunt upon which his hearers placed two distinct interpretations—Lanyard's affording him considerable gratification.

"If you're ready," said Stone—"now!"

Mr. Blensop squinted unbecomingly and pressed the trigger. A vivid flare lifted from the pan of the pistol and winked out in a cloud of vapor slowly dissipating.

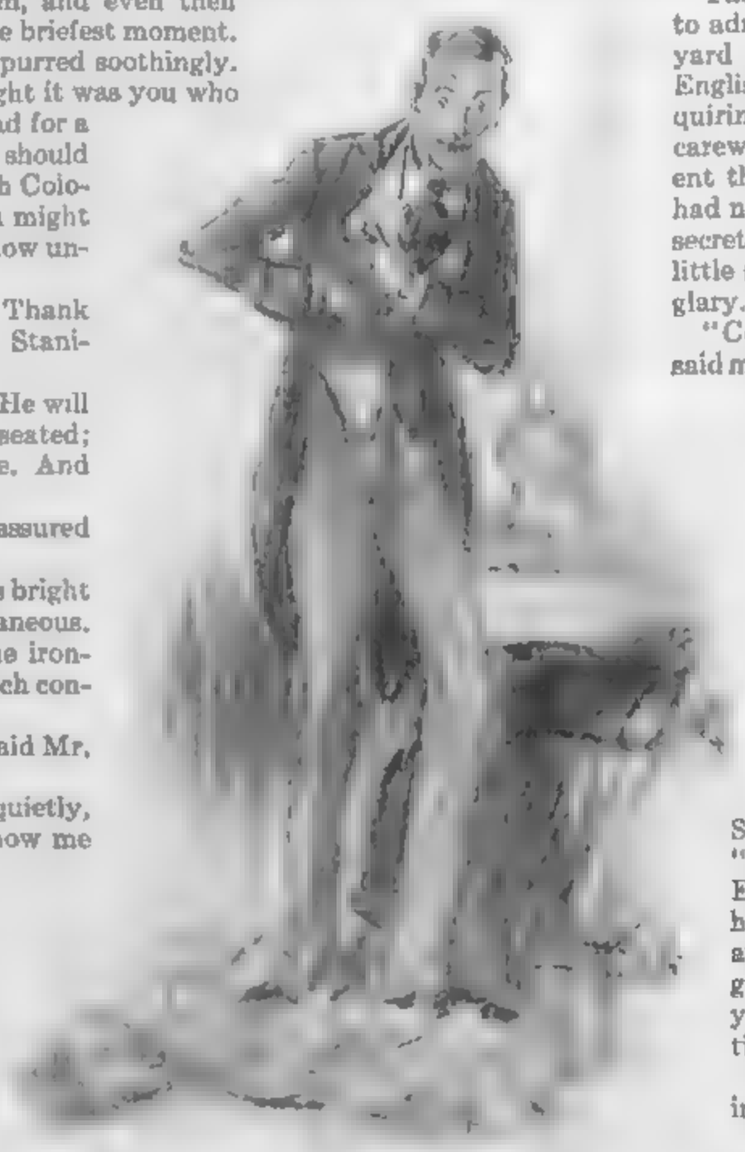
"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir—that's all of that." Stone stowed the camera away about his person and from another cranny produced a small cardboard box of glass slides, one of which he offered. "Now if you'll just run your fingers through your hair and rest them on this slide, light but steady ——"

"What for?" Blensop demanded with a giggle of nervous reluctance. "You don't think I'm the thief, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't. But if I haven't got your finger prints how am I going to tell them from the thief's?"

"Oh, I see," Blensop said with a note of allayed apprehension, and put himself on record.



By Every Indication He Had Suffered the Most Severe Shock of His Experience

The door of the hallway opening to admit Colonel Stanistreet, Lanyard rose. At sight of him the Englishman checked and stared inquiringly, his eyes shadowed by careworn brows; for it was apparent that if the events of the night had not depressed the spirits of the secretary his employer had known little sleep, or none, since the burglary.

"Colonel Stanistreet," Blensop said melodiously, abandoning Stone to his unsupervised devices, "this is Mr. Ember, the gentleman who called last night before you got home. It appears he is the person who sent us that telegram from Edgartown day before yesterday."

"Indeed? Ember is not the name with which the message was signed."

"The message was purposely left unsigned," Lanyard explained.

Stanistreet nodded approval. "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Ember," he said, offering a hand. "Be seated. I am most anxious first to express our gratitude, next to learn how you came by your information."

"You will find it an interesting story."

"No doubt of that." Stanistreet took the desk chair, opened a cigar humidor and offered it. "I shall be even

more interested, however," he said with an evanescent trace of humor, "to know who the devil you are, sir."

"That is something I am prepared to prove to your satisfaction."

"If you will be so good. But excuse me for one moment!" Stanistreet turned in his chair. "Mr. Stone!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Have you finished with the safe? If so I want my secretary to check over its contents carefully and make sure nothing else is missing."

"I'm all through with it, Colonel Stanistreet. Now if you don't mind I'm going to mouse round and see if I can nose out anything else that's useful."

"That shall be entirely as you will. Now, Blensop"—Stanistreet nodded to the secretary—"let us make certain ——"

Blithely Mr. Blensop addressed himself to the safe.

"There has been an accident of some sort, Colonel Stanistreet?" Lanyard inquired civilly, nodding toward the shattered window.

"A burglary, sir."

"And the criminal escaped——?"

Stanistreet nodded. "Our watchman surprised him, and was shot for his pains—not seriously, I'm happy to say. The burglar got tangled up in that window, but extricated himself in time and went over the garden wall before we could determine which way he had taken."

"I trust you lost nothing of value?"

Stanistreet shrugged. "Unhappily, we did—a diamond necklace, the property of my sister-in-law, and—ah—a document we could ill afford to part with. . . . But you offered to show me your credentials, I believe."

"Such as they are," Lanyard replied. "My passports and letters were stolen from me. But these, I think, should serve as well to prove my bona fides."

He laid out in order upon the desk his plunder from the safe aboard the U-boat, all but the money: The three cipher codes, the log, the diary of the commander, the directory of German secret agents, and such other documents as he had selected from the archives of the submersible.

The first Colonel Stanistreet took up with a dubious frown that swiftly lightened, yielding, as he pursued his examination into the papers and began to recognize their surpassing value to the Allied cause, to a subdued glimmer of gratulatory excitement. But he took his time to satisfy himself as to the authenticity of each paper in turn, providing a lull for which Lanyard was not ungrateful, since it gave him a chance to adjust his understanding to an unexpected development in the affair.

He lounged at ease, smoking, his eyes, half veiled by lowered lids, keenly reviewing the room and its tenants. Stone, the detective—an operative, Lanyard rightly inferred, of the American secret service loaned to the British in order to keep the burglary out of police records and newspapers—had wandered out into the garden that glowed with young April sunlight beyond the windows. From time to time he was to be seen stooping and inspecting the earth with the gravity of an earnest, efficient, sober-sided sleuth of the old school.

Blensop was busy before the safe, extracting the contents of each pigeonhole in turn, thumbing its dockets of papers, checking each off upon a typewritten list several pages in length. To that lithe and debonair figure Lanyard's gaze oftenest reverted.

So not only had the necklace been stolen but a document which the British secret service could ill afford to part with! Lanyard entertained not the least doubt as to the identity of the document in question. There could be but one, he felt, that Stanistreet would so characterize. The document had not been in the safe when Lanyard had opened it at midnight. After a moment Mr. Blensop uttered a musical note of vexation. The lead of his pencil had snapped. He threw it pettishly aside, came over to the desk, took up a penholder, dipped it in the inkwell and returned to his labors.

XXII

COLONEL STANISTREET put down the last of the papers and slapped his hand upon it resoundingly.

"This is one of the most remarkable collections of data, I venture to assert, that has ever come into the hands of the British Government. Have you any idea of its value?"

Lanyard lifted a whimsical eyebrow. "Some," he admitted dryly.

"And what do you ask for it, sir?"

"Nothing."

The gaze of the Englishman bored into his eyes; but he met their challenge with an unshaken countenance, smiling.

"I Do Not Believe You! For Some Reason I Can't Understand You Wish to Abase Yourself in My Sight, to Make Me Think You Capable of Such Infamy"

"My dear sir," Stanistreet demanded, "who are you?"

"The name under which I sailed for New York on board the Assyrian," Lanyard announced quietly, "was André Duchemin."

Disturbed by a startled exclamation together with a sound of shuffling and a slight thump, he looked round in mild curiosity, to see Blensop, staggered and astare, standing over a litter of documents which had slipped from his grasp to the floor. Mastering his emotion quickly enough the secretary knelt with a mumbled apology and began to pick up the papers.

With no more notice of the incident Lanyard returned undivided attention to Colonel Stanistreet.

"I had another name," he confessed, "and a reputation none too savory, as I dare say you know. Through the courtesy of the British Intelligence Office I was permitted to disguise these; but on the Assyrian I was recognized—in short, I ran afoul of German secret-service agents who knew me but whom I did not know. On the sixth night out circumstances conspired to make me seem a serious obstacle to their schemes. Consequently I was waylaid, robbed and thrown overboard. Within the next few minutes a torpedo struck the ship and the submarine that fired it came up under me as I struggled to keep afloat. By passing myself off as a Boche spy I succeeded in inducing the commander to take me below, and so reached the Martha's Vineyard base. There chance played into my hands; I contrived to sink the U-boat and escape, as reported in my telegram."

During a brief silence he found opportunity to observe that Mr. Blensop was working with hands that trembled singularly.

"Incredible!" Stanistreet commented in amaze.

"Yet here is proof," Lanyard asserted, indicating the papers beneath Stanistreet's hand.

"My dear sir, I didn't mean ——"

"Pardon!" Lanyard smiled with a lifted hand. "I never thought you did, Colonel Stanistreet. But it is your duty to make sure you are not imposed upon by plausible adventurers. Therefore—since my papers have been stolen—I am glad to be able to prove my identity with André Duchemin by referring to survivors of the Assyrian disaster—among others Mr. Sherry, the second officer; Mr. Crane, of the United States secret service; and a countrywoman of yours, a Miss Cecelia Brooke, whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to make."

Stanistreet nodded and consulted his watch. "Miss Brooke," he said, "should be here shortly. Blensop made an appointment with her last night, which I confirmed by telephone this morning."

"Then, with permission, I shall remain and ask her to vouch for me," Lanyard suggested in resignation, since it appeared he was not to be permitted to escape this girl, that destiny was not yet finished with their entanglement.

"I shall be glad if you will, sir. . . . Monsieur Duchemin," Stanistreet began, but hesitated—"or do you prefer another style?"

"I am content with Duchemin."

"That is a matter for your own discretion, but I should warn you it may already have acquired an evil odor on this side.

"To my knowledge it has been used within the last twenty-four hours, and the pretensions of its wearer supported by your stolen credentials."

"I am not surprised" Lanyard stated reflectively. "A chap with a beard, perhaps?"

"Why, yes ——"

"Anderson," the adventurer nodded; "that, at least, was his alias when he jockeyed himself into the second steward's berth on board the Assyrian."

He glanced idly across the room, discovered Blensop once more at pause in amaze, and grinned amiably.

"He came here last night," Stanistreet volunteered deliberately, "representing himself as André Duchemin—to sell me a certain paper, the same which subsequently, I am convinced, he returned to steal."

"And did," Lanyard amended.

"And did," the Briton conceded. "Now you have told me who he is, I promise you every effort shall be made to apprehend him and prevent further misuse of the name you have assumed."

"It has," Lanyard said tersely.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say every effort has been made—and successfully—to accomplish the ends you mention."

"What's that you say?" Blensop demanded shrilly, crossing to the desk.

"My secretary," Stanistreet explained, "was present at the interview, and is naturally interested."

"And very good of him, I'm sure," Lanyard agreed. "I was about to explain, Mr. Blensop, that Ekstrom, alias

(Continued on Page 43)

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 24, 1917

The Ferment

PEOPLE everywhere are learning some things from war which make them critical. The experts were wrong. They said Germany and England could not raise five or six billion dollars a year each for three years running. Germany and England have done it. The authority of expert judgment is weakened.

The established scheme, taking it by and large, got the world into a frightful calamity. There is less respect for the established scheme.

With half of her best male labor out of the country, and merely consuming, England is producing practically as much food, clothing, fuel, iron, steel, and such basic necessaries, as ever; and in addition is producing mountains of guns, shells and powder, which are immediately destroyed.

Of course people are saying: What if we produced at this rate with all the soldiers working, too, and all turning out useful goods? Would there be any excuse for any lack of useful goods anywhere in the country?

They see that this increased production was brought about by a searching reorganization, which largely cast aside the old scheme of competitive individualism, coördinating industry to broad common ends. Of course they are asking: How much of this reorganization shall we retain in peace? How shall it be directed and applied?

And all the while one hears the slightly muffled voices of the old order. Labor is much dissatisfied—apparently, on the whole, liking the new organization less than the old. Shipowners are grumbling at the way the Government manages the merchant fleet. The food trades protest against this or that regulation. Everywhere you see a subdued but restive straining at the leash. Evidently only the tremendous emotional appeal of war induces acquiescence in the new arrangement.

It would be astonishing, and very discouraging, if all that the war has taught as to the value of broader economic organization and better articulation of industry should be abandoned. We have no idea that it will be. Neither have we any idea that the old economic and political organization is to be thrown into the melting pot and recast. Big and permanent social changes do not come about in that way.

Mandates

WE WISH party politics would stop hitching on to the war.

The Socialist candidate for mayor of New York told people that if he were elected it would be a mandate to the Government to enter immediately upon peace negotiations. Many newspapers are saying that the special election of a United States Senator in Wisconsin must show what that part of the country thinks about the war. If war continues to next fall most of the congressional candidates with that label will probably argue that this is a Democratic war and that the issue of Prussianism is inextricably bound up with a low tariff.

This does not hurt the war particularly; but it hurts party politics—which was bad enough before. As to war, every man with his eyes open can read its mandate wherever he happens to look. Whether it happens that he is looking at Wall Street and Fifth Avenue or at a village a thousand miles away, he sees the same thing—the flag flying and all the most effective population, male and female, anxious to do whatever they can to uphold it. With a few negligible exceptions, that mandate strikes your eye and ear wherever you turn.

There are a hundred reasons why a man votes for mayor or senator or congressman which have nothing to do with war. He votes for one candidate for mayor because another candidate is acquainted with a Vanderbilt, or because he does or does not like something about the school management. He votes for senator or congressman because of the party label, or for local reasons or personal preference.

There is no mandate in all this. Trying to introduce one only further confuses a matter that is already sufficiently confused.

Autumn Leaves

THE scientific member of the party—an enormously learned person, with a tiny mirror and a powder puff in her hand bag—corrected us by saying frost had nothing in particular to do with it. Since spring, she explained, the leaves had been running a food laboratory, mixing carbon, which they extracted from the air, with hydrogen, oxygen and other stuff the roots sent up. Little substances in the leaf cells do the mixing; and as those substances are green the leaf is green. But when the temperature falls the leaves begin to shut up shop for the winter. They send the food on hand down into the tree, with notice that there will be no more until breakfast is served in the spring. The green substances disintegrate and nothing remains in the leaf cells except a watery residuum containing globules of oil and crystals. So the leaves look yellow, brown and red. The leaves of some prodigal trees have quite a stock of sugar left over; and that, combined with the other odds and ends of the summer equipment, gives the brilliant red of dogwood or the sober brown of oak.

Meantime, just where the stem of the leaf joins the tree, a special layer of cells is forming, which automatically severs the stem from the branch; so the leaf falls. And while running its food laboratory the leaf has soaked up some mineral substances, which were originally part of the soil. When it falls and decays it dutifully returns those substances to the soil—which keeps the soil fertile, unless some blockheaded human comes along and burns the leaves.

Apropos of the tiny mirror and powder puff, one might observe that while Nature is supremely beautiful, it is never trying to be beautiful, but just going busily ahead, with an eye single to the work in hand. But in this suffrage year it would be safer to say that, in view of the beautiful order of Nature, it is amazing what an ugly mess men can make.

War and Securities

A HEAVY fall in securities is a normal condition of war. British securities, for example, were at a comparatively low level in August, 1914. But a compilation, covering listed issues with a par value of nearly fifty billion dollars, shows a decline of eleven billion dollars, or about twenty-three per cent, since war began.

Many of these securities represent businesses that are making greater net profits than before the war. The list includes almost a thousand industrial companies whose earnings in 1916 were over twenty per cent larger than in 1914; but, practically without exception, their stocks and bonds are lower. The fall is particularly marked as to bonds, debentures and preferred stocks—securities bearing a fixed rate of return. Shipping companies have profited as much as any by the war; but their bonds and debentures have declined fifteen to twenty per cent, though their common stocks have advanced. Generally speaking, however, securities have fallen, notwithstanding earnings are as large as or larger than before.

The chief reason, of course, is that the Government has absorbed all the investment money in the country. People buy war bonds. If a man wants to sell anything else he must do it at a sacrifice.

The recent heavy fall in our securities had partly the same cause—a cause that will operate as long as war lasts.

It is especially necessary, therefore, that public bodies which control railroads and public utilities should take a broad view of those companies' needs. Their credit is going to be at a discount at best.

The Money Delusion

A GOOD many people, when thinking about the economic burden of war, get confused, because they think only of money, when money—comparatively speaking—has nothing to do with it.

A government can never lack money so long as it owns a printing press. Since war began, the Imperial Bank of Russia has issued over six and a half billion dollars of circulating notes—and Russian money abroad is worth about thirty cents on the dollar. The Imperial Bank of Germany and the loan bureaus have issued three and a half billions. There is money for you! And plenty more can be had in the same way.

Very much the same thing may be done in a somewhat more circumspect way by borrowing. You go to a bank, subscribe for ten thousand dollars' worth of Liberty bonds, and tell the bank to carry them. It charges you with ten thousand and credits the Government with the same amount. That helps, in a way, because it puts the Government in command of that much credit; but up to that point it is very much as though the Government had simply printed ten thousand dollars of circulating notes. In either case it has not what it really needs—namely, food, uniforms, tents, guns, hospital supplies, ships, and so on; in short, labor and materials, or goods and services.

But when you pay your ten-thousand-dollar loan at the bank, that means you have increased the supply of goods and services; for you must have given goods or services in order to get the ten thousand dollars—as by selling the cattle you raised, or doctoring people, or earning it by handling merchandise, and so on. Also, when you abstained from spending the ten thousand you decreased the total demand for labor and materials, or goods and services.

When you borrow to buy a bond you have promised to help the Government. When you pay the loan you have fulfilled the promise. What the Government really needs of you is not merely money. It can make that with a printing press. It needs that you shall produce and save. Printing presses cannot do that.

Restless Labor

ALL observers bear witness to a deep undercurrent of dissatisfaction among industrial wage-earners in England. We get glimpses of the same thing in France, Italy and Germany. Conservative organs like the London Times talk darkly about "the ferment of revolution."

Workers are experiencing an extensive application of state socialism. The plant is controlled by the state now, and operated not primarily for the profit of its private owners, but for state service.

And workers find this state control something much more formidable and intractable than the old private control was. Being the state, it changes laws at will, and a vast body of public opinion is unquestioningly at its command.

Formerly the worker depended upon his trade-union; but that reliance is pretty largely broken down. The overwhelming state demands an extensive dilution of skilled labor—meaning that a great number of unskilled workers shall be admitted to the shop and taught the trade, though they have little or no attachment to the union and are but slightly amenable to its discipline.

The right to strike is rather effectually suspended; for striking against the state comes close to treason. Even the worker's ancient right to better his condition by leaving one employer and going to another is restricted. In some cases he is the state's industrial conscript and must have the state's permission before he can leave.

Wages have advanced greatly; but so has the cost of living. The worker has less effectual voice in the industry than ever. The new boss is far more powerful than the old. He is not only the law but he is pretty largely public opinion. There is no one to whom the worker can take an appeal from him.

He is more remote from the worker than the old boss was—a far, formidable, invulnerable thing, which lives nowhere and everywhere.

And when the worker does meet this mighty new boss face to face he finds that it is really his old boss. The state controls; but an abstraction cannot sign orders and write checks. It must have a personal representative. And for its personal representative it chooses, of course, the man whose experience qualifies him to manage the business.

Practical experience of state socialism makes labor restless.

Farmers and Bonds

FARMERS are about as used to buying grand pianos as bonds. The first impression is that they have no use for either article and would not know where to put it if they had it.

Germany proposed virtually to close the seas to American exports. In the last fiscal year products of American farms to the value of nearly a billion and a half dollars were exported.

It is this export demand that makes the value of farm crops this year exceed ten billion dollars—contrasted with about five billions as the value of all crops in 1909, and three billions in 1900.

On its economic side this is a farmers' war if it is anybody's war. When a farmer buys a Liberty bond he is only paying the premium—at a low rate—on the insurance policy that enabled him to get present prices for his produce. If he has no money in hand the bank will carry the bond for him until he can pay for it; also, the bank will provide safe-keeping for it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Peter Clark Macfarlane
An Autobiography

MINE has been a spotted existence. Life has jested with me, not to say joshed. Born in Missouri, education attempted in Florida, personally assimilated by California so begins the complex annal. Ditch digger, farm laborer, stenographer, court reporter, railroad clerk, actor, book agent, theological student, then for seven sin-swatting years pastor of a church in which I preached my first sermon within four miles of the stage on which I last died as the King in Hamlet—so it trickles on.

The personal details are all incriminating. Politically I am progressive with a large P, but have been stringing with Woodrow Wilson since April 2, 1917. Intellectually I rate as a lowbrow, and as to social cast am incurably bourgeois. As to tastes and predilections: Deponent likes to see George Cohan dance, Fred Stone cavort and William Gillette act. He likes to witness a Belasco play or a Rex Beach movie, and to read a Charley Van Loan story. That goes for Irv Cobb and Pete Kyne and George Pattullo tuh. Yes, and I admire to hear George Combs, of Kansas City, preach.

I love buying Liberty bonds and many other vicarious sports, particularly baseball; howbeit, owing to a certain lack of forethought, it was necessary for me to see the World's Series from a front-line trench in the bleachers. I like to swim, to fish, to ride and to hunt, and to get myself up in the garments of some of my friends on the Y-Six Ranch in West Texas and imagine I'm a regular guy. That accounts for the figure which foots this—this—these paragraphs. But the sharp eye of Pattullo will perceive that the personal scenery is mere camouflage, while Eugene Manlove Rhodes might go further and scornfully discern that the picture was posed in a chicken yard.

By the way, Gene! Did you notice something here a coupla months back? You know that soiled and ancient tale about the tough cowboy, which has been retold with variations at every camp fire since round-ups began? Well, a coupla months ago along comes Van Loan and lifts it and gives it a swipe or two with soap to make it sanitary and puts it over on the helpless American public through this

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Schumann-Heink

WHEN the snapshot above was taken Madame Schumann-Heink had just given a song recital to the ten thousand boys of the National Army in training at Camp Funston. It would be hard to tell from the faces in the group whether the boys or their famous guest were having the better time.

Adele S. Brown

THEY call her the Tiniest Nurse at the Front, for she weighs just ninety-five pounds.

In France she has received a war decoration for her splendid work with the wounded, and previous to going abroad she won an A. B. decoration from Bryn Mawr College.

Lloyd George

THERE are not many holidays on the calendar for England's premier these days when the nation has got the habit of "Letting Lloyd George Do It," but even he has to take an hour off once in a while. The picture at the upper right-hand corner was taken on one of these occasions.

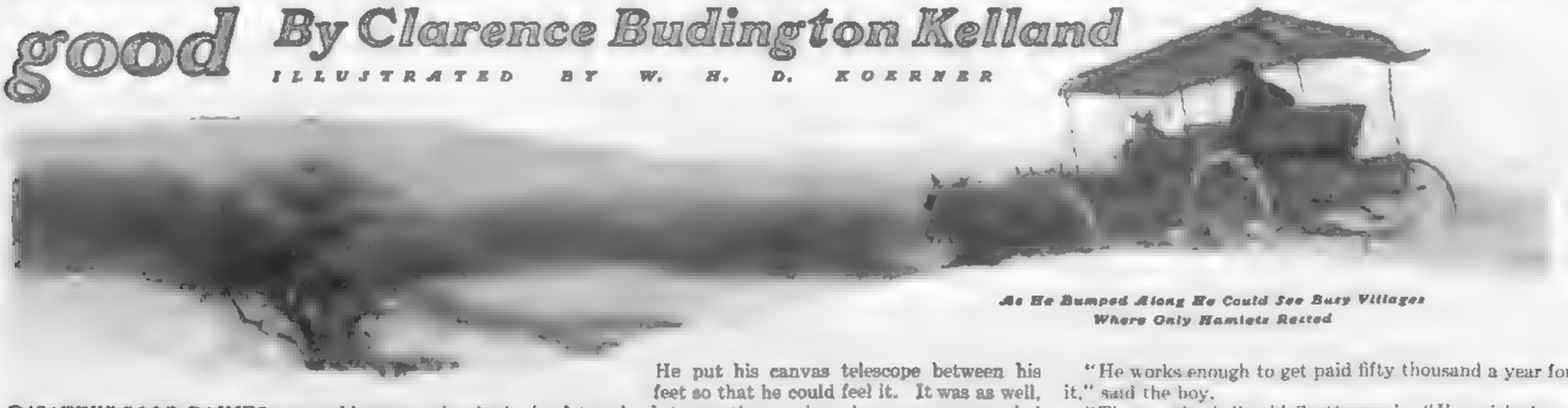
Julius Kahn

JULIUS KAHN held down his first job on the front seat of his father's bakery wagon. The second chapter of the story finds him a journalist and an accomplished actor. To-day he is still performing brilliantly, but Congress is his stage now and the people of the United States his audience. Representative Kahn played one of the leading parts at the time the Conscription Bill was under discussion.

The Mountain Comes to Scattergood

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



As He Bumped Along He Could See Busy Villages Where Only Hamlets Rested

SCATTERGOOD BAINES was on his way to the city! An exclamation point deserves to be placed after this because it rightly belongs in a class with the statement that the mountain was coming to Mohammed. Scattergood had fully as much in common with cities as eels with the Desert of Sahara.

He had not started the journey brashly, on impulse, but after debate and discussion with Mandy, his wife. Mandy's conclusion was that if Scattergood had to go to the city he might as well get at it and have it over, exercising the care of an exceedingly prudent man in the circumstances, and following minutely advice that would be forthcoming from her. Undoubtedly, she thought, he could manage the matter and return to Coldriver unscathed.

So Scattergood was clambering into the stage—his stage that plied between Coldriver village and the railroad, twenty-four miles distant. When he settled in his seat the stage sagged noticeably on that side, for Scattergood added to his weight yearly, as he added to his other possessions. Mandy stood by, watching anxiously.

"Remember," said she, "I pinned your money in the right leg of your pants clost to the knee."

"Mandy," said he confidentially, "I feel the lump of it. I hope I don't have to git after it sudden. Dunno but I should have fetched along a ferret to send up after it."

"Don't git friendly with no strangers—dressed-up ones especial. And never set down your valise. There's a white shirt and a collar and two pairs of socks and what not in there. Make quite an object for some sharper."

He nodded solemnly.

"If you git invited out to his house," she said, "it'll save you a dollar hotel bill, anyhow, and be a heap sight safer."

"You're right, Mandy, as usual," he agreed. "G'-by, Mandy. I calc'late you won't have no trouble mindin' the store."

"G'-by, Scattergood," she said, dabbing at her eyes. "I'll be relieved to see you gittin' back."

There seemed to be little sentiment in these their words of parting, but in reality it was an exceedingly sentimental passage for them. Between Scattergood and his wife there was a deep, true, abiding affection. Folks who regarded it as a business partnership—and there were many of them—lacked the seeing eye.

The stage rattled off down the valley—Scattergood's valley. He had invaded it some years before because valleys were his hobby and because this valley offered him the opportunity he had been searching for. Scattergood knew what could be done with a valley, and he was busy doing it; but he was only at the beginning. As he bumped along he could see busy villages where only hamlets rested; he could see mills turning timber into finished products; he could see business and life and activity where once were only silence and rocks and trees. And where ran the rutted mountain road over which his stage was carrying him uncomfortably he could see the railroad that was to make his dream a reality. He could see a railroad stretching all the way from Coldriver village to the main line, and by virtue of this railroad Scattergood would rule the valley.

He had arrived in Coldriver with forty-odd dollars in his pocket. His few years of labor there, assisted by a wise and businesslike marriage, had increased that forty-odd dollars to what some folks would call wealth. First, he owned a prosperous hardware store. This was his business. It netted him a couple of thousand dollars a year. The valley was his avocation. It had netted him well over a hundred thousand dollars, most of which was growing on the mountain sides in straight clear spruce, in birch, beech and maple. It had netted him certain strategic holdings of land along Coldriver itself, sites for future dams, for mills yet to be built—for railroad yards, depots and terminals. Quietly, almost stealthily, he had gotten a hold on the valley. Now he was ready to grip it with both hands and to make it his own. . . . That is why he journeyed to the city.

He put his canvas telescope between his feet so that he could feel it. It was as well, he determined, to practice caution where none was needed so he would be letterperfect in the art when he reached the dangers of the city. Between Scattergood's shoes and the feet they inclosed were socks. Before his union with Mandy he had been a stranger to such effeteness. Even now he was prone to discard them as soon as he was out of range of her vision. To-day he had not escaped, for, warm as the day was, heavy white woolen socks folded and festooned themselves modishly over the tops of his shoes. He could not wriggle a toe, which made his mental processes difficult, for his toes were first aids to his brain.

However, he was going to visit a railroad president, and railroad presidents were said by Mandy to go in for style. Scattergood mournfully rose to the necessities of the situation.

The ride was not long to Scattergood, for he occupied it by studying again every inch of his valley. He never tired of studying it. As the law book is to the lawyer so the valley was to Scattergood—something never to be laid aside, something to be kept fresh in mind and never neglected. He never passed the length of it without seeing a new possibility.

Scattergood flagged the train. The four-hour ride to the city he occupied in talking to the conductor or brakeman or any member of the train's crew he could engage in conversation. He was asking them about their jobs, what they did and why. He was asking question after question about railroads and railroading in his quaint, characteristic manner. It was his intention to own a railroad, and he was at work finding out how the thing was done.

Next morning at seven he was on hand at the terminal offices of the G. & B. An hour later minor employees began to arrive.

"Young feller," he said, accosting a pleasant-faced boy, "where d'you calc'late I'll find Mr. Castle?"

"President Castle?" asked the boy.

"That's the feller," said Scattergood.

"About now he'll be eating grapefruit and poached egg," said the boy.

"Don't he work none durin' the day?"

The boy laughed good-humoredly. "He gets down about nine-thirty, and when he don't go off somewheres he's mostly here till four—except between one and two, when he's at lunch."

"Gosh," said Scattergood, "must be wearin' him to the bone. Most five hours a day he sticks to it! Bear up under it perty well, young feller, does he? Keeps his health and strength?"

"Either You'll Talk to Me About it Now or I'll Have to Sort of Arrange So That You'll Come to Me Askin' to Talk About it Later"

"He works enough to get paid fifty thousand a year for it," said the boy.

"That settles it," said Scattergood. "I've picked my job. I'm a-goin' to be a railroad president." He put his canvas telescope down and placed a heavy foot on it for safety. "Calc'late I kin sit here and wait, can't I?"

The boy nodded and went on. During the next hour more than one dozen young men and women passed that post to eye with appreciation the caller who waited for Mr. Castle. Scattergood was unaware of their scrutiny, for he was building a railroad down his valley—a railroad of which he was the president.

Scattergood looked frequently at a big open-faced silver watch, which was connected to his vest in pickpocket-proof fashion with a braided leather thong. When it told him nine-thirty had arrived he got up, his telescope in his hand, and ambled heavily down the corridor. He poked his head in at an open door and called amiably: "Kin anybody tell me where to find Mr. Castle?"

He was directed and presently opened a door marked "President's Office." The room within did not contain the president. It was crossed by a railing, behind which sat an office boy. Behind him was a stenographer.

"President in?" asked Scattergood.

The boy looked at him severely and replied shortly that the president was busy.

"Havin' only five hours to do all his work," said Scattergood, "I calc'lated he would be some took up. Tell him Scattergood Baines wants to have a talk with him, sonny."

"Have an appointment?"

"No, sonny," said Scattergood; "but if you don't scamper into his room fairly spry the seat of your pants is goin' to have an appointment with my hand." He leaned over the railing, and the boy, regarding Scattergood's face a moment, rose and whisked into the next room.

Shortly there appeared a youngish man constructed by Nature to adorn wearing apparel.

"Be you Mr. Castle?" asked Scattergood.

"I'm his secretary. What do you want?"

"Young man, I'm disapp'inted. When I see you I figgered you must be president of the railroad or the Queen of Sheeby. I want to see Mr. Castle."

"What is your business with him?"

"'Tain't fit for young ears to listen to," said Scattergood.

"If you have any business with Mr. Castle state it to me."

"Um. . . . I come quite consid'able of a distance to see him—which I calc'late to do!" He reached over with astonishing suddenness in one so bulky and twirled the secretary about with his ham of a hand. At the same time he leaned against the gate, which was not fastened to restrain such a weight. "Now, forrard march, young feller! Lead the way. I'm follerin' you!" And thus Scattergood entered the presence.

He saw behind a huge flat desk a very thin man who leaned forward clutching his temples as though to restrain within bounds the machinery of the brain inside. It was President Castle's habitual posture when working. The temples and dome of the head seemed to bulge as if there were too much inside for the strength of the retaining walls. The president looked up and fastened eyes that themselves bulged from hollowed sockets. It was the face of a man who ran his mental dynamo at top speed in defiance of Nature's laws against speeding.

"Well," he snapped. "Well—well!"

"Name's Scattergood Baines. Figger to build a railroad. Want to see you about it," said Scattergood succinctly.

"Not interested—busy—get out!" said Castle.

Scattergood dropped the secretary and lumbered up to the president's desk. He leaned over it heavily. "I've come to see you about this here thing," he said quietly. "Either you'll talk to me about it now or I'll have to sort of arrange so that you'll come to me askin' to talk about it later. Now you kin save both our time."

(Continued on Page 28)

"Giddap, you old bird! Straight 'home!' is the word.
They need us to make up the party.
I furnish the zest that puts *you* at your best
And makes our reception most hearty."

Order it with the Turkey!

Serve *Campbell's Tomato Soup* as a Cream of Tomato for the tempting introduction to your Thanksgiving dinner. No trouble whatever to prepare it. The simple directions on the label show you how. And you'll find that this inviting soup goes with the dinner as naturally as nuts and pie. More so, in fact, from a dietary point of view because it is not a frill nor an extra. It not only makes the whole meal taste better but makes it digest easier and do you more good.

The wise provider who figures food-values on the basis of real nourishment will always want a handy supply of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It meets a certain daily need of the human digestive system as no other food-product can do.

For a course dinner it gives a snappy relish to the heavier dishes, and increases their nourishing effect. For a luncheon or supper you serve it topped with whipped cream for a specially dainty effect; or with the addition of noodles or boiled rice if you want it for a substantial feature in itself.

There are many easy and tempting ways to prepare it. And its wholesome purity, its enticing flavor, its invigorating effect make it always welcome. The sensible way is to order it from your grocer by the dozen or, better yet, by the case. This saves something on delivery cost; you have it handy; and whenever opened you always find it fresh and delicious.

"Helps for the Hostess"—the new *Campbell* menu book, sent free on request—will show you many new and economical uses for these wholesome *Campbell's Soups*.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

Castle regarded Scattergood with eyes that seemed to burn with unnatural energy—it was a brief scrutiny. "Clear out!" he said to his secretary. "Sit down!"—to Scattergood.

"Obleeged," said Scattergood. "I'm figgerin' on buildin' a railroad down Coldriver Valley from Coldriver to connect with the G. & B. narrow gauge. Carry freight and passengers. Want you to agree about train service, freight transfer, buildin' a station and sich matters."

Here was a man who could get down to business, President Castle perceived, and who could state his business clearly and to the point.

"I know the valley. Been talking about it. Where do you come in?"

"I calc'late to build the road."

"For Crane and Keith?"

"Eh?"

"They're the men backing it, aren't they? In to see me about it last week."

Crane and Keith! Scattergood's career in the valley had been one of warfare with Crane and Keith. He had beaten them with his dam-and-boom company; he had beaten them in certain stumpage operations. Now they were after his railroad and his valley.

"Um," he said, and reached down mechanically to loosen his shoe. Here was need for careful thought.

"I gave them all necessary information," said the president.

"Don't concern me none," said Scattergood. "This here is to be my railroad, and I'm the feller that's goin' to own and run it."

"You're too late. The G. & B. has agreed to handle their freight and to stop passengers at Crane and Keith's station. Tentatively agreed to lease and operate the road when built!"

"I calc'late there's room for argument," said Scattergood. "I own right consid'able of that right of way."

"Railroad can take it under the right of eminent domain," said the president.

"Kin one railroad take from another one?" asked Scattergood a bit anxiously.

"No."

"Um. . . . Waal, you see, Mr. Castle, I got me a charter to build this railroad. Legislature up and give me one."

"Makes no difference. We've made an agreement with Crane and Keith that stands! You can't build your road, whatever you've got. Frankly, we won't tolerate a road there that we don't control. Good morning!"

"That final, Mister President?"

"Absolutely!"

"If I was to build in spite of you I calc'late you'd fix things so's runnin' it wouldn't do much good to me, eh? Stop no trains for me and sich like?"

"Exactly!"

"Um. . . . Morning, Mister President! If you ever git up to Coldriver don't go to the hotel. Come right to my house. Mandy'll be glad to see you. Morning!"

II

SCATTERGOOD and Johnny Bones, the young lawyer whom Scattergood had taken to his heart, were studying a railway map of the state with special reference to the G. & B. It showed them that the G. & B. traversed a southerly corner of the state, and had within its boundaries some forty miles of track.

"The idee," said Scattergood, "is to make that forty mile of track consid'able more of a worry to Castle than all the rest of his railroad."

"Meddling with the railroads is a dangerous pastime," said Johnny. "Besides, how can you manage it? Have you figured that out?"

"We got the legislature, hain't we?"

"Yes, but the boys feel pretty friendly to the railroads, I understand."

"Feel perty friendly to me too," said Scattergood.

"I doubt if you could pass any legislation they wanted to fight hard."

"Um. . . . I'll look out for that end, Johnny. Now what I want is for you to draw up a bill for me that'll sort of irritate 'em where irritation does the most hurt—which, I calc'late, is in the pocketbook. Here's my notion: To make a pop'lar measure of it—somethin' that'll appeal to the folks.

"We kin git the papers to start a holler and have folks demandin' action of their representatives, and sich-like. Taxes! That'll fetch 'em every time."

"Yes," said Johnny dubiously, "but ——"

"You listen!" said Scattergood. "It stands to reason that the state don't realize much out of that there forty mile of track. The G. & B. gits the use of the state, so to speak, without payin' a fair rent for it. You draw up a bill pervidin' that the railroad has got to pay a fee of, say, a dollar for every passenger car it runs over them forty miles, and fifty cents for every freight car. That'll 'mount to a consid'able sum every year, eh?"

"It'll amount to so much," said Johnny, gazing ruefully at his client, "that there'll be the devil to pay. You'll pull every railroad in the state down round your ears."

"Let 'em drop!"

"And I don't know if the law'll hold water—even if you got it passed. It's darn fool legislation, Mr. Baines—but some darn fool legislation sticks. I don't believe this would, but it might!"

"That's plenty to suit me," said Scattergood, slipping on his shoes and standing up. "You git at it. . . . And say," he said as a sort of afterthought, "I want to git through a leetle bill for my stage line. Here's about it. Won't take more'n a hundred words." He handed Johnny a slip, crumpled and grimy, with lead-pencil notes on. "This won't cause no trouble anyhow!"

Scattergood went back to his hardware store and sat down in his reënforced armchair on the piazza. As he sat there young Jim Hands drove up with his girl, alighted and went into the ice-cream parlor for refreshment. Scattergood studied the rig. It lacked something to give it the final touch of style dear to the country youth.

Scattergood got up and ambled into his store, returning with a resplendent buggy whip—one with a white silk bow tied above its handle. This he placed in the socket on the dashboard. Then he resumed his chair. Presently Jim emerged with his girl and helped her into the rig. He noticed the whip, took it out of its place and examined it; swished it through the air to try its excellence.

"Mighty nice gad," said Scattergood.

"Where in tunket did it come from?" asked Jim.

"I stuck it there. Looked to me like a rig sich as yourn needed a good whip to set it off. I jest put it there to see how it looked."

Jim glanced at his girl, scratched the back of his sun-tanned neck and felt in his pocket.

"Calc'late I did need a whip," he said. "How much is sich whips fetchin'?"

"I kin give you that one a mite lower'n usual. It'll be two dollars to you, seein' you got sich a perty girl in the buggy."

The girl giggled, Jim flushed and fished out two one-dollar bills, which he passed over to Scattergood. Then, whip in hand, he drove off with a flourish. Scattergood pocketed the money serenely. It was by methods such as this that he did in his hardware store double the business such a store in such a locality normally accounted for. Scattergood's most outstanding quality was that he never let a business opportunity slip—large or small—and that he manufactured for himself fully half of his business opportunities. He had lifted retail salesmanship to the rank of an art.

Again he got up and went inside, where he wrote a letter to a certain wholesale house with which his account was large. The letter said he had pressing need for a dozen railroad rails of certain size and weight and didn't know where to get them, and would the recipient find them and ship them at once.

Presently Tim Plant, teamster, drove by and Scattergood hailed him.

"Tim," he said, "you owe me a leetle bill. This hain't a dun, but I got a mite of work to be done, and seein' things wasn't brisk with you I figgered you might want to work it out—jest to keep busy."

"Sure!" said Tim.

Whereupon Scattergood elevated himself to the seat beside Tim and was driven to the spot he had selected for the Coldriver terminal of his railroad.

"I want about a hundred feet graded along here," he said, "to lay rails on."

"Rails! Gosh, Scattergood, you hain't thinkin' of buildin' a railroad, be you?"

"Shucks!" said Scattergood. "I jest got a dozen rails comin' and I figgered I'd like to see how they'd look all laid down on the spot."

In which manner Scattergood collected a doubtful bill, obtained a quantity of labor at what might be called wholesale rates—and actually started work on his railroad. Actually patent for the world to see. The railroad was begun. Not Crane and Keith, not President Castle, not a court in the world could deny that actual construction had begun. Scattergood was insuring himself against possible steps by the enemy to nullify his charter.

"Shucks!" Said Scattergood. "I Jest Got a Dozen Rails Comin' and I Figgered I'd Like to See How They'd Look All Laid Down on the Spot"

III

"WHAT'S this here eminent domain?" Scattergood asked Johnny Bones.

"It's a legal thing that allows a railroad to take land necessary to its operation—paying for it, of course."

"Anybody's land?"

"Yes."

"Crane and Keith's, f'r instance?"

"Yes."

"Um. . . . Have to be right of way, or jest land for railroad yards or to build railroad buildin's on?"

(Continued on Page 30)

The Republic Has Kept Faith

It is said that, figuring all the cars in use, the average car uses two sets of tires per year.

Whatever the general average may be, we know the Republic average per car, per year, is *bound* to be lower.

We *know* that Republic users get more mileage.

New proof is piling up every day that the Prōdium Process does make Republic Tires last longer.

You will understand that we must be sure of these facts.

It would be fatal to persist that Republic Tires last longer unless they actually do last longer.

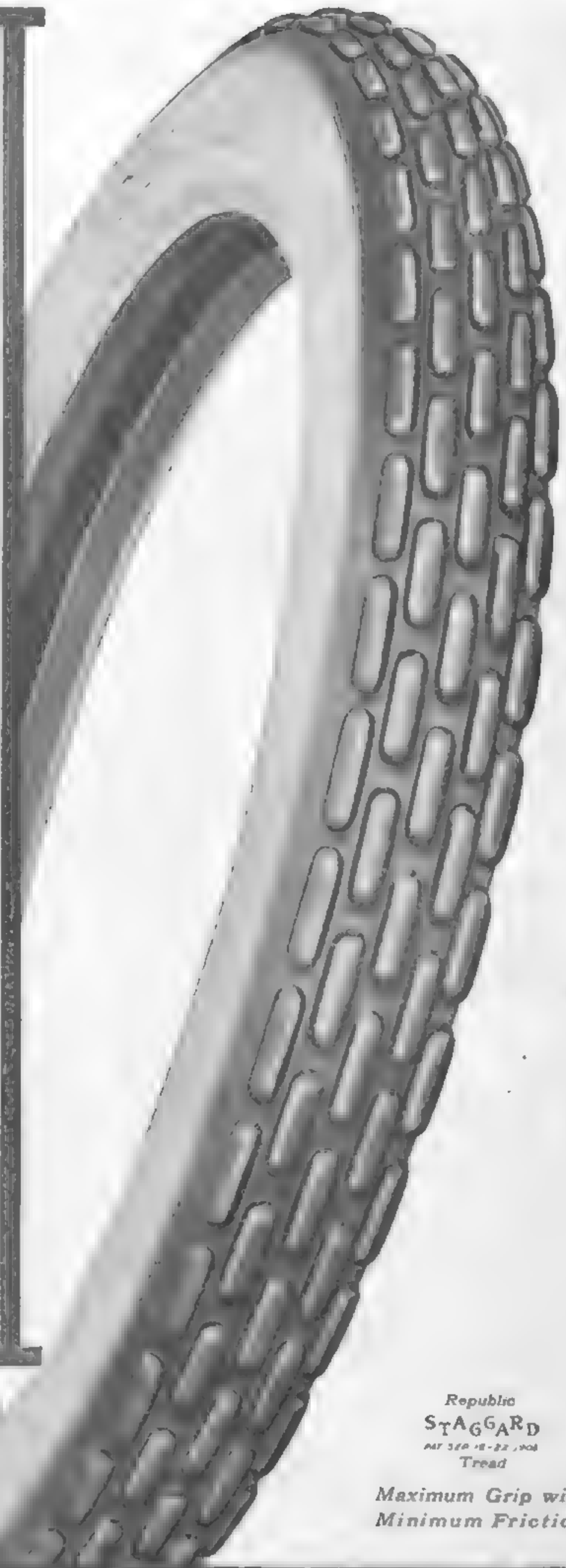
The Republic Corporation has kept faith with you for years.

It gives you its word again that Republic Tires do last longer.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

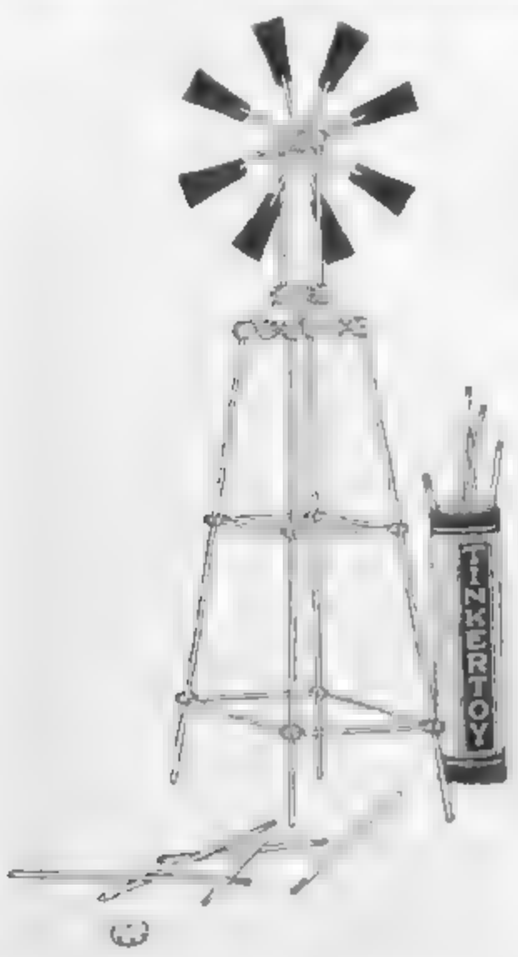
The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread



REPUBLIC TIRES

O SAY TOY TINKERS



With spool and stick, with stick and spool
What one can build without book or rule!
Let's build some windmills and aeroplanes
And funny little shapes to which you can't—
give—names.

This little verse describes Tinker Toy—which helps the small folk "build things." Some little folk build bridges. Some little folk build mills. Other little folk just build up funny *somethings* which only *they* can understand.

So the child imagination buds and so Tinker Toy helps it without a fret or a single puzzlement at all!

All Tinker playthings are just like that. They help without puzzling—yet the older children like them; for the Toy Tinkers make toys so. They make Tinker playthings to coax youngster minds along and to fill them with the happy spirit of playtime, too. They believe they are making better toys. They know they are making quainter and simpler toys. They *hope* they are making the sort of toys which children love for their play-spirit and which parents love for their *good*.

Here are the Tinker toys—which come tucked comfy in boxes that are handy for the mail.

TILLY TINKER: The nursery Pavlowa who dances divinely, and scorns winding. 75c.

TINKER BLOX: Teach tots letters while they play. 50.

TINKER PINS: You play with pins but it's skill that wins. $1.00.

TINKER TOY: Builds almost anything with names or without them. Even WITHOUT "instructions," 50c.

Your toyman smiles as you buy a "Tinker"—it will make you happy, too!

TOY TINKERS OF EVANSTON

In the State of Illinois

(Continued from Page 28)

"Any land necessary to a railroad "

"Um. . . . Who says if it's necessary?"

"The courts."

"How d'you git at it?"

"Start what are called condemnation proceedings."

"All right, Johnny, start me some."

"Against whom and for what, Mr. Baines?"

"Against Crane and Keith to git their land down at the G. & B. All their mill yards, you know. Don't want the mill buildin'. They're welcome to that. Jest their yards."

"But they can't run the mill without the log yard and the yard to pile out their lumber "

"Be too bad, wouldn't it? Calc'late I'm a heap sorry for Crane and Keith. Them fellers arouses my sympathy mighty frequent."

"But you're not a railroad, Mr. Baines."

"Yes I be, Johnny. To-morrow I'll be layin' rails to prove it."

"But you own land right adjoining Crane and Keith's yards. Plenty of it."

"Not plenty, Johnny. . . . Not plenty. As long as Crane and Keith owns anything in this neighborhood I hain't got plenty of it. Get the idee?"

"You want to run them out?"

"Waal, they hain't been exactly friendly to me. I like to dwell among friends, Johnny. Lately they been makin' a sight of trouble for me. Seems like I ought to sort of return the favor. 'Tain't jest spite, Johnny. Spite's a luxury I can't afford if there hain't a money profit in it. Seems like there might be a dollar or two in this here proceedin'—if handled jest right."

Johnny didn't see it; but then, he failed to see the profitable object in a great many things that Scattergood undertook. It was not his business to see, but to carry out promptly and efficiently Scattergood's directions. The time had not yet arrived when Johnny was Scattergood's right hand, as in the bigger days that lay ahead.

"Didn't know Crane's sister married President Castle, of the G. & B., did you, Johnny?"

"No. What has that to do with it?"

"Consid'able. . . . Consid'able. Goes some ways toward provin' to me I was expected to call on Castle, and that things was arranged on purpose. Proves to my satisfaction that Crane and Keith went out of their way to start this rumpus with me. . . . You start them condemnation proceedin's as quick as you kin."

Johnny started them. Scattergood waited a few days; watched with interest the laying of the first rails of the Coldriver Railroad, and then made the day's drive to the state capital, with drafts of his pair of bills in his pocket. He hunted up the representative of his town—Amri Striker by name.

"Amri," said he, "how's your disposition these days? Eh? Feel like doin' favors?"

"Guess a lot of us boys feel like doin' favors for you, Scattergood." Which was not short of the truth, for Scattergood had been studying the science of politics as it was practiced in his state and putting his education to practical use. Indeed he added to the science not a few contrivances characteristic of himself, which made the old-timers scratch their heads and admit that a new man had arisen who must be reckoned with. Not yet did Scattergood hold the state in the hollow of his hand, naming governors, senators, directing legislation, as he did when his years were heavier on his shoulders. Probably, however, there was no other single individual in the commonwealth who could exert as much influence as he. If there was a single man to compare with him it was Lafe Siggins, from the northern part of the state. All men admitted that a partnership between Scattergood and Lafe would be unbeatable.

"Got a bill I want introduced, Amri," said Scattergood.

"Let's see her, Scattergood."

Amri read the bill, then he turned round in his chair and looked out of the window. Then he walked to the door and opened it suddenly and peered up and down the hall.

"The dum thing's loaded with dynamite," he said when he came back.

"Calc'lated on some explosion," said Scattergood. "But I calc'late the folks'll be for it. Shouldn't be s'prised if the feller who introduced it and made a fight for it would stand mighty well back home. Might git to be senator, Amri. No tellin'."

"Can't no sich bill be passed. The boys likes their passes, and I guess there's some that gits more than passes out of the railroads "

"If this bill's introduced, Amri," said Scattergood solemnly, "there'll be a chance for some of the boys to fat up their savings account—pervidin' there's a good chance of its passin'. The railroads'll git scairt and send quite a bank roll up this way."

"You bet!" said Amri with watering mouth.

"Lafe in town?"

"Come in last week."

"Lafe, I understand, hain't in politics for fun."

"Lafe's in right where he kin git the most the quickest."

"Run out and git him to step up here," said Scattergood.

In half an hour Lafe Siggins, tall, bony, long and solemn of face, stepped into the room and closed the door after him cautiously.

"Howdy, Scattergood," he said.

"Howdy, Lafe. . . . Want your backin' for a pop'lar measure. I've up and invented a new way of taxin' a railroad."

Lafe started for the door. "Afternoon!" he said with a tone of finality.

"But," said Scattergood, "I figger you to do the fightin' for the railroads—reapin' whatever benefits you can figger out of it for yourself."

Lafe paused, considered and returned.

"What's the idee?" he asked.

"I jest don't want this bill to pass too easy," said Scattergood soberly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"It wouldn't," said Lafe.

"Um. . . . Railroads is more liberal, hain't they, when there's a good chance of their gittin' licked? Suppose this come to a fight, and it looked like they was goin' to git the worst of it. Supposin' the outcome hung on two or three votes? Eh? And them votes looked dubious."

Lafe pressed his thin lips together.

"I guess I kin account for near half of the boys, Lafe, and I guess you kin line up clost to half with the railroads, can't you? Well, you don't stand to lose nothin', do you? All we got to do is keep them decidin' votes where we want 'em." Then he leaned over and whispered in Lafe's ear briefly.

Lafe's thin lips curved upward a trifle at the ends.

"Scattergood," said he, "this here's an idee. Never recollect nothin' resemblin' it since I been in politics. What you after?"

"Jest pleasure, Lafe. . . . Jest pleasure. Is it a deal?"

"It's a deal."

"Amri outside?"

"Standin' guard, Scattergood."

"When you go out, send him in."

Amri opened the door that Lafe closed behind him.

"All fixed," said Scattergood. "I want to see these boys to-night." Scattergood handed Amri a list of names. "And say, Amri, here's a leetle bill you might jest slip along quick. Don't amount to nothin', but it might help me some. Like to git the governor's signature to it as soon as it kin be done."

Amri read it cautiously. It was just a harmless little measure having to do with stage lines. "All right," he said carelessly.

IV

CRANE was in President Castle's office, and his demeanor was that of a man who has heard disquieting news.

"I told you," he said in tones of reproach, "that he wasn't safe to monkey with. Keith and I thought he was just a fat backwoods rube, but we got burned, and burned good. We were going to let him alone, but you got us into this—and now you've got to get us out again.

"Know what he's done? Nothing much but start condemnation proceedings against us to take our mill yards down on the railroad for a site for a depot and freight sheds. That's all. And us with close to a hundred thousand tied up in that mill. If he puts it through ——"

"He won't!" snapped Castle.

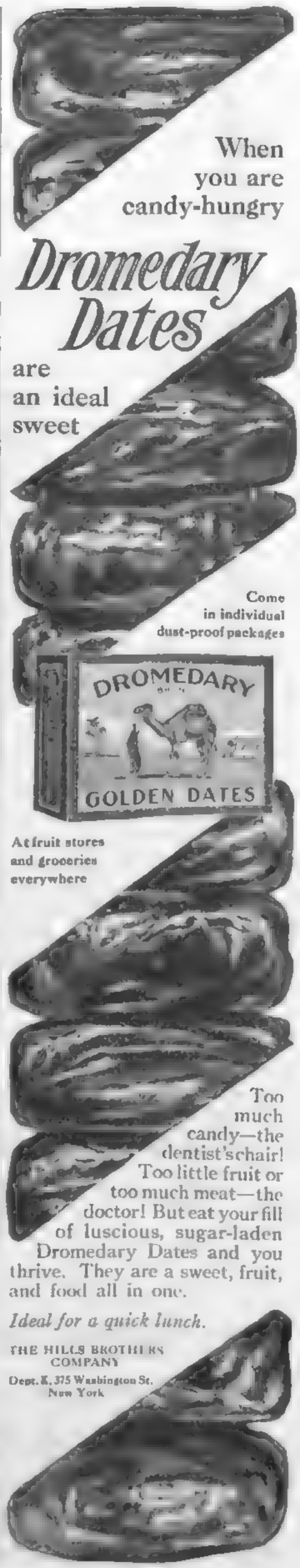
"He's started to build his railroad. Actually laying rails."

"So I heard. That's to hold his charter. . . . Don't you worry. He can't build that road, and you men will. As soon as I found out he had that charter and saw the possibilities of that valley I made up my mind he had to be eliminated. And he will be!"

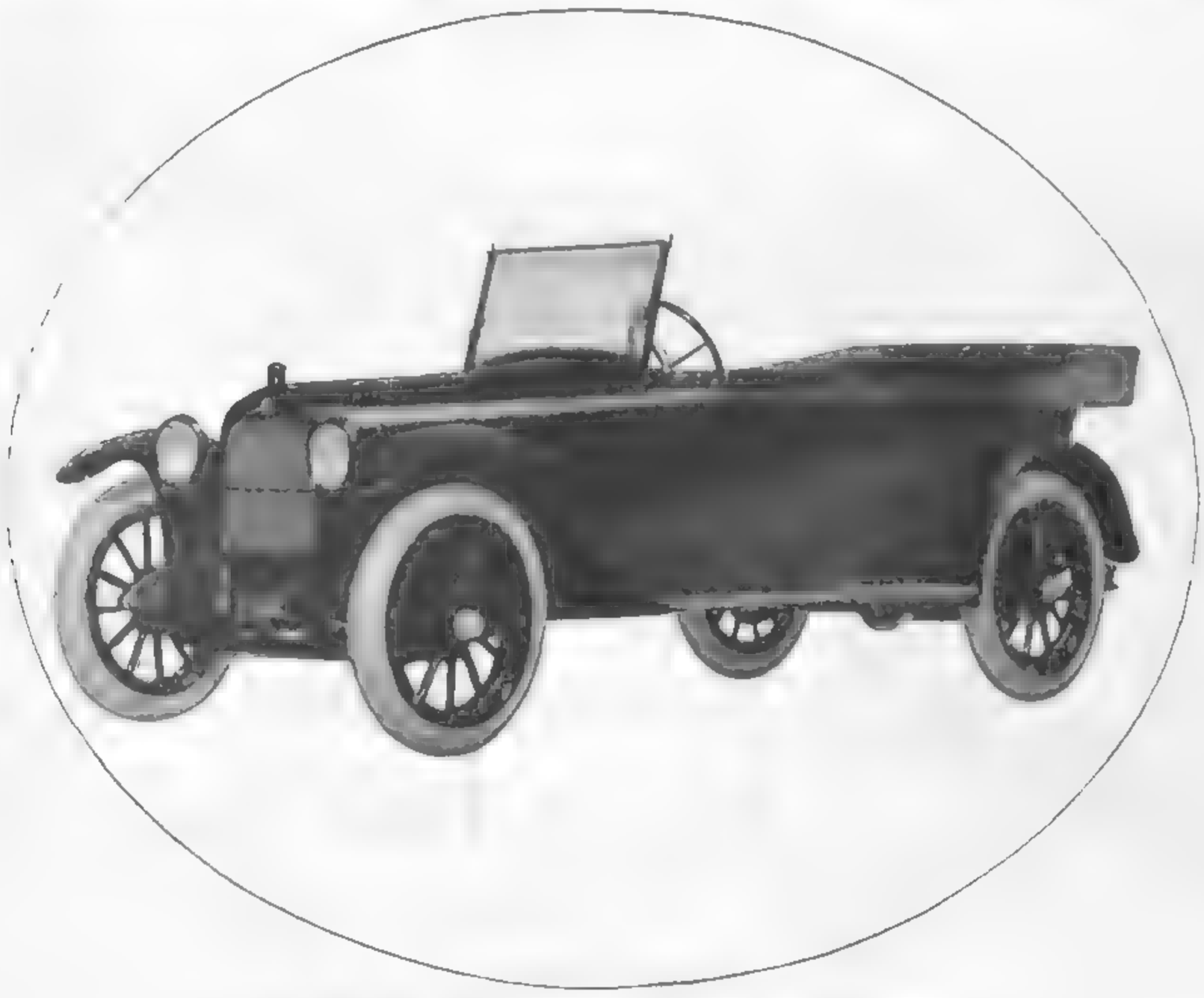
"Keith and I tried that."

"I saw him," said Castle. "He's no fool. You thought he was. I'm not making any such mistake. Going after you the way he has proves it."

(Continued on Page 33)


When you are candy-hungry
Dromedary Dates
are an ideal sweet
Come in individual dust-proof packages
DROMEDARY
GOLDEN DATES
At fruit stores and groceries everywhere
Too much candy—the dentist's chair! Too little fruit or too much meat—the doctor! But eat your fill of luscious, sugar-laden Dromedary Dates and you thrive. They are a sweet, fruit, and food all in one.
Ideal for a quick lunch.
THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. K, 375 Washington St. New York

Presenting the New Series 'R'



The Comfort Car

The new Hupmobile now has been distributed to more than 500 cities. It is probably being shown this week in your home town. We confidently predict that it will make a more profound impression than any Hupmobile which has preceded it.

Hupmobile history has been one long, unbroken succession of good and successful cars.

Out of that excellence we have created a greater excellence.

The first and strongest appeal of the new car will doubtless be its unusual smartness and beauty.

Ultimately, however, we feel sure that you will derive your *greatest* satisfaction from the extraordinary comfort you enjoy in driving it.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Hupmobile

Ives Toys

Make Happy Boys

Boys!

Get this Dandy Book

Do you want a really gorgeous book which tells you all about railroading; which has two wonderful pages showing the heraldry or designs used on the freight cars of prominent railroads; two big pages of the finest railroad trains in their actual colors; some very interesting things you can do with electricity and the story of Ives Toys?

Then send five two-cent stamps to cover cost of postage, etc., and we'll mail this fine book to you. Write your name and street address plainly, and the name of your town or city, when you are sending for this book.

It's an Ives Train, Boys

ZING! See her go!

Set the "highball" signal. That means a clear track ahead. Throw open the throttle of that big powerful Ives locomotive, with its long, low, streamline body—the very latest type. Watch the big driving wheels spin. She's off! See her pull the train along. Now work that switch! She's crossing over! Press it again! She's slowing up! Now she's stopping at the station.

FUN! You just bet! There's barrels of it in Ives Trains and tracks. It's sure enough railroading, with passenger cars, freight cars, coal cars, cabooses just like real. Electric and mechanical locomotives. Real headlights and bells. Switches, signals, sidings, tunnels, bridges, and stations. You can lay the track yourself. It's the kind of railroading, boys, that may make you a big railroad man some day.

Read what the Engineer of the Famous
20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Says about Ives Trains

"Ives Trains ought to make any boy's heart glad. They are made and finished as nearly like the real trains as it is possible to make a toy. The company that makes them goes right to the railroad companies for its designs and coloring. It's real railroading when you can play railroading with such trains—no make believe. Whether or not any boy wants to make railroading his life work Ives toy trains and railroad systems ought to teach him a whole lot about the business."

(Signed) F. J. MINK.

Signals and Bridges of IVES STRUKTIRON

Some boys like to build their own bridges and signals, like the ones in the picture. You can do this with a set of Ives Struktiron. You can also build turntables, freight platforms, buildings and hundreds of models with Struktiron—one of the finest construction toys made.

Send for This Fine Folder—IT'S FREE

It describes Ives trains, cars and engines. We'll send it to you FREE.

Save your money and get an Ives Train. Ask your folks for one for Christmas. There are no toy trains like Ives, boys—no engines with such pep and power and speed. Ask your dealer for them. Look for the Ives trade mark to be sure they are Ives. Write us if you can't get them and we'll tell you the name of the nearest Ives dealer.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation, 194 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

You can select your Fall or Winter overcoat from a big "R & W" assortment this year. They are the smartest overcoats you'll find anywhere.

The "Bally 7" is worthy of your particular consideration. Made from shower-proof fabrics; slash pockets; convertible collar and all around belt giving the popular "Trench" effect. Silk lining in yoke and sleeves.

A fine coat of spirited design.

Ask your dealer and look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection.

Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 30)

"And he'll be going after you too. You want to mind your eye!"

"It's a little different tackling the G. & B., don't you think? And I doubt if he figures we're really backing you."

"What he figures and what you think he figures are mighty wide apart sometimes. It cost me money to find that out."

The telephone interrupted. Castle answered: "Yes, Hammond, I can see you now. What is it? . . . All right. Come right up!"

Hammond was the railroad's general counsel.

He appeared presently.

"I thought we had the legislature up yonder tamed," he said angrily as he entered the office.

"We have."

"Huh! Take a look at this." He handed to the president Scattergood's novel taxation measure. "What you make of that? Who's behind it? What's the game?"

Castle read it carefully; then he turned to Crane. "You win!" he said succinctly. "Your friend Scattergood has brought the fight right onto our front porch. . . . What about it, Hammond? Will such a tomfool law stand water?"

"Can't tell. My judgment is that it wouldn't, but it's such a fool law that nobody can tell. And if it stuck ——" He sucked in his breath. "It would give every jay legislature a show to rough the railroads beautifully."

"It would hurt. Of course it mustn't pass. Get after it and don't let any grass grow. Kill it in committee. That's the safest way. Have Lafe Siggins look after it."

Hammond bustled out and Castle turned to his brother-in-law. "I underestimated this Scattergood some," he said. "Now I'll go after him! For reasons of necessity we will discontinue all train service at the flag station at the mouth of Coldriver Valley. That'll leave his stage line dangling in the air. Just for a taste of what we can do I'll have Hammond look after that condemnation matter for you."

"He'll be coming round to offer to sidetrack that legislation if you'll let him build his railroad."

"Probably. I guess we won't trade."

But Scattergood did not come round to offer a compromise. He seemed to have lost interest in the matter wholly and to give his time solely to his hardware store. But the Transient Car Bill, as it came to be called, began mysteriously to attract unprecedented attention. The press of the state showed unusual interest in it. In short, it became the one big measure of the legislative session. Everything else was secondary to it. When a railroad measure is hotly discussed in every loafing place in a state there is a measure that legislators handle with gloves. It is loaded. When the home folks get really interested in a thing they are apt to demand explanations. Wherefore it was but natural that President Castle's experts found it impossible to strangle the bill in committee. It was reported out, and then Hammond found it wise to journey to the capital to take charge of things himself.

V

AT THE end of a week, Mr. Hammond, general counsel for the G. & B. and expert handler of legislatures, was forced to write President Castle that he faced a condition new in his broad experience.

"The chances," he said, "are more than even that this bill passes. Men we have been able to depend on are refractory. Siggins is doing his best, but so far he has been able to account for only forty-five per cent of the votes. The strange thing about it," he finished with genuine amazement, "is that the other side doesn't seem to be spending a penny!"

Which was perfectly true. Neither in that fight nor in any of the scores of legislative battles in which Scattergood took part in his after life did he spend a dollar to buy a vote or to influence legislation. Perhaps it was scruple on his part; perhaps economy; perhaps he felt that his own peculiar methods were more efficacious than mere barter and sale.

From end to end the state was in excitement over the measure. Skillful work had made it seem a vital thing to the people, and hundreds of letters and telegrams poured in to representatives. It looked as if public opinion were overwhelmingly with the bill. It was Scattergood's first use of the weapon of public opinion. In this battle he learned its potentialities. Men who knew him well and were close to him in political matters declare he became the most skillful creator of a fictitious public opinion that ever lived in the state. It was in keeping with his methods that he always seemed to be acting in response to a demand from the public rather than that he excited the public to demand what Scattergood wanted.

"I can't find any trace of Scattergood Baines in this matter," Hammond reported to President Castle.

That was true. Scattergood stayed at home tending vigorously to his hardware business. Representatives did not call on him; he did not call on them. No trails led to his door.

President Castle had expected overtures from Scattergood, but none materialized. To a man of Castle's experience this was more than strange—it was uncanny. He began to consider the situation really serious. Was the man so confident as his silence indicated?

"Get the votes," he wired succinctly to Hammond; and Hammond, reading the message correctly, dipped into the emergency barrel of the railroad with generous hands. Prosperity had come to that legislature. Yet he was able at the end of another two weeks only to guarantee six votes less than a majority. The opposition had captured one more vote than he, and needed but five to pass their measure. Hammond faced the task of acquiring those five unplaced legislators and of weaning one away from Scattergood—and the bill was due to come up in the house in two days.

That day President Castle himself arrived in the capital and, after discussing the situation with Hammond, wired Scattergood asking for an appointment. The mountain was going to Mohammed. Scattergood replied not a word.

"I calc'late," he said to Mandy, "that President Castle's raisin' him a blister."

On the morning of the day on which the bill was to come to a vote Scattergood appeared unostentatiously in the capital, but word of his presence flashed from tongue to tongue with miraculous speed. Word of it came to President Castle, who pocketed his pride, for excellent business reasons, and sent up his card to Scattergood's room.

"Guess I kin see him a minute," said Scattergood, and the president ascended with thoughts in his heart that Scattergood was well able to read.

"Baines," said Castle without preface, "what do you want?"

"Nothin' you've got, I calc'late," said Scattergood serenely.

"You're back of this infernal bill. The railroads can't permit it to pass. It won't pass."

"Then what you wastin' your time on me for?" Scattergood asked.

"If we let you build your infernal little railroad will you drop out of this?"

"Hain't in it to speak of."

"Will you take your hands off—if we give you your railroad and guarantee train service?"

"Can't seem to see my way clear."

"What do you gain by passing this bill? You're nothing ahead. It won't give you your railroad. It won't give you anything."

"Calc'late you're right."

"Listen to reason, man! You want something! What is it?"

"Me? . . . Um. . . . I'm a plain kind of a man, Mister President, with a plain kind of a wife. Hain't never met Mandy, have you? Waal, her and me is perty contented with life. We got a good hardware store. . . ."

"Rot! What do you want?"

Scattergood leaned forward, his round face with its bulging cheeks as expressionless as some particularly ruddy apple.

"If you're achin' to do favors for me, Mister President, you kin drop in along about suppertime. Right now I can't think of a thing you kin do for me. But I'll try. . . . I'll spend the afternoon thinkin' over all the things you might be able to do, and I'll try to pick one of 'em out. . . . I got to see a hardware salesman now. Afternoon, Mister President."

"Baines," said Castle, losing his temper for the first time in a dozen years, "we'll smash you for this! We'll drive you out of the state! We'll ——"

"Don't slam the door," said Scattergood placidly; "it might disturb the other folks in the hotel."

VI

THAT afternoon the galleries of the House were jammed. Below, in their seats, the legislators sat uncomfortably.

Thank you·
every one of you

Last month I asked a million men to help me to do a little job.

A very large number of them did it. And I want, right here and now, to *thank them!*

I asked the million men who tried Mennen's Shaving Cream last year, each to tell one friend of theirs who hadn't tried it, what they knew about it.

I knew if it came from their *friends* that Mennen's was the thing for them to shave with; that it was a truly *remarkable* lather—different from any shaving lather they had ever known—better, creamier, quicker; that it made their faces *feel* better—during and afterwards; that a half inch is all that is necessary to lather the biggest face there is—and to soften the toughest beard.

I knew if they got these things direct from "converts"—instead of from me, a salesman—sales would jump. And they did.

Thank you—again!

Jim Henry

(Mennen Salesman)

Have any of the 2,000,000 SATURDAY EVENING POST readers been *missed?*

MENNEN'S

SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry
House of Mennen
1441 Orange St
Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim

[illegible] me yet. But I'm perfectly willing to be shown. Send me enough Mennen's Shaving Cream for thirty shaves. Here's a dime to cover sending costs.

Name

Address

I [illegible] want also to try, free, that new "Talcum for Men" [illegible] skin color and doesn't show on the face.

Carnation Milk

is SAFE MILK

for your home

YOU always add Carnation Milk quality to your cooking or baking. Where any recipe calls for milk, use Carnation. Simply add pure water to reduce the richness of Carnation Milk to the state desired.

It is fresh, clean, sweet, pure milk evaporated to the consistency of cream. Our precise sanitary methods insure its goodness. It is sealed air-tight and sterilized, so that when you open it, it is not only rich and pure, but *safe.*

The *quality* of Carnation Milk is shown by the fact that it *whips* satisfactorily. Directions for whipping are in the recipe book.

Try it now in your cooking and baking. Try it in your coffee. Dilute it for the children to drink.

It will so completely and satisfactorily supply every milk need of your home that you will *depend* upon it.

Order two or three cans today from your grocer. Carnation Milk Products Co., 1132 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A.

Sold in Canada.
Condenseries in Ontario.

Free Recipe Booklet

Write to us for a free copy of "The Story of Carnation Milk," illustrated in colors, with 100 plain and fancy recipes. Cover of book pictured above.

It gives full instructions for

Soups
Creamed chicken
Creamed asparagus
Creamed salmon
Seasoning fresh and canned vegetables
Soufflés Sauces
Croquettes
Waldorf salad
Mayonnaise dressing
Vegetable salad
Fruit salad
White bread
Corn bread
Ginger bread
Doughnuts
Biscuits
Cream puffs
Muffins Puddings
Pies Cakes
Ice cream Icings
Candies, etc.
Also used as infant food

Remember—Your Grocer Has It!

There was a tenseness in the air that made man's skin tingle. The Transient Car Bill was about to come to a vote. Everything had been done by both sides that could be done. There could be no more outside interference; no more money influence. It was all over. Now the matter was in the hands of those uneasy men, who even now might hold steadfast to their principles or to the money that had bought them or to the power that had compelled them—or who might, for reasons secret to their several souls, change sides with astonishing suddenness, upsetting all calculations.

The preliminary formalities went forward. Then began the roll call, and from his place in the gallery Hammond checked off on his list name after name as they voted Yea or Nay—and President Castle watched and kept mental count. Scattergood was not present. The thing was even, dangerously even. For every Yea there sounded a balancing Nay. The count stood sixty-one for, sixty against. . . . with ten more names to call. . . . With six names to call, the count was even. . . .

"Whittaker," called the clerk's monotonous voice. "Nay."

"Robbins." "Nay."

"Baker." "Nay."

"Hooper." "Nay."

"Bolger." "Nay."

"Brock." "Nay."

The six final votes had been cast—and cast solidly against Scattergood's bill. Scattergood was beaten, decisively, destructively beaten. Not only was he defeated here but he was smashed where the damage was even more destructive—in his prestige. He was a discredited political leader. . . . Lafe Siggins could not restrain a chuckle, for Scattergood had played into his hands. Scattergood had allowed himself to be eliminated from calculation in the state, leaving Siggins as sole, undisputed, victorious boss. It had been a clever scheme that Scattergood had outlined to Lafe—so clever that Lafe hadn't seen the great good that lay in it for himself until days later.

President Castle shook hands openly with Hammond. True there was a demonstration of disapproval from the gallery—but that was only the people! It did not signify.

"We got him," said Castle.

"But it was a close squeak."

Castle looked grimly down on the representatives, now huddled together in whispering groups.

"I don't often have the impulse to crow over a man," he said, "but this Baines was so infernally cocky. He told me I might see him at six o'clock and he'd tell me what I could do for him. Well, I'm going to see him." His voice was grim and forbidding.

On the way they picked up Siggins and invited him to dinner. The three went to the hotel, where, sitting calmly, placidly in the lobby, was Scattergood.

Castle walked directly to him. "You were going to tell me what I could do for you—at this hour, I believe."

"Did say somethin' like that."

Castle eyed Scattergood venomously, found him a hard man to crow over. He admitted Scattergood to be a good loser.

"I expect you'll be asking favors for some time," Castle said, "and not getting them. I told you we'd lick you—and we have! I told you we'd smash you and drive you out of the state. We'll do that just as surely."

"Maybe so," said Scattergood phlegmatically. "Maybe so. Nobody kin tell. . . . Howdy, Siggins. Lookin' mighty jubilant about somethin'. Glad to see it! . . . And Mr. Hammond!"

"When you're ready to turn your chunks of right of way over to Crane and Keith, let them know," said Castle. "I guess the G. & B. loses interest in you from this on—or it will presently."

"Jest a jiffy," said Scattergood as the trio turned away. "Seems like you was goin' to do a favor for me. Well, you hain't done it yet. . . . Guess I need a favor perty bad at this minute, eh? Waal, 'tain't a big one. Jest sort of cast your eye over this here." Scattergood handed Castle a folded paper of documentary appearance.

Castle snatched it and read it. It was brief. Not more than a hundred words. It was a copy of a bill having to do with stage lines, passed by both houses and signed by the governor. It provided that wherever any stage line, or other transportation company of whatsoever nature, intersected the line of a railroad or terminated on such line, the railroad should be compelled to establish a regular station on demand, for the handling of passengers and freight, and should stop all trains except through trains, and should establish sidetracks for the handling and transfer of freight.

A few formal words, backed by the authority of the state, compelling the G. & B. to do all, and more than all, that Scattergood requested of them! A few words making possible Scattergood's railroad more surely than agreement with President Castle could have made it!

"While you folks was busy with the Transient Car Bill," Scattergood said amiably, "the boys sort of tended to this for me. If I'd thought Hammond was int'rested I might have called it to his attention. But I figgered he was paid to watch out for sich things and I didn't want to interfere none. Jest as well, I take it."

Castle was scowling at Hammond, momentarily at a loss for words. Siggins was gazing at Scattergood with thin lips parted a trifle. His joy was blanketed.

"Somethin' else," said Scattergood, looking from one to another, and finally at Lafe: "Siggins figgered that my gittin' a beatin' on this bill would sort of make him boss of the state. You see, Mister President, this here bill wasn't meant to pass. It was fixed up for three reasons: One was to git somethin' that I'll tell you about in a second; another was to make the boys in the house sort of prosperous-like, and grateful to me for gittin' 'em the prosperity—with the railroads payin' for it. The last was to settle things between Lafe and me. I sort of wanted Lafe and the boys in politics to understand which was which. . . . And they'll understand. . . .

"Now, Mister President, the thing I wanted to git was in two parts: First one was to git your attention on this here bill so's you wouldn't notice my little stage-line thing. The other was pretty nigh as valuable. I got it. It's a list of every man in this legislature that took money for a vote on this thing, with how much money he took and the hour and minute it was paid him—and who by! Seems like I managed to git your name, Mister President, connected with them last six votes that you took over body and britches this noon. And I kin prove every item of it! . . . With the folks round the state feelin' like they do, I shouldn't be s'prised if I could make a heap of trouble."

President Castle was a big man or he would not have held the position that was his. He knew when a fight was over. "You win," he said tersely. "Name it!"

"Two things: First off, I want an agreement with your road, made by a full vote of the board of directors, agreein' to do jest what this bill pervides—in case of emergencies; and second, I want your folks should handle the bonds of my railroad—construction bonds. Guess I could manage it without, but I need my money for somethin' else. About two hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds'll do it."

Castle shrugged his shoulders—seeing possibilities for the future. However, he knew Scattergood had weighed those possibilities himself.

"Agreed," he said. There was a moment's silence. "By the way," he asked, "what was the idea of the condemnation proceedings against Crane and Keith?"

"Jest a mite of business. With the railroad goin' I need a good mill up on a site I got below Coldriver. Seems like Crane and Keith got a mite timid, and yestiddy they up and sold out their mill to a friend of mine—actin' for me—for fifty-five thousand dollars. Figger I got it dirt cheap. Wuth clost to a hundred thousand, hain't it? I'm goin' to move it to Coldriver—lock, stock and barrel."

"Baines," said Castle presently, "the G. & B. will keep hands off your valley. It will be better for us to work together than at odds. Suppose we bury the hatchet and work for each other's interest. . . . I'm paid to know a coming man when I see one."

"Was hopin' you'd see it that way, Mister President. I hain't one that hankers for strife, not even with Lafe here, if he can figger he's willin' to admit what he's got to admit."

"I take my orders from you," said Lafe.

In which authentic manner Scattergood Baines, in one transaction, made possible and financed his railroad, obtained his first mill, and became undisputed political dictator of his state.

Characteristically there was charged to expense, for the whole transaction, a sum that a very ordinary man could earn in a week. Scattergood loved cheap results.

Introducing the new

Vogue

in

"R·WALLACE"

SECTIONAL

ILVER PLATE

WALLACE SILVER

Tea Spoons $2.25 doz. Teaspoons $2.25 doz.

Dinner or Medium Forks $8.00 doz. Dinner or Medium Forks $8.00 doz.

Dinner or Medium Forks $4.50 doz. Dinner or Medium Forks $4.50 doz.

The distinction of the Vogue pattern lies in its chaste simplicity. The growing appreciation of simple designs in silver should make it the fashionable service of the year.

The quality is Wallace, guaranteed without time limit.

Yet the price is reasonable.

R·WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.

WALLINGFORD, CONN.

TRADE 1835 MARK R·WALLACE Silver Plate

R·W & S STERLING

TRADE "R·WALLACE" MARK SECTIONAL SILVER PLATE

A Great Harvest of United States Tire Mileage

Like a nation celebrating Thanksgiving in honor of bumper crops and prosperity,

—so are a vast army of motorists celebrating the past season's bumper crop of mileage that they have harvested from United States Tires.

* * * *

Great as was the mileage record of United States Tires last year, they have more than eclipsed it this year.

Last year's United States Tires seemed to be the pinnacle of tire efficiency and mileage,

—yet this year we find that in performance they have raised a new peak of service.

* * * *

Result—in final cost, the cost per mile of use, United States Tires cost even less this year than last.

And thousands upon thousands of the motorists that have never used United States Tires before, but have learned of the supreme service they give, now turn to them as the answer to their tire problem.

* * * *

The evidence of this masterly success of United States Tires lies in SALES,

—continued, persistently increasing sales;

—for motorists continue to buy United States Tires only because they give supreme service.

What tires do *you* buy?

What service do they give you?

Buy United States Tires and Be Thankful

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use—

'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

STEVE SCAEVOLA

(Continued from Page 15)

to the fighting line again was forced to throw himself bodily into a marshy pool to escape fragments of a shell that struck a dozen yards away from him. The shock of the waters of the pool awakened him and he snorted and opened his eyes and looked up into the face of a man, with a long nose and fat cheeks, who was pouring water by cupfuls over his head.

When the man saw that Steve's eyes were open he desisted, and Steve looked round him and saw that he was in a cellar with concrete walls, furnished with half a dozen board cots, and pervaded by a druggy smell. There was a man on one of the other cots with a bandaged head, and this man was snoring stertorously. Steve continued his scrutiny and decided that he was in a German first-aid station. He felt for his pistols and found them gone.

The man who had been pouring water on Steve's face went to the foot of a flight of stairs that led up from the cellar and called; and two private soldiers came down the stairs and approached Steve. Steve sat up on the hard cot where he had been lying and eyed these men seriously. One of them spoke to him in German; but this was nothing to Steve. His head was humming and he put up his hands and touched it tenderly. Then the men took hold of him, one at each elbow, lifted him to his feet and propelled him toward the stairs.

Steve did not resist.

They climbed the stairs, then turned to the right along a concrete-lined passageway from which other stairs led off to the right and left. Presently this passage became a stairway. They climbed it. Steve was tired and the steps seemed endless. Eventually they left the stairway—which continued upward—and turned along a winding passage to the left. This came out into the night for a space, then dipped into the earth again. The single breath of air revived Steve. He guessed they were on the slope of the little hill that dominated his trenches. Before he could make sure of this they plunged into the earth again, descended another short flight of stairs, and halted at the challenge of a sentry.

His conductors spoke to this sentry, released him, and disappeared. The sentry surveyed him with a great deal of curiosity, then pointed forward along a short passage, and when Steve turned that way he followed, with his bayonet against Steve's spine.

They came to a heavy door. Steve halted. The sentry tapped upon the door, received an order from within, opened the door and motioned Steve to enter. At the same time he said something in German so sharply and so abruptly that Steve jumped.

The door banged at Steve's back and he looked about him. His curiosity was great; and his interest was increased at what he saw.

He was in a concrete-lined dugout about twelve feet long and eight feet wide. There was a carpet on the floor; and in two apertures in one wall the ends of cot beds were revealed. In the opposite wall there was a niche like a fireplace, with a flue leading upward through the concrete; and in this niche a charcoal brazier was set. This was a basket of strips of wrought iron, shaped like a bucket, and through the interstices of the iron Steve could see the glow of the burning charcoal. The brazier diffused a pleasant warmth through the damp dugout. Steve was cold, and instinctively he drew toward this brazier.

In the end of the dugout that faced the door there was a flat-topped table about four feet square. At three sides of this table sat three men. Behind one of them another man sat at a smaller table, with the receivers of a telephone strapped to his ears and a pile of sheets of paper before him. On the walls of the dugout hung maps—maps marked with heavy red and blue, which Steve knew represented trench systems; and these maps were divided into lettered and numbered squares.

The three men at the table each wore an Iron Cross. Their uniforms indicated that they were all men of rank. Steve guessed he was at headquarters for this sector; and he began to tremble—not with fear, but with excitement.

The three men at the table at first paid no attention to Steve. They were listening to a conversation the man at the telephone was conducting. The conversation was an emphatic one. When it was concluded the three men looked at one another questioningly; then the older of the three nodded and the others seemed satisfied.

Steve stood near the brazier, getting warm. He wished, a little wistfully, that they had left him his pistols. While this wish was forming in his mind the youngest of the three men drew an automatic pistol from his holster and laid it on the table before him. It pointed toward Steve. The three men then scrutinized Steve thoughtfully and intently.

Steve Rawn was a slender young man, with a singularly boyish countenance; and his eyes were full of simplicity. He was at that age when the emotions mirror themselves upon the cheeks. Some men pass this age in childhood; some never reach it. When Steve was confused, embarrassed, excited, proud, ashamed or sorry, he either blushed or turned pale. He might do either. It was a physical reaction and no sure guide to his thoughts.

He always blushed, for example, when he was angry; and he turned pale when he was ashamed.

As he faced the eyes of the three men waves of color swept over his countenance, and he was trembling so desperately that it was quite obvious to the three officers. The oldest, the most exalted of the three, was a round hard man, with close-cropped hair, a spiny mustache, and eyes curiously distorted by the thick lenses of the glasses he wore. There grew in these eyes a faint twinkle of grim amusement as he observed Steve's evident distress; and in a voice of threat and thunder he barked at Steve.

He barked in German. Therefore, Steve identified the threat and thunder, but comprehended no word of what was said. He merely trembled. The youngest officer seemed to understand; for he asked, in a soft, lisping voice:

"Do you speak German?"

Steve opened his mouth. He opened his mouth three times, and it was harder to close it each time. He gave up the effort to speak and contented himself with shaking his head.

The young officer, his eyes remaining on Steve, explained in German to his superior. The man with the thick spectacles grunted disgustedly. Their conversation interested Steve. It is always interesting to listen to men talking in a tongue one does not understand. There is something inhuman in the performance. It is like listening to the chattering cries of animals.

Eventually the young officer said to Steve:

"You are—Canadian?"

Steve shook his head.

"Australian?"

Steve managed his first word.

"N-n-n-n-no!" he said distinctly.

"Not British?"

"N-n-no!" Steve was getting his tongue under control.

"American, then?"

Steve lied royally.

"No, sir," he declared.

The young officer looked grim.

"You are under no compulsion to—er—reply to our inquiries," he remarked. "But when you do reply, be so kind as to confine yourself to the—er—truth." He eyed Steve. "Do you—understand?" he lisped pleasantly.

Steve said nothing. The young officer rose from his chair and came round the table and walked toward Steve. Steve trembled. The German examined the insignia on his collar, inspected his uniform, and returned to the table. He made his report in German; and the third man of the trio wrote something on a pad of paper before him.

The young man inspected Steve again.

"When did you take over the trenches here?" he asked.

"A year ago last Christmas," said Steve soberly; he was trembling harder than ever.

The officer shook his head sadly.

"You are a liar—like all your nation!" he told Steve. "We raided the trenches before us two days ago—and found the French there."

"We were taking a day off," Steve explained.

The young man smiled.

"I see you are a lieutenant," he remarked. "You have done very well. You must still be very young. Your success indicates that you are a man of sense. Allow me to present the situation to you in a sensible

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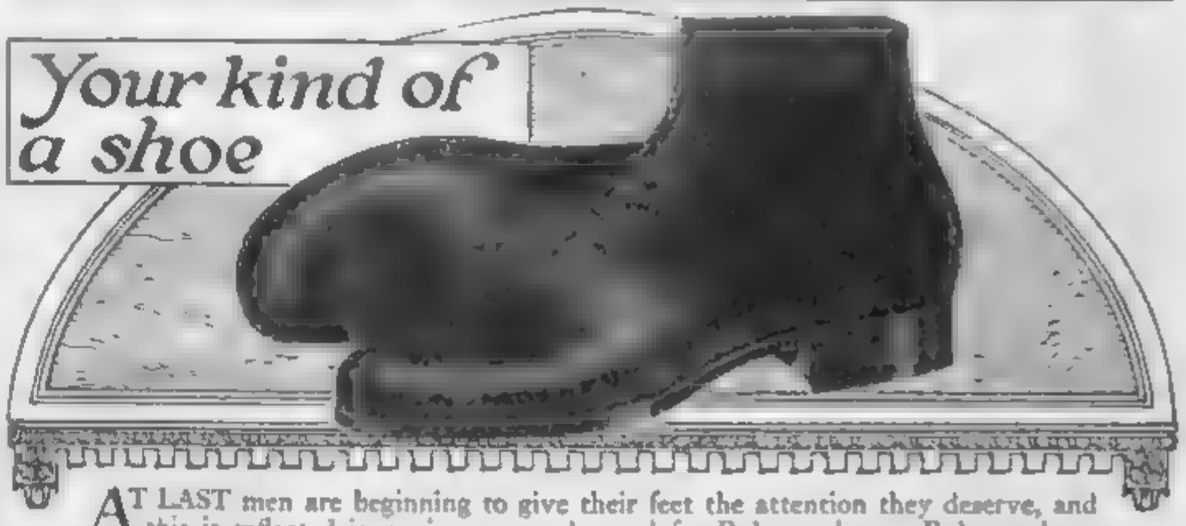

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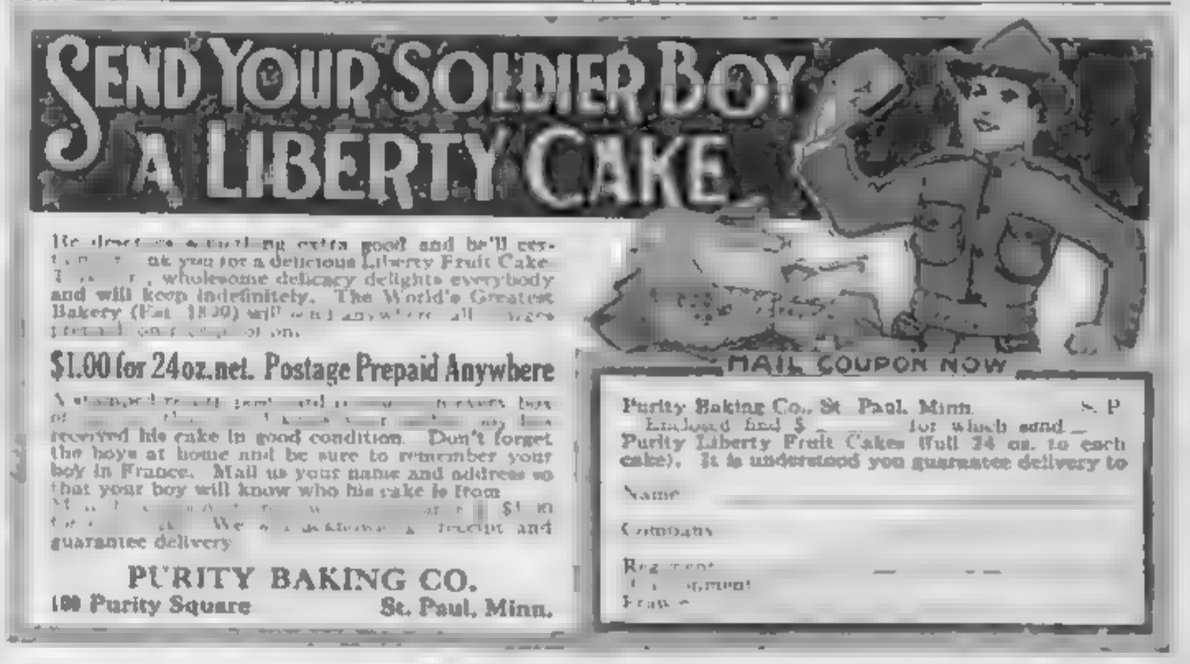
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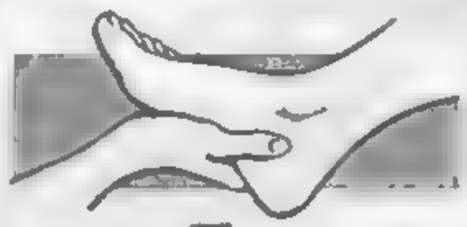

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way: We propose to ask you certain questions—harmless enough. Your answers will interest us; but they will not injure your country's cause or improve ours. We are well disposed toward your nation; we should like to make your captivity comfortable for you. That rests with you. Now are you willing to be—frank with us?"

"Perfectly," Steve agreed.

The German nodded.

"That is wise. How long have you been a soldier?"

Steve calculated with the utmost care.

"Three years and two months," he said.

The officer spoke to his comrade with the pad, who made a note of Steve's answer. Steve's eyes glinted faintly at this; and as the process continued he seemed more than once to be about to smile. The interrogation was resumed.

"How long have you been training in France?"

"Eight months."

The officer stared.

"War has not been so long declared!"

"We were here before war was declared—getting ready."

The Prussian's face twisted angrily; and when he reported this answer to his companions they broke into a guttural storm of rage and indignation. Steve remained impassive.

"Have you seen service—in this war?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Four months in the trenches."

"Where?"

"On the Somme."

"How many American troops are in France?"

"Seven million."

"Seven —"

The storm broke. The three Prussians came to their feet, raging, furious. Their imprecations rained on Steve. Steve smiled. The youngest of the three lifted the automatic pistol from the table and thrust it into Steve's face. He jammed the muzzle against Steve's mouth, so that the young man's lips were bruised and torn. Steve expected him to shoot, and he smiled as he waited; but the superior officer caught the young man's arm and whirled him away. They returned to the table and whispered there together.

The reaction shook Steve. He was as pale as death and his knees were weak and shaking. Also, he was cold. He moved nearer the brazier, warmed his hands above it.

Suddenly the youngest officer walked to the door, opened it, and spoke to the sentry outside. The sentry departed. The officer returned to his place at the table. Steve waited. The Germans ignored him. The one who had been making notes rose and went to a box in a corner of the dugout and lifted from it a pear-shaped object, black and heavy. Steve recognized it as a grenade. The German took it to the table and the three officers considered it, examined it, discussed it.

Steve watched. Then the man at the telephone began to talk again, and for half an hour Steve waited while orders went out over the wires. Long before this period had passed the sentry had returned.

He brought with him two soldiers, with rifles. These men waited by the door, stiff and impassive.

When a lull came the young officer who lisped looked across to these men and barked a command. They stamped three paces forward, wheeled, and faced Steve from a distance of six feet across the dugout. They lifted their rifles and held them ready. Steve, the brazier at his back, faced them.

The young officer laid his pistol on the table again and looked at Steve.

"Now, my young American," he said quietly, "attention: We were disposed to treat you kindly. You have mocked us. Our kindness is exhausted. We shall repeat our inquiries. At the first falsehood I shall speak two words to these soldiers. They will fire. Do you understand?"

Steve studied the faces of the three officers. The youngest smiled, with a cruel quirk of his lips. The one who had made notes was writing steadily. The superior—he whose spectacles distorted his eyes—was watching with a curious expression. Steve tried to fathom it. It was not anger; not passion. The man's ruddy cheeks seemed to have paled. Steve trembled.

"I understand," he said.

"Good! Now speak carefully. How long have the American troops been in the trenches before us?"

"Seven years," said Steve, and waited for the blow of bullets.

They did not come. The Prussians seemed shaken and ill at ease. The younger man spoke to his superior; he with the glasses shook his head stubbornly and took off his spectacles to clean the lenses. Steve saw that his eyes were mild and blue. He said something roughly; and the young man smiled and rose from his chair as though to perform a task that pleased him. He approached Steve. Steve was shaking like a leaf; the officer saw this and laughed, and called a word over his shoulder to the others. They chuckled.

The young Prussian ripped open Steve's jacket; slapped the pockets; heard the rustle of paper. From the pocket of Steve's shirt he drew that folded sheet which told of the deed of Caius Mucius Scævola. He opened it; looked at it curiously; looked at Steve.

"What is this?" he asked.

"A piece of paper," said Steve.

"What is its significance?"

"You may read it. You have my permission," Steve told him.

The Prussian took the bit of paper and stepped back to the table. Steve had circled the paragraph relating to his hero with a pencil mark. The Prussian read this to himself, then translated it to the others. They listened, puzzled. Afterward they looked toward Steve.

"Why do you—preserve this?" the youngest officer asked.

"Because it tells of a deed I admire," Steve told him.

The Prussian repeated this to his companions. They exclaimed, and their heads came together in quick discussion. Steve did not see them. A sudden light had come into his eyes; it burned there. He glanced quickly about the dugout.

The young officer looked up at him.

"Since you admire Scævola," he lisped, "we shall give you an opportunity to emulate him. There is a charcoal brazier behind you." He barked a command, and one of the two soldiers lifted the brazier, opened its cover, and set it before Steve. The charcoal glowed red-hot, hungry. The young officer nodded toward it. "Unless you answer our inquiries—and truthfully—my men there will take your right arm and thrust it slowly into those coals until it is burned away."

Steve smiled.

"There is no need," he said quietly. "I do not intend to answer you. You shall learn nothing from me. You may do with me what you will. And to prove to you that I do not fear you—see! I myself will plunge my right arm, to the elbow, into the coals." He looked from one to the other. "Tell them what I say!" he commanded.

The young Prussian had turned pale; he seemed stunned. He faltered a dozen words and Steve saw that every eye was upon him. These eyes gleamed insanely in the dim light.

He stooped slowly and thrust both hands into the brazier.

Charlie Howard and Sam Davis were on duty in that listening post before the American line from which Steve had departed on his adventure. When he had left them they discussed him in whispers, conjectured what his end would be, and profanely thanked their stars that solid earth protected them.

For a time they waited breathlessly for some sound that would indicate Steve's fate; but in the end this palled and they settled to their vigil. The star shells gleamed above them; an occasional spatter of rifle fire broke the black dark of the night; and now and then a great gun boomed behind them.

At every sound in No Man's Land about them they were alert, watchful. But they were not molested. If there were German patrols abroad their errands lay elsewhere.

Their long immunity gave them confidence; their nerves relaxed. They began to joke together; to shift their stiffened bodies.

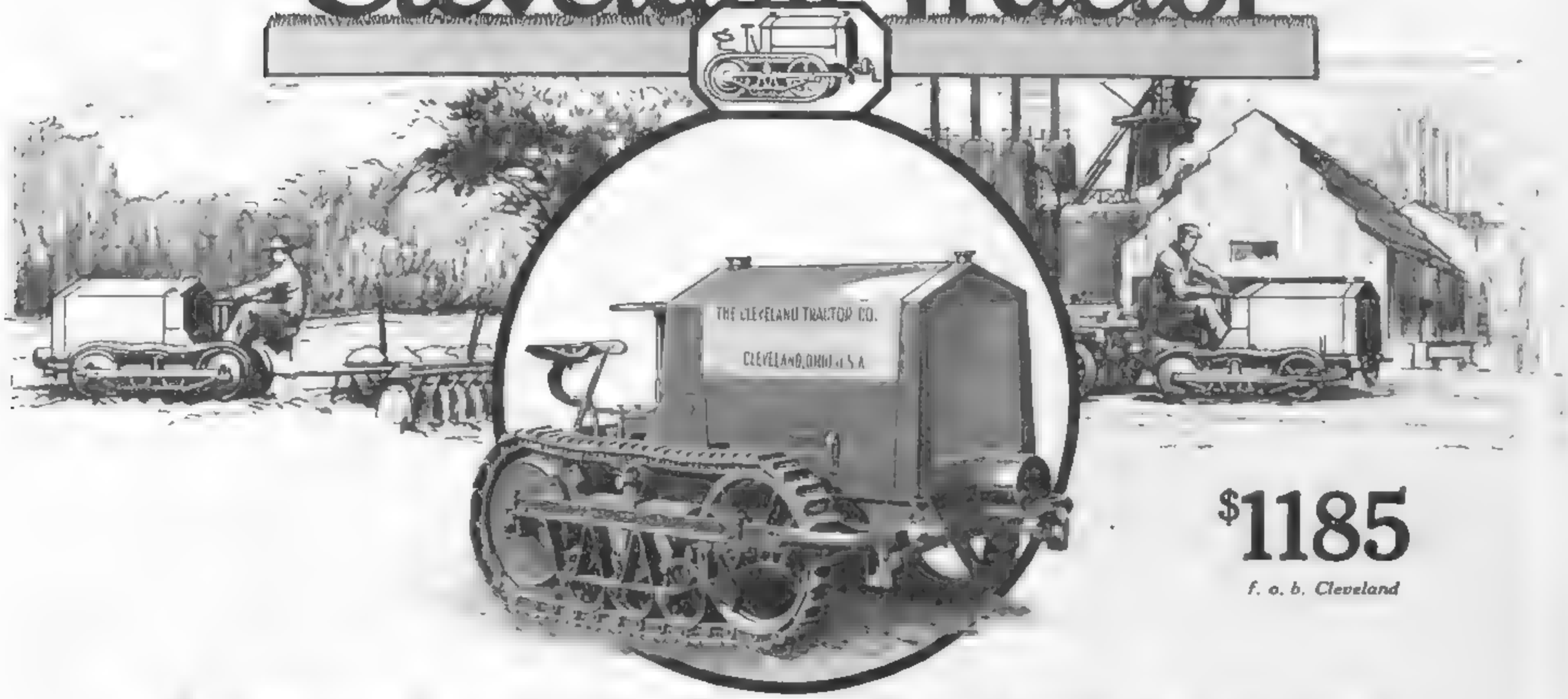
At a little after midnight something small and heavy dropped into the pit they occupied. Sam choked: "A bomb!" They tumbled over each other into the shelter of the sap and waited for the explosion.

None came. Eventually, a little ashamed, they crept back into the pit and groped cautiously about in it to discover the missile. Charlie Howard found it; fumbled with it; felt his hair prickle under his helmet.

"It's a telephone!" he whispered.

(Concluded on Page 40)

Cleveland Tractor



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(Concluded from Page 38)

Sam's hands found his in the dark and confirmed this statement. It was a compact field telephone that had been tossed to them. The wire led out toward the German trenches. Sam grinned.

"Let's call up Berlin!" he proposed, and put the receivers to his ears and said softly: "Hello! Hello there!"

A voice answered:

"Hello! Who is this?"

"Never you mind who this is, Central!" Sam scolded. "Just you connect me up with the Kaiser and mind your own business."

Then he went limp with amazement, for the voice said quietly:

"This is Lieutenant Rawn speaking. To whom am I talking?"

Sam choked, gulped.

"Private Davis," he reported.

"You are in the listening post?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alone?"

"No, sir. Private Howard is ——"

"Leave Private Howard in the post. Take this telephone, dragging the wire after you, back to your first-line trench. Report to Lieutenant Morse. Give him this instrument. Then return to your post."

"Yes, sir."

"Quickly!"

Sam did not hear; he was already crawling along the zigzag sap. When he reached the first-line trench he was himself again. To the first soldier he met he said briskly:

"Lieutenant Rawn is calling up from Berlin; wishes to speak to Lieutenant Morse."

"Quit yer kidding!" said the other.

"You dam' fool!" Sam ejaculated. "Where's the Lieut?"

The other understood this was no joke. Three minutes later Lieutenant Morse had the telephone; heard the voice of Lieutenant Rawn from the other end.

"Get in touch with headquarters at once!" said Lieutenant Rawn crisply. "Tell them this—from me:

"The Germans are evacuating their first-line trenches from a point opposite our northern sap to our southern sap. They are also evacuating the firing trenches and support trenches, and their positions in the village and upon the hill. Our troops will meet no resistance in occupying these trenches. Let them come forward cautiously; secure the positions—and especially the hill. Is that clear?"

Lieutenant Morse cried:

"You're crazy, man!"

"This is vital, Morse!" Rawn snapped, a new decision in his tones. "Do what I say, please—and quickly!"

"But—where the hay-foot are you?"

"I'm having afternoon tea with the German commanders in a dugout halfway down the northwest slope of the hill," said Lieutenant Rawn quietly. "Stairs lead down from the trench marked on the wall with the letter F. I'll save a cup for you, Morse."

Lieutenant Morse looked dazedly at the instrument in his hand; and, still moving like one in a dream, he went to make his report. He found his superiors incredulous; but they gave orders for patrols to go forward and investigate.

The first patrol entered the German trenches a hundred yards north of the village and found them empty of defenders. They stumbled over a trench mortar, a rifle here and there, a neat pyramid of grenades in a concrete shelter. But there were no Germans.

In half an hour the American troops were in the German first-line trenches. They moved forward cautiously along the communication trenches, converged on the village, and found it evacuated. Twenty machine guns, unmanned, waited for them there; and the intoxication of a realized dream seized the men. From three sides they swept up the hill. Everywhere they found signs of swift flight; a flight that abandoned everything.

It was Lieutenant Morse himself who discovered the trench marked F in German script on placards at the entrance. With six men at his heels, he investigated, and so came to the stairs that led down to the dugout where Steve waited. Before the heavy door he halted, irresolute. No sound came from within. He called softly:

"Steve!"

The voice of Lieutenant Stephen Rawn summoned him to enter; and Lieutenant Morse strode into the dugout.

What he saw halted him. Against the left-hand wall stood five men, Germans. Their hands rested on the wall at shoulder height; and there was a weary sag about their shoulders. They were ranged in line; and at one end of the line lay another man, who did not move. There was a dark stain beneath his head.

The men stood facing the wall. To the belt of each, behind, was secured a German hand grenade. To the firing pin of each grenade was attached a stout cord. These five cords led across the dugout and disappeared into a cubby-hole, from the entrance of which the foot of a comfortable cot bed protruded.

About the floor were scattered smears of carbon—charcoal that had been trodden under foot to extinguish the fire.

At first, Lieutenant Morse saw no sign of Stephen Rawn; but after a moment Steve crawled out of the cubby-hole that contained the bed. He held in his hand the ends of the five cords that were attached to those grenades. His uniform was smeared with dirt, and his face was stained with crusted blood that had trickled from a contusion on his forehead. But he grinned.

"Everything as I promised, Morse?" he asked weakly.

Lieutenant Morse could not speak. He nodded.

"These are the only prisoners—aren't they?"

"Y-yes."

"The fat fellow is a prize. Two of the others are big bugs too."

The soldiers who had followed Morse were seizing the Germans. The lieutenant caught Steve's arm.

"In Heaven's name—what have you done?" he asked.

"Persuaded these gentlemen to evacuate the position—order their troops out—and invite you in."

"But how? How, man?"

Steve blushed; then turned pale. "Well, you see, they captured me—brought me here to ask me some questions. And I—just captured them."

"By the force of your eye, I suppose. Speak up, you clam!"

Steve was suddenly very weak and ill.

"They threatened to burn my arm off in the brazier," he explained. "I told them I'd save them the trouble by doing it myself—like old Scævola, you know." He sat down on the foot of the bed. "So I stuck both hands into the brazier—and then I swung it at them—flung the coals into their faces. They had a pistol on the table, and while they were putting themselves out I got it. And after that it was easy."

He swayed weakly. Morse looked quickly at his hands; saw they were unscarred.

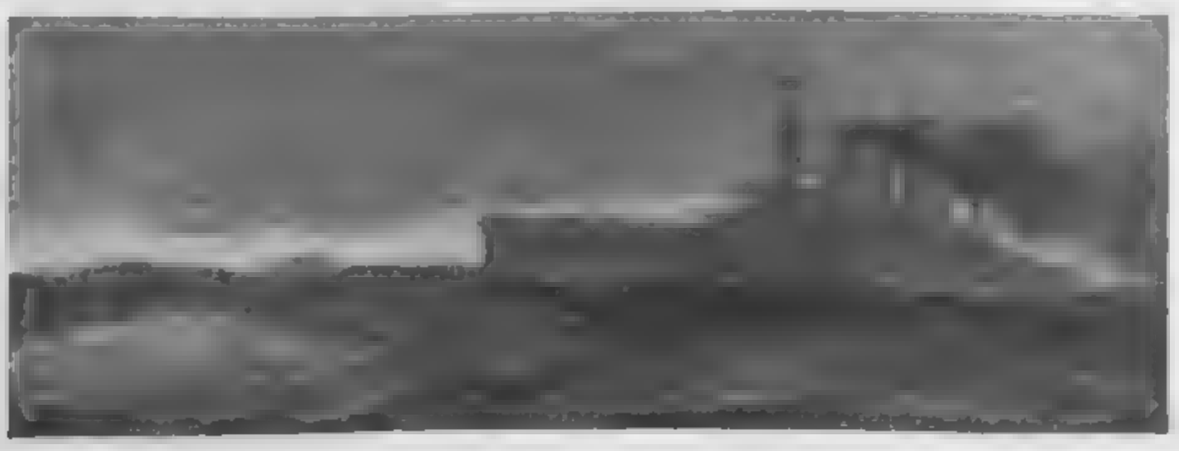
"Your hands aren't burned!" he exclaimed. "You said you stuck them in the fire."

"Oh! Oh, no; just pretended to," Steve sighed. "It shocked them—put them off guard; and then I threw the fire at them."

There was unwilling admiration in Morse's eyes; admiration behind his laughing taunt:

"You're so darned literal—it's a wonder you didn't actually burn your hands off!"

"Well," Steve explained, falling back in blissful peace upon the bed—"We-e-ll, that would not have been practical, you see."



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Smooth, silent operation of rear axle gears is one of the great objectives of the car builder's engineer.

He specifies gears mechanically and mathematically correct, but he must also provide one other essential—protection against *wear*.

The big ring gear has the whole dead weight of the car dragging it back. The little pinion gear at the end of the propeller shaft says it must go forward.

If the bearings supporting these gears wear loose, under pressure of conflicting forces, the pinion will climb on the ring gear, and the latter will be thrown out of perpendicular position.

When gears work out of mesh they begin to wear—and the more they wear the faster they wear and the noisier they become.

But the engineer who specifies Timken Bearings has foreseen and completely forestalled the emergency.

Timken Bearings have two great principles which overcome the effects of wear.

1. Wear is uniformly distributed over the surfaces of cone, rollers and cup so that it is not concentrated at any one point, is barely perceptible after thousands of miles of travel, and does not alter the proper relation between the parts of the bearing.

2. When wear does become perceptible, it can be instantly and entirely corrected by a simple adjustment.

This assurance of quiet running gears not only for the first few thousand miles, but for fifty or even a hundred thousand, makes car builders glad to pay a higher price for Timken Bearing Quality.

View inside rear axle showing how Timken Bearings are used at differential and pinion to keep gears in perfect adjustment

Other interesting reasons for the supremacy of Timken Bearings are given in the booklet A-19, entitled "How Can I Tell," sent free, post-paid, on request to

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

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25th Successful Year
(1893–1917)

See these latest Haynes

The Haynes dealer in your locality invites you to call. He will name the very moderate prices of the various new Haynes creations. If not acquainted with our dealer write for illustrated catalog and his address.

Announcing

the Mature Haynes Motor in a Beautifully Refined Setting

Twenty thousand Haynes owners have driven America's Greatest Light Six engine the astounding distance of a quarter *billion* miles since July, 1914. In those forty months of terrific usage but a few minor betterments have proved possible.

OUR quarter-century of successful experience satisfies us that the Haynes engine is mechanically *mature*—a "gem" of engineering achievement. We can only improve its "setting."

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The new Haynes hood is broad-chested and high. The lines are straight. The weather-tight windshield tilts rakishly. There is a double cowl.

Beige brown, deep carmine or royal green are the colors for the dashing four-passenger roadsters and the open cars for either five or seven. All-season sedans, town cars and coupés may also be had in a variety of colors.

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The tonneau cowl panel in the seven-passenger car is of beautiful American walnut. The auxiliary seats fold into it, and doors close over them. A carrying compartment is at the center.

Ultra-fashionable French pleated upholstery is used. Deep cushion springs are beneath the comfortably shaped seats. Roominess is a feature.

The doors open wide for easy entrance. The instrument board is compact, with all switches within easy reach of the driver.

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The six-inch frame side members hold the body rigid on uneven roads. Squeaks and rattles will not develop. Doors will not bind. Nor can a "full load" cause any sagging.

The motor is rigidly yet flexibly supported in the rear. This offers added security to the good Haynes engine and the gear-set. A Bendix starter-drive is used.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY *40 S. Main St., Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. A.*

HAYNES

"America's First Car"

THE FALSE FACES

(Continued from Page 23)

Anderson, was killed in the course of a raid on the Prussian spy headquarters at Seventy-ninth Street this morning."

"Amazing!" Blensop gasped. "I am glad to hear it," he added, and went slowly back to his task.

"I may as well tell you, sir," Lanyard pursued, "I have every reason to believe the document sold you last night was one of those stolen from me."

Stanistreet wagged a disputatious head. "I cannot conceive how it could have come into your possession, sir."

"Simply enough: Miss Brooke requested me to take care of it for her."

The eyes of the Englishman grew stony. "Miss Brooke!" he repeated testily. "I don't understand ——"

"It was a document—I do not seek to know its nature from you, sir—of vital importance in this present crisis, with the United States newly entered into the war."

Stanistreet affirmed with an inclination of his head.

"I may tell you this much, Monsieur Duchemin: If it had not reached this country safely —— What am I saying? If it be not recovered without delay, the chances of America's early and efficient participation in the war will suffer a tremendous setback. Blensop, be good enough to call up the American secret service at once and ask whether the document in question was found on the body of this—ah—Ekstrom."

"Pardon," Lanyard interposed as Blensop hesitantly approached the telephone; "it would be a waste of time. I happen to know, because I was there, that no such document was found on Ekstrom's body."

"The devil!" Stanistreet grumbled. "What can have become of it? This business grows only the blacker the deeper one seeks to fathom it. I must own myself completely at a loss. How it came into the hands of Miss Brooke ——"

"I can explain that, I think. The document was in the care of two gentlemen—Mr. Bartholomew and Lieutenant Thackeray. The former was murdered by the Huns in search of it, Lieutenant Thackeray murderously assaulted. But for Miss Brooke's intervention the assassins must have succeeded. As it was, the young woman herself found it and, one presumes, took charge of it because her fiancé was incapacitated, and possibly with the notion that she might thereby prevent further mischief of the same nature."

"Her fiancé?" Stanistreet echoed blankly.

"Lieutenant Thackeray ——"

"Her brother, sir!" the Briton laughed. "Thackeray was his *nom de service*."

It was Lanyard's turn to stare. "Ah!" he murmured. "A light begins to dawn ——"

"Upon me as well," Stanistreet confessed. "Miss Brooke and her brother are orphans and, before the war, inseparable companions. I do not doubt that, learning he had been commissioned with an uncommonly perilous errand, she booked passage by the Assyrian, without his consent, in order to be near him in event of danger."

"This explains much," Lanyard conceded—"much that perplexed more than one can say."

"But in no way advances us on the trail of the purloined document!"

"I am afraid, sir," Lanyard lied deliberately, "you may as well abandon all hope of ever seeing it again. Ekstrom made away with it; no question about that. There was time and enough to spare between his exploit here and his death for him to deliver it to safe hands. It is doubtless decoded by this time, a copy of it already well on the way to the Wilhelmstrasse."

"I am afraid," Stanistreet echoed—"I am very much afraid—you are right."

His thick, spatulate fingers of an executive drummed heavily upon the desk.

Stone's figure darkened the windows.

"Colonel Stanistreet," he called.

"Yes, Mr. Stone?"

"There's something here I'd like to consult you about, sir, if you can spare a minute."

"Certainly." The Englishman rose. "If you will excuse me, Monsieur Duchemin ——" Halfway to the windows he hesitated. "By the bye, Blensop, I wish you'd call up Apthorp and ask after Howson's condition."

"Very good, sir," Blensop intoned cheerfully.

"And do it without delay, please. I don't like to think of that poor fellow suffering."

"Immediately, sir."

As his employer passed out into the garden with Stone the secretary discontinued his checking and came over to the desk, drawing up a chair and sitting down to telephone. At the same time Lanyard got up and began to pace thoughtfully to and fro.

"Howson is the wounded night watchman, I take it, Mr. Blensop?"

"Yes—an excellent fellow. . . . Schuyler, nine, three hundred," Blensop cooed into the transmitter.

Conceivably that ostensible discomfiture whose symptoms Lanyard had remarked had been a transitory humor. Mr. Blensop was now in what seemed the most equable and blithe of tempers. His very posture at the telephone eloquently betokened as much; he had thrown himself into the chair with picturesque nonchalance, sitting with body half turned from the desk, his right hand holding the receiver to his ear, his left thrust into his trousers pocket, thus dragging back the lapel of that impeccable morning coat and exposing the bright cap of his gold-mounted fountain pen.

Something in that implement seemed to possess for Lanyard overpowering fascination. His gaze yearned for it, returned again and again to it.

He changed his course to stroll up and down behind Blensop, between him and the safe.

"I understood Colonel Stanistreet to say the watchman was not seriously injured, I believe," he observed with interest.

"Shot through the shoulder; that is all. . . . Schuyler, nine, three hundred? Doctor Apthorp, please. This is Mr. Blensop speaking, secretary to Colonel Stanistreet. . . .

"Are you there, Doctor Apthorp?"

With professional dexterity Lanyard *en passant* dropped a hand over the young man's shoulder and lightly lifted the pen from its place in the pocket of Blensop's waistcoat; the even tempo of his step unbroken, he tossed it toward the safe, where it fell without sound upon a heavy Persian rug.

"Yes—about Howson," the musical accents continued. "Colonel Stanistreet is most solicitous."

Swiftly Lanyard moved toward the safe, glanced through the French windows, and, assuring himself that Stanistreet and Stone were safely preoccupied, whipped out the envelope he had prepared and thrust it into a file of papers that did not crowd its pigeonhole, accomplishing the complete maneuver with such adroitness that, like the business of the pen, it passed utterly without the knowledge of the secretary.

"Thank you so much. Good morning, Doctor Apthorp."

Lanyard was passing the desk when Blensop rose; and the footman was entering with his salver.

"A lady to see Colonel Stanistreet, sir—by appointment, she says."

Blensop glanced at the card. At the same time Stanistreet came in from the garden, leaving Stone to potter about visibly in the distance.

"Miss Brooke is here, sir," the secretary announced.

"Ask her to come in, please."

The footman retired.

"Howson is resting easily, Doctor Apthorp reports," Blensop added, going back to the safe. "Has Stone turned up anything of interest?"

"Foot prints," Stanistreet replied in a snort of moderate impatience. "He's quite upset since I've informed him the man who made them is ——"

"Good God!"

The interruption was Blensop's, in a voice strangely out of tune. Stanistreet wheeled sharply upon him.

"What the deuce ——!" he snapped.

By every indication the secretary had suffered the most severe shock of his experience. His face was ghastly, his eyes vacant; his knees shook beneath him; one tremulous hand was pressed convulsively to the bosom of his waistcoat. His endeavors to answer evoked only a husky rattling sound.

"What the devil has come over you?" Stanistreet insisted.

(Continued on Page 45)

"Why the smart?—I didn't cut myself!"

Read about the big reason for this Antiseptic Shaving Cream

IN common with every other man, you have often had this experience. *But do you know the real answer?* Your trusty straight edge or pet safety razor has removed every trace of stubble from your cheeks, lips, chin, and under the jaws. Not a sign of a cut can you see. You take down the witch-hazel bottle, pour a little in your hand, and pass it over the face. "Zowie, it stings and smarts," you say. "How can this be? I didn't cut myself!" If you explain it at all you are very likely to say, "Shaved pretty close that time!"

But this is no answer. The ANSWER is that your razor blade "lifted up" minute portions of the skin, thus exposing the inner flesh. You couldn't *see* where the flesh was exposed because the cuts were ever so tiny. But the witch-hazel *proved* that the flesh was exposed. A magnifying-glass will prove the same thing.

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Antiseptic Shaving Cream

It Gives the Antiseptic Shave

Now consider what a fine resting-place for germs a wet, soap-laden shaving brush is. And your razor, too.

You know perfectly well that infection can and often does start in the *little* cuts as well as the big ones. It is in these tiny, invisible cuts or abrasions that germs start to make very serious trouble.

You owe a duty to yourself to keep your body in as healthy a condition as possible. In the light of these facts you cannot say that you are honestly taking 100% care of your health if you do not continue to guard yourself against the danger of infection from the morning shave.

Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream guards the face from danger of infection from germs on shaving brush, razor, or any other source. It contains Lysol, the universally used, safe and sure antiseptic.

Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream *combines* as fine a shaving cream as man ever whipped into a lather plus the usefulness and sanitary features of an antiseptic shaving cream. *Two* ideas in one.

Science tells the modern man that the ANTISEPTIC shave is the *new* shave. It's the old ordinary shave made *safe*.

Camp life and trench life demand that our soldier boys shave the antiseptic way. Send your soldier a tube of Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream today.

We just want you to put Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream to the test. If you are like most men you will be so enthusiastic about it that you will tell your business friends about it. And you will take a lot of solid satisfaction in knowing that your shaving is rid of the ever-present danger of infection. Mail the coupon—that's all.

If you want an antiseptic shave tomorrow morning, you can probably get a large tube of Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream at your drug store today; 25c is a trifling price considering the satisfaction it gives.

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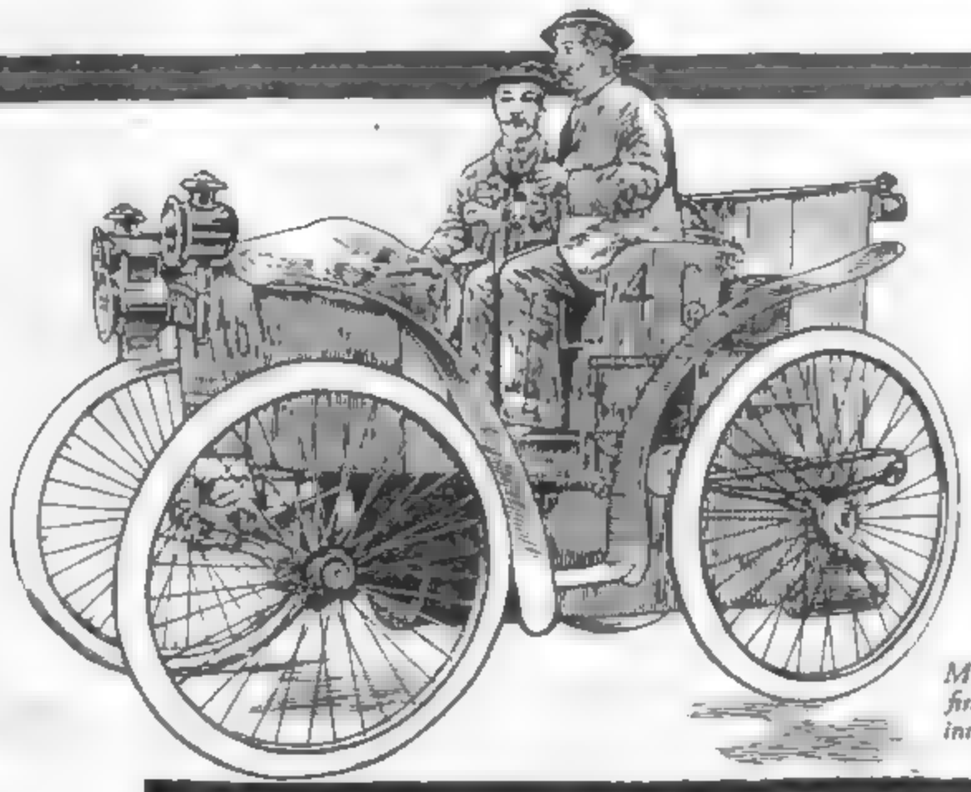

Michelin demonstrating the world's first pneumatic automobile casing and inner tube—1895.

Notice the natural ***curve*** in the Michelin Tube. Unlike other tubes which are made ***straight***, Michelin Tubes are made ***ring-shaped***, and hence fit the ring-shaped casing without stretching, or wrinkling.

Michelin Winged Dist... Cas... ...ghtened ... leaned with fingers ... to be needed. A detail ... b... characteris... of Michelin thoroughness

Why Michelin Red Inner Tubes Are Best

1st: Because they are made of more durable rubber. Ordinary rubber grows brittle and porous with age, as evidenced by the decay of rubber bands and other rubber articles. Not so with Michelin Tubes. The House of Michelin long ago discovered a process of compounding rubber by reason of which Michelin Red Inner Tubes retain their elasticity and velvety softness, unimpaired by years of use. This process is a Michelin secret; hence, while Michelin Tubes have often been imitated in color, they have never been equalled in durability.

2nd: Because Michelin Tubes fit their casings naturally. Ordinary tubes are simply pieces of straight tubing cemented at the ends and *forced* by inflation to fit the ring-shaped casing. Michelin Tubes, however, are made on a ring-shaped core by a patented process, so that they are *naturally* circular in shape, and fit without stretching or wrinkling. This exclusive Michelin advantage gives Michelin Tubes superior durability and when fitting greatly reduces the possibility of pinching the tube under the bead of the casing.

Michelin Casings are of the same high quality as Michelin Red Inner Tubes, yet neither are high-priced.

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Canadian Headquarters: Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd.
782 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal

MICHELIN

(Continued from Page 43)

The rattle became articulate: "I've lost it! It's gone!"

"What have you lost?"

"N-nothing, sir. That is—I mean to say—my fountain pen."

"The way you take it I should say you'd lost your head," Stanistreet commented. "You must have dropped the thing somewhere. Look round and you will find it."

Thus admonished the secretary began to search the floor with frantic glances; and as the footman ushered in Cecelia Brooke Lanyard saw the young man dart forward and retrieve the pen with a start of relief well-nigh as unmanning as the shock of loss had seemed. With that Lanyard's interest in the fellow waned; he was too poor a thing to consider seriously; while here was one who compelled anew, as ever when they met, the homage of sincere and marveling admiration.

Yet another of those miracles of feminine adaptability and makeshift had brought the girl to this meeting in the guise of one who had never known a broken night or an hour's care, with a look of such fresh tranquillity that it seemed hardly possible she could be one and the same with that wilted little woman with whom Lanyard had parted in the gray dawn at the entrance to the Hotel Knickerbocker. A tailored suit, necessarily borrowed plumage, became her so completely that it was difficult to believe it not her own. Her eyes were calm and sweet with candor; her color was a clear and artless glow; the hand she offered the Briton was tremorless.

"Colonel Stanistreet?"

"I am he, Miss Brooke. It is kind of you to call so early to relieve my mind about your brother. I have known Lionel so long ——

"Monsieur Duchemin, I believe, you know."

"I have been fortunate in that, at least," Cecelia said

Gravely Lanyard saluted the hand extended to him in turn. "Mademoiselle is most gracious," he said humbly.

"Then—I understand—Monsieur Duchemin must have told you ——" the girl addressed Stanistreet.

"Permit me to leave you," Lanyard interposed.

"No," she begged; "please not. I've nothing to say that you may not hear. You have been too much involved ——"

"If mademoiselle insists," Lanyard demurred. "I feel it is not right I should stay. And yet—if you will indulge me—I should like very much to demonstrate the truth of an old saw ——

Two confused looks were his response.

"I fear I, for one, do not follow," Stanistreet admitted.

"I will explain quite briefly," Lanyard promised. "The adage I have in mind is as old as human wit: Set a thief to catch a thief. And the last time it was quoted in my hearing it was not to my advantage. I recall, indeed, resenting it enormously."

He paused with purpose, looking down at the desk. A pad of blank paper caught his eye. He took it up and examined it with an abstracted manner.

"Well, monsieur—the application of your adage?"

"Colonel Stanistreet, what would you think if I were to tell you the combination of your safe?"

"I should be inclined to suspect that you were the devil," Stanistreet chuckled.

"By all accounts a gentleman of intelligence; one is flattered. Very well: I proceed to demonstrate black art with the aid of this white paper pad. The combination, monsieur, is as follows: Nine, twenty-seven, eighteen, thirty-six."

A low cry of bewilderment greeted this announcement. Blensop had drawn near and was eying Lanyard as if under the influence of hypnotism.

"How—how do you know that?" he asked with a broken voice.

"Clairvoyance, Mr. Blensop. I seem to see, as I hold this pad, somebody writing upon it the combination, for the information of another who had no right to have it—somebody using a pencil with a hard lead, Mr. Blensop; which was very foolish of him, since it made a distinct impression on the under sheet. So you see my magic is rather colorless, after all. . . . Now, a wiser man, Mr. Blensop, would have used a pen, a fountain pen by preference, with a soft gold nib, well broken in. That would leave no impression. If you will lend me that beautiful pen I see in your pocket I will give a further demonstration."

The eyes of the secretary shifted wildly. He hesitated, moistening dry lips with the tip of a nervous tongue.

"And don't try to get out of it, Mr. Blensop; because I am armed and don't mean to let you escape. Besides, that good Mr. Stone patrols the garden." Lanyard's tone changed to one of command: "That pen, monsieur!"

Blensop's hand faltered to his waistcoat pocket, hesitated, withdrew and feebly extended the pen.

"I think you *are* the devil," he stammered in an undertone—"the devil himself!"

Deftly unscrewing the pen point Lanyard inverted the barrel above the desk.

The cylinder of paper dropped out.

"And now, Colonel Stanistreet, if you will call Mr. Stone and have this traitor removed . . ."

XXIII

WHEN Stanistreet had gone out in company with Stone and the broken, weeping Blensop, ending a scene indescribably painful, a lull almost as uncomfortable to Lanyard ensued.

Then—"How did you guess?" Cecelia Brooke asked in wonder.

Unable to endure the admiration glowing in her eyes, Lanyard stood fumbling with the disjointed members of Blensop's fountain pen.

"Do not give me too much credit," he depreciated; "anybody acquainted with that roll of paper could have guessed that an empty fountain pen would furnish an ideal place of concealment for it. Moreover, just before you came in that traitor missed his pen, and his consternation betrayed him beyond more doubt to one whose mistrust was already astir. As for the other, it was true; Blensop did write down the combination on this pad, using a pencil with a hard lead; the marks are very plain."

"But for whose use ——?"

"Ekstrom—Anderson—was here last night and saw Blensop alone. Colonel Stanistreet was not at home. Knowing what we know now, that Blensop is a creature of the German system here, bought body, soul and conscience through its studied pandering to his vices, we know he could not well have refused to surrender the combination on demand."

"Still I fail to understand ——"

"Ekstrom, being Ekstrom, could not refrain from the opportunity to play double. Here was a property he could sell to England at a stiff price. Why not despoil the enemy, put that money in his pocket, then return, steal it back for the use of Germany, and collect the stipulated reward from that source? But he counted without Blensop's avarice there; he showed Blensop too plainly the way to profit through betraying both sides to a bargain; Blensop perceived no reason why he should not play the game that Ekstrom played. So he stole it for himself, to sell to Germany; but being a poor witless fool, lacking Ekstrom's dash and audacity, was foredoomed to failure and exposure."

The girl continued to eye him steadfastly, and he as steadfastly to evade her direct gaze.

"Nothing that you tell me detracts from the wonder of your guessing so accurately," she insisted. "Now I know what Mr. Crane said of you was true, that you are one of the most extraordinary of men."

"He was too kind when he said that," Lanyard protested wretchedly. "It is not true. If you must know ——"

"Well, Monsieur Lanyard?"

Her tone was that of a light-hearted girl, arch with provocation. Of a sudden Lanyard understood that he might no longer stop here alone with her.

"If you will be a little indulgent with me," he suggested, "I will explain what I mean."

"And how indulgent, monsieur?"

"I have a whim to take the air in this garden. Will you accompany me?"

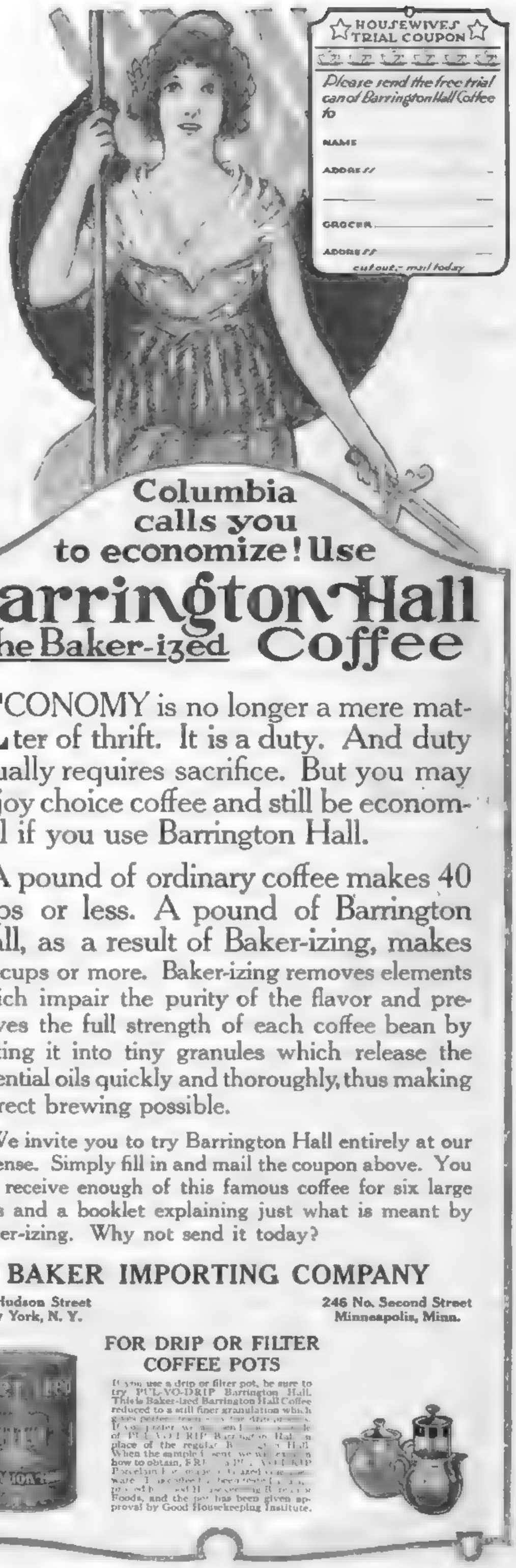
"Why not?"

As she led the way through the French windows he noted with deeper misgivings how her action matched the temper of her voice, how she seemed to-day more deliciously alive and happier than any common mortal.

So light her heart! And all since she had found him here!

At his wit's end, he conceded now what he had so long denied. With all her wit and wisdom, with all her charm of beauty,

(Concluded on Page 47)



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HE was sitting near the Vocalion, looking out toward the dusk-shadowed garden. His face wore a rapt expression, sad yet very tender. What sweet memory from the treasure-house of the Past had the dear old song unlocked? What shadowy dream of days long gone by was taking shape in his consciousness as the exquisite notes came forth from this wonderful new phonograph of ours?

"Is 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms' your favorite song?" I asked;

"Yes, I believe it is—I like all of Tom Moore's old songs, but this one"—his voice trembled a little, "she sang so often, and so beautifully."

He had told me many times, of the sweetheart of his youth; of her merry disposition, and her beautiful soprano voice. So I knew of whom he was thinking and how close to his heart the memories surrounding this old ballad must be.

I showed him how to use the Graduola; that feature of the Vocalion which makes it seem to belong to one; which one may use to color the Vocalion music as the painter uses his brush to color the painting, or as the orchestra conductor uses his baton to put tone-color into the symphony. I showed him how by a simple pressure he could mould the lovely *modern* voice that had recorded the song. I showed him how he could cause this lovely voice to swell forth to its full volume or sink to the most delicate and pastel-tinted whisper by moving ever so slightly this Graduola device. I showed him that he could, in fact, cause this voice to sing the song as She had sung it, a half century ago!

So he played the second verse with the Graduola, and the notes seemed, under his gentle touch, to take on an added beauty—an added tenderness and depth of feeling.

"It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;"

The sweet voice flooded the dimlit room with harmonies as real, as *living*, as if the singer stood before us. We seemed wafted on the wings of the tender old ballad, back to the days of crinoline and old lace. Subtly the melody brought the delicate, elusive scent of lavender; the swish of a silken gown, the glint of clustering chestnut curls!

"No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets
But as truly loves on to the close"—

And I knew as I glanced at his gentle, time-hallowed face that he had loved and had not forgotten—and I knew too that this music, the dear and well remembered songs of his young manhood played by the Vocalion would bring him a happiness—a comfort that, nothing else in life could bring.

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Music—the music of every instrument, every voice this Aeolian-made phonograph plays, with a faithful and complete fidelity. No tone-subtlety is slurred, no distinctive quality lost.

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IN APPEARANCE the Vocalion is beautiful. Its case designs are simple and tasteful, and exquisitely finished.

THE GRADUOLA (exclusive with the Vocalion) controls the "expression" of the record. This feature is unique and must be demonstrated to you, ere you can appreciate its fascination.

Combined, these features make the Aeolian-Vocalion the *phonograph you will want in your home.*

. . . .

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(Concluded from Page 45)

winsomeness and breeding, with all her ingrained love of truth and honesty, she was no more than Nature had meant her to be, a woman with woman's weakness for a man she must admire. She liked him, divined in him latent qualities somehow excellent. Something in him worked upon her imagination—something, no doubt, in the overcolored, romantic yarns current about the Lone Wolf—and so had touched her heart. She liked him too well already, and she was willing to like him better.

But that must never be. He must rend ruthlessly apart this illusion of romance with which she chose to transfigure the prowling parasite of night, the sneaking thief.

The garden was sweet with the bright promise of spring. A few weeks more and its formal walks would wend a riot of flowers. Now its sunlight made amends for what it lacked in beauty of growing things; and the air was warm and fragrant and still in the shelter of its red-brick walls. Midway down that walk, by the side of which a thief had skulked nine hours ago, near that door whose lock had yielded to his cunning keys, the girl paused and confronted Lanyard spiritedly as he followed with heavy step and hanging head.

"Well, monsieur?" she demanded. "Do you mean to tantalize me much longer with your silence?"

But something in the haggard eyes he showed her made her catch her breath.

"What is it?" she cried anxiously. "Monsieur Duchemin, what is your trouble?"

"Only this truth that I must tell you," he said bitterly. "I merely played a part back there, just now. There was neither wit nor guesswork in that business; once I had seen Blensop in panic over the loss of his pen, the rest was knowledge. I saw him and Ekstrom together last night. Skulking in those windows, I watched them; and though in my denseness I didn't understand, I saw him write on that pad, tear off and give the sheet to Ekstrom. And I knew Ekstrom had not succeeded in stealing back what he had sold to Colonel Stanistreet, knew he was guiltless in fact if not in intention."

"But how could you know that?"

"Because I was there, in the room, when he reëntered it, after Stanistreet and Blensop had gone to bed."

Conscious of her hands that fluttered like wounded things to her bosom, he looked away in mute misery.

"What were you doing there?" she whispered in the end.

"Trying to find that paper, which I had watched Ekstrom sell to Colonel Stanistreet, so that I might make good my promise and relieve your distress by returning it to you. I had opened the safe before he entered, and searched it thoroughly, and knew the paper was not there—though at that time it never entered my stupid head to suspect Blensop of treachery. It was neither Blensop nor Ekstrom, Miss Brooke; it was I who stole the necklace."

She made no sound and did not stir; and though he dared not look he knew her stricken gaze was fixed upon his face.

"I will say this much in my defense: I did not come with intent to steal, but only to take back what had been stolen from me and return it to you, who had trusted it to my care.

"I wanted to do that, because I did not then understand the ins and outs of this intrigue and had no means of knowing how deeply your honor might be involved."

"But you never took that necklace!"

"I am sorry. I saw it and could not resist it."

"But Mr. Crane told me you had given up all that sort of thing years ago."

"Notwithstanding that, it seems I may not be trusted."

After another trying silence she declared vehemently: "I do not believe you! You say this thing for some secret purpose of your own. For some reason I can't understand you wish to abase yourself in my sight, to make me think you capable of such infamy. Why—ah, monsieur!—why must you do this?"

"Because it isn't fair to represent myself as what I am not, mademoiselle. Once a thief, always ——"

"No! It isn't true!"

"Again I am sorry, but I know. You have been most generous to believe in me. If anything could save me from myself it would be your confidence. That, I presume, is why I felt called upon to undo my thieving and make good the loss. The money Colonel Stanistreet paid Ekstrom is now in the safe, back there in the library. The necklace is—here."

Blindly he put the tissue packet in her hands.

"If you will consent to return it to its owner, when I have gone, I shall be most grateful."

Her hands shook so that, when she would open the packet, it escaped her grasp and dropped into a little pool of rain water that had collected in a hollow of the walk. Lanyard picked it up, stripped off the soiled and sodden paper, dried the necklace with his handkerchief, replaced it in her hand.

He heard the deep intake of her breath as she recognized its beauty, then her quavering voice: "You give this back because of me ——"

"Because I cannot be an ingrate. There is no other way to prove how I have prized your faith in me. . . . And now, with your leave, I will go away quietly by this garden gate ——"

"No—please, no!"

"But ——"

"I have more to say to you. It isn't fair you should go like this, when I ——"

She interrupted herself, and when next she spoke he was startled by the change in her voice from a tone of passionate expostulation to one of amused animation.

"Colonel Stanistreet!" she called clearly. "Do come here at once, please!"

Startled, Lanyard saw that Stanistreet had appeared in the French windows in company with Crane. In response to Cecelia's hail both came out into the garden, Stanistreet briskly leading, Crane lounging at his heels, champing his cigar, his weathered features knitted against the brightness of the sun.

"Good morning, Miss Brooke. Howdy, Lanyard—or are you Duchemin again?" he said; but his salutations were lost in the wonder excited by the girl's next move.

"See, Colonel Stanistreet, what we have found!" she cried, and showed him the necklace. "I mean, what Monsieur Duchemin found. It was he who saw it, lying beneath that rosebush over there. Your burglar must have dropped it in making his escape; you can see the paper he wrapped it in, all rain-wet and muddied."

Stanistreet's eyes protruded alarmingly and his face grew very red before he found breath enough to ejaculate "God bless my soul!" Breathing hard, he accepted the necklace from Cecelia's hands. "I must—excuse me—I must tell my sister-in-law about this immediately!"

He turned and trotted hastily back into the house.

Crane lingered but a moment longer. His cheek, as ever, was bulging round his everlasting cigar. Was his tongue therein as well? Lanyard never knew; the man's eyes remained inscrutable, for all the kindly shrewdness that glimmered amid their netted wrinkles.

"Excuse *me!*" he said suddenly. "I got to tell the colonel something."

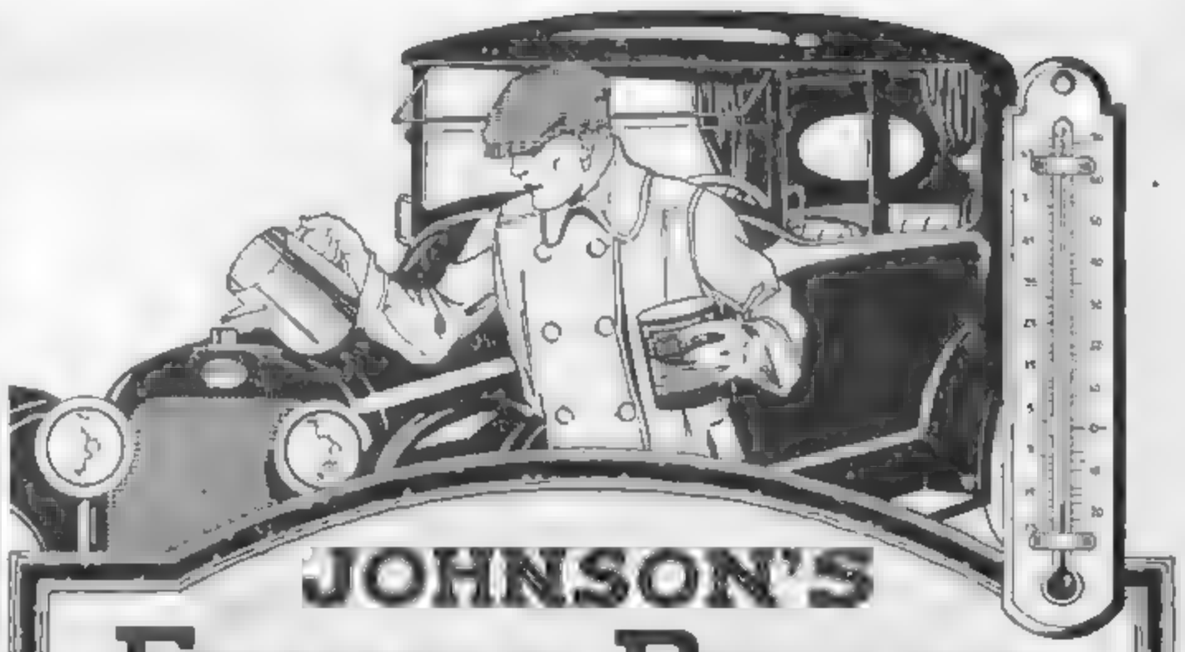
He got lankily into motion and presently passed in through the windows.

Irresistibly her gaze drew Lanyard's. He lifted careworn eyes and realized her with a great wistfulness upon him.

She awaited in silence for his verdict, her chin proudly high, her face adorably flushed, her shining eyes level and brave to his, her generous hands outstretched.

"Must you go now?" she said tenderly as he stood hesitant. "Must you go now, my dear?"

(THE END)



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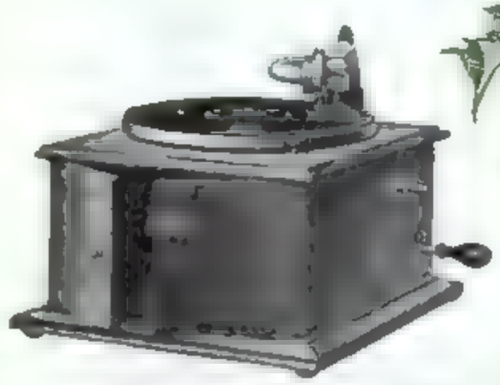

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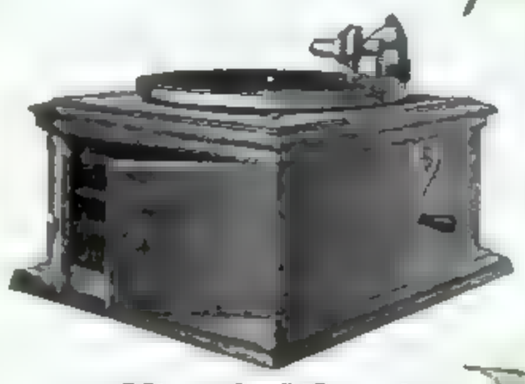

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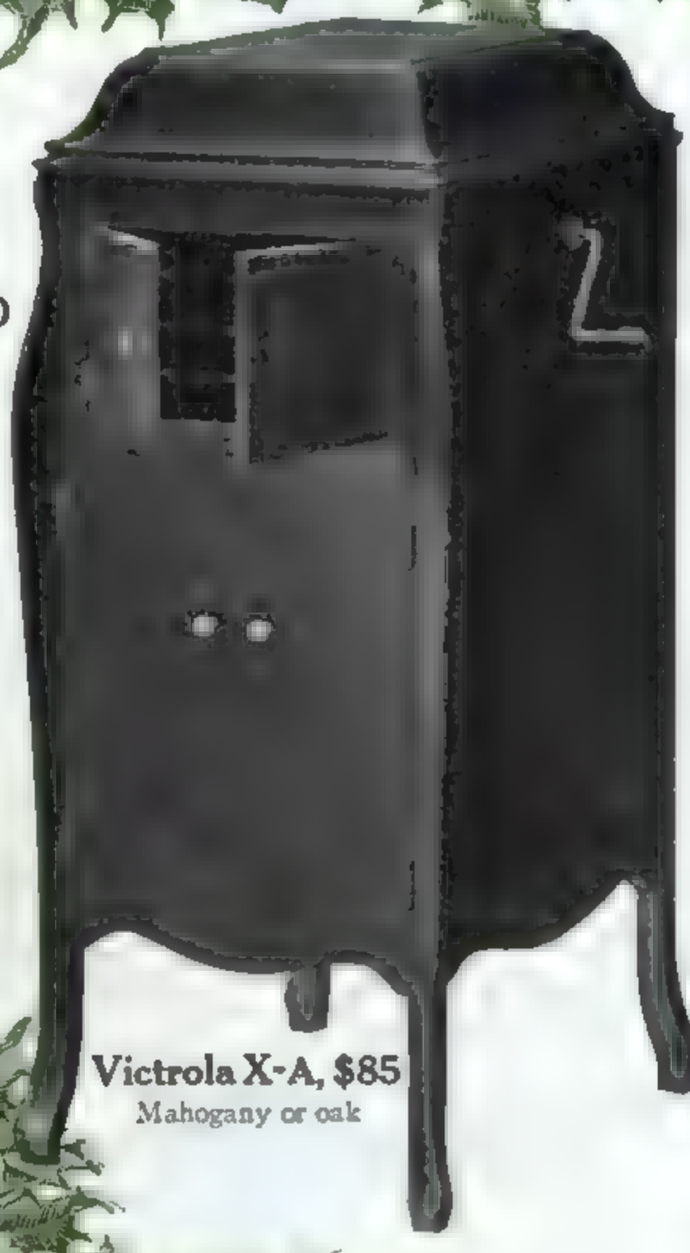

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THE HUNGRY MAN OF THE NORTH

(Continued from Page 17)

With the advent of the German tourist the Swedish restaurant degenerated. The German stuffed himself with the delicacies of the *Smörgås-bord* and then refused to take the rest of the dinner. Not only this, but he became angry and made a row because there was no sign telling that it was *serboten*. There is no word the Swede hates more. What he most dreads is ever to do anything that is not correct. Correctness is his god. Only a drunken man is permitted to do what he likes. Therefore there are those who think that drink has not been a bad thing in the north.

To drink the bowl of fraternity is also one of the bright sides of Swedish life.

"Let us drink the bowl of fraternity," suggests the older of two new friends.

"I thank you for the honor," replies the younger.

They raise their glasses, touch them, and with a ceremonious air look at each other over the brims of the glasses and drain the contents in one gulp. A hearty handshake closes the ceremony, and ever after they call each other brother. As a student of the Royal Academy I was obliged to go through this ceremony with each of my fellow students. Such occasions were the only bright ones that in the old days saved the Swede from despair.

Pork and Peas on Thursday

The cities were dark and gloomy; the daily life one of extreme poverty. Even well-to-do families lived on a diet no American workingman would stand. The chief meal was eaten at twelve and consisted of two dishes. Mondays it was peas and herring, cold milk and preserves; Thursdays, salt pork and peas, with pancakes as a dessert. Each day had some special dish, and this was repeated week after week among the poor. Even to-day all Swedes eat salt pork and peas on Thursdays. You may get it on a Thursday at any Swedish club in New York or Chicago, I understand. The last time I had it was at the Swedish Club in Chicago. If it is a festive occasion a sticky, sweet alcoholic punch is drunk with this dish. Genial feasts come only on Sundays, holy days, birthdays or name days. Each Swede has always many names, and each name is an occasion for a feast.

All this is passing away, and the latest grudge against the Germans when I was over came from the ladies. A German-Scandinavian review subsidized by Berlin had an article about the Swedish woman. Among the things that made the ladies mad was the statement that "Nowadays one can see most of the well-to-do Swedish ladies dressed in true Berliner *chic*." The old poverty is a thing of the past in Stockholm. Every woman tries to be a Parisian, and many of them go to Paris twice a year to purchase their gowns.

Three years ago when I returned I found a new Sweden. Factories and limousines were humming in the cities. In Malmö I found a large exposition given by Russia, Germany, Denmark and Sweden. Its Midway was crammed with Coney Island attractions. In the dancing pavilions countesses and wealthy matrons, overjoyed with the seductive step of the American fox trot, were on the same floor with clerks and factory girls. Bright colors, laughter, champagne, high-powered motor cars—everything associated with wealth—were then visible. The second city in Sweden, Gothenburg, engaged me to make a design for a fountain in a public square. This city now has a fund of several millions for the beautifying of her public places. Stockholm and Malmö, the fourth Swedish city—Chicago is the third—were rushing things in the same way. So ambitious are those three cities that they practice artifice and overbid each other to get important works of art from the more celebrated painters and sculptors. At one time while the National Museum of Stockholm was debating over the purchase of a certain statue a Gothenburg gentleman bought it for himself, certain that his city would take it if only it could beat Stockholm.

In the early summer of 1914 every day was a holiday in Sweden. I found a once moderately situated friend, who had lived very modestly, a millionaire. In a small way he had helped another friend, the inventor Dahlen. Dahlen gave him an interest in his patents. I found my friend in his new home, surrounded by millions of dollars' worth of works of art. His home is one of the most wonderful I have ever seen, and his collection of Chinese paintings and bronzes is almost unrivaled. The gallery of Ernest Thiel is too well known all over the world to need mention in detail. There are a score or more of minor collectors who possess hundreds of great masterpieces.

These men did not love America for entering the war. One question was heard in every city of Sweden: "Why won't the Yankee keep out of it?"

When the war broke out I was at Strand Allvastra, at the home of Ellen Key, the great feminist leader, on the shores of the beautiful Lake Wettern. She was posing for a portrait bust. She had guests coming and going all the time. During the weeks I was there she had visitors from America, Australia, Germany, Holland—not to mention several eminent Swedes. I have known this remarkable and charming woman for more than twenty years. In Sweden when she broke her first lance for woman suffrage; later in Italy when she commenced to reap the sweet fruits of fame; and to-day as she looks back on a successful pioneer career—I style myself as one of her most intimate friends. As soon as the wires flashed forth the news that Germany had invaded Belgium she at once was in arms. That day she wept and then called her secretary.

"I know now what those Conservatives are going to do: They are going to try to get us into the war on the side of Germany; but by Thor and Odin and all the power that has made me the most hated woman in Sweden, they're not going to do it!"

I have known many fighters, but none with a sweeter nature, a purer mind, a kinder heart, than Ellen Key; nor have I ever known anyone capable of stirring up more trouble on short notice. With her silver-white hair and benign smile she looks like the grandmothers we dream of, and even when the Germans in their hatred of her coined music-hall ditties to make her name unpopular they could not get away from the loving title Mother Key.

I finished my bust and hastened to Gothenburg. The place was literally smothered in cotton. For miles round the wharves cotton bales were piled up in vacant lots and on the streets and roads. Gothenburg had gone mad over war speculation. Fabulous sums were made in a day. From my window at the Grand Hotel I saw high-powered cars dash by, carrying young men who had only a few days before waited on me in the stores or brushed my clothes in a barber shop. Old rubber, leather, wire, junk of every description, were sold. German agents bought anything and everything that was salable.

Days of Sudden Fortunes

A fair illustration of conditions is a story that a banker told me. We were old friends and I knew his story was true. A poor clerk in a small store ordered a whole cargo by cable in the name of a well-rated firm. The act was criminal; but so rapidly was cotton climbing that before the cotton was loaded he told the firm of his strategy and they were glad to carry the business; and they divided the profits with the young man.

Three things happened at about the same time: Sweden showed her teeth and her sympathy by mobilizing her army; England declared cotton, cereals and rubber as contraband; and the Socialists, Ellen Key and others, commenced a violent anti-German propaganda.

Stockholm became a center for all manner of intrigue. Spies and political agents of every nationality and race gathered there to scheme and spy on each other, trying to influence the various powers in Sweden to their ends.

The different parties have had a peculiar history. In olden times the country was ruled by the king and four castes: Nobility, priesthood, tradesmen and peasants. When the caste system was superseded by the parliamentary system there were practically no parties. The real development of party politics came in the wake of the great religious revival in Sweden of about fifty years ago. The priesthood of the State Church were becoming more and more careless in their personal life. Priests sometimes appeared at the altar too drunk to celebrate the mass; that much is a historical fact.

A free religious movement swept over the country with such ferocity that thousands of fanatical missionaries marched from village to village preaching and admonishing. The pioneers in this movement were persecuted and put into prison. My father gave me specific details, he having himself been imprisoned twice for joining the movement. Queen Sophia, mother of the present King, and the King's oldest brother, Prince Bernadotte, were both converted to the new faith. The persecutions were stopped. Not only did the new movement win a great victory in establishing the powerful free church, but the State Church was obliged to reform and to punish or expel its unworthy pastors.

With the advent of free religious thought came also the desire for political freedom. But the modern Socialist is usually an agnostic and thoroughly hates the Mission Friends, as the new church is called. Illiteracy in Sweden was also done away with at the same time. The revival caused an intense ambition among the masses to read the mysterious Bible for themselves. The sect is generally called by a nickname it received during those early days, *Läsare*, meaning literally The Readers.

A Race of Good Haters

Everybody in Sweden hates something or somebody. Hate is a part of Swedish ethics. They hate openly, frankly, with pride and unction. The Socialists hate the Conservatives and the Mission Friends; the Mission Friends hate the State Church and the Conservatives; the State Church hates both the Mission Friends and the Socialists. The Liberal party tries to be modern and large-minded by not hating anyone; it does not succeed and has no real power.

The Swede has a slogan: "Be what you are with all your heart." If his views and emotions are not defined and he is not willing to give himself for them, he is counted out. Karl Nordström, the leader of the Secessionist movement in Swedish art, met me one day on Drottning Gatan with his face purple with anger. He told me that an old schoolmate of his who belonged to the Royal Academy had had the effrontery to address him. Nordström not only did not permit members of the Swedish Secession Society to exhibit with the Royal Academy in Sweden but forbade any member to exhibit with the Academists abroad. For this reason there were no paintings at the Chicago World's Fair, the St. Louis World's Fair or the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, painted by the Secessionist painters.

Ellen Key, Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, and the Secessionist movement among the artists, were the immediate followers of the Free Mission Church, or The Readers. It was a kind of second Reformation in Sweden and Norway. The Scandinavians were never thoroughly converted to the Christian faith. Though these writers disclaim Christianity and mask as free thinkers, materialists or positivists, their souls reveal paganism with a bad conscience. Strindberg is the most typical. His nature was ever governed by Pan, but an awakening Christian conscience troubled him, and on his deathbed he called for a priest to whom to confess and from whom to receive the Sacraments.

The Socialists, the same as the early Mission Friends, were in the beginning subject to persecution. Every day, however, that Swedish industry added a new man to its army of workers the Socialist party also gained a new member. There is no division among Swedish laborers. A split among them would be unthinkable, impossible. Where you belong in Sweden your faith belongs also.

The Swede did not have a general suffrage. The Socialists wanted it so badly they prepared a little surprise for the rest of their countrymen. After having pleaded in vain for a right to vote they commenced to save their pennies for a war fund. When they had enough they all quit work. Bakers, butchers, mechanics—every workingman and artisan in Sweden—struck. Swedish industry suffered from the shock for years. In one blow the Socialists gave the

(Continued on Page 54)

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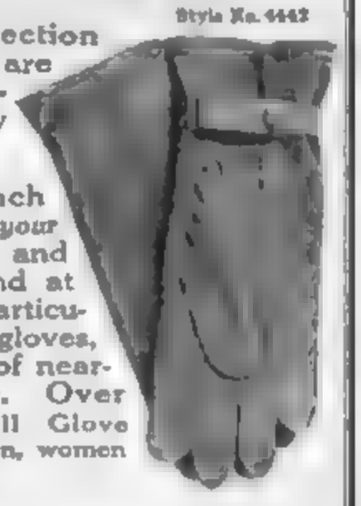

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Right now they are serving to signal advantage on heavy-duty trucks in more than 200 cities in this country.

A fleet of four transports ranging in capacity up to five tons and regularly plying over a 1500-mile cross-country route, is attaining speeds in excess of thirty miles an hour on them without damage to the roads or the trucks.

In interurban and passenger service, in the delivery of food stuffs or of fragile wares, in all manner of safe-conduct rapid-transit—Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are delivering superlative service *now*.

You can depend on their speed, endurance and economy—previously unequaled in any such carrier—to deliver a like satisfaction and profit to you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

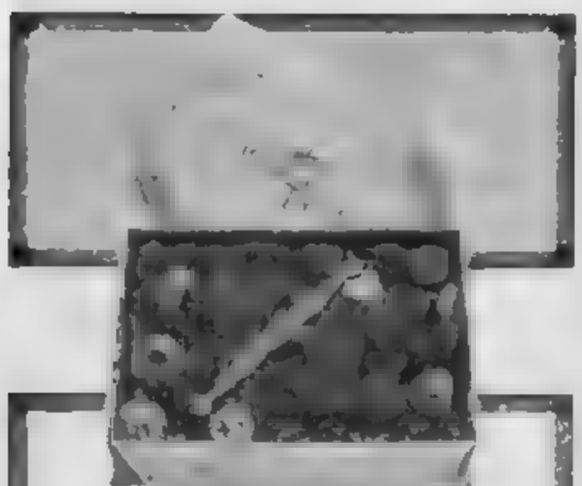
Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.



Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies

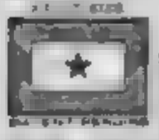
Deliciously different from any other [illegible]

A Novel Christmas Gift

Astonish and delight your friends with [illegible]

AMBROSIA CHOCOLATE CO.
335-7 Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

OFFICIAL "SERVICE FLAG" EMBLEM



Every Mother, Father, Brother, Sister and Sweetheart should wear this Badge of Hon[illegible]

An exact copy of the officially authorized SERVICE FLAG, red border, white field, [illegible] (1), 2 or 3 stars.) Each star on the white [illegible] indicates one soldier or sailor in the war service of the country. Badge [illegible] pin or screw back button, 14k gold plate, best quality hard enamel. [illegible] postpaid on receipt of [illegible] silver, $1.00; [illegible] $2.00.

United Service Flag Co., 1237 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

[illegible] best wool bunting, 1 to 3 stars, size 24x36 in. $[illegible] Col. [illegible] flying one of these flags with 6 stars [illegible] order for clubs, churches [illegible]

(Continued from Page 51)

ruling class such a turn that not only did they gain their ends, but when Norway wanted to become a free nation and declared herself free the King did not dare to send an army to protest, because the Socialists said no. The same thing happened in 1914, when Sweden wanted to follow Germany.

I have no proofs, but I have good reason to believe that a secret treaty existed and exists between Germany and Sweden that has been reduced to a scrap of paper by the power of the Socialists.

The Conservative party is composed of the nobility, the army, the large landowners of southern Sweden, the clergy and government employees. The telephones, the railways and the telegraph are owned by the state. The Conservative party owes its power not to its numerical strength but to its excellent organization, its wealth and the talented men at its head. The Mission Friends had a great leader in Waldenström, who led them to victory; the Socialists have had also a great genius to lead them in Hjalmar Branting.

The radical wing of the Socialist party, led by Hinke Bergren, has tried time and time again to put Branting out of the saddle. These radicals have come with wild schemes and promises, and Branting has answered by some practical result. He has brought about the betterment of sanitary conditions, better homes, higher wages, free speech, libraries, loan banks for the poor people, garden cities, picnic clubs, general suffrage—every year he has driven through some reform.

Eric von Trolle, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, told me Branting was an unreliable man. Von Trolle was in power when Russia threatened to arm Aland and endanger Swedish independence. Branting had promised to back him, Trolle said, in his policy toward Russia and has broken his word.

The work Branting has had to do has not been of a refined nature. The most unscrupulous politicians in Sweden were pitted against him; Germany hated him and wished his downfall, and he did not want to fall before he finished his job of making a Free Democratic Sweden.

The Demonstration in 1914

In 1914 the Conservatives made a last determined stand against the democratic ideals that were fermenting in the Swedish mind. They called all the farmers of Sweden to Stockholm in a demonstration for the King and his pro-German policy. Tens of thousands came, and it was hoped that such a wave of patriotism would be created that the King could dare to inaugurate a more militaristic reign. As many thousands as could crowd into the yard of the Royal Palace listened to King Gustav's now historical declaration of his military ideals. As he finished Mr. Lindhagen, Stockholm's Socialist mayor, shouted "Long live the Republic." Thirty thousand farmers were in the demonstration for the King, from all over the land. The next day thirty thousand Socialists in the city made a counter demonstration. Karl Staaf, the Prime Minister, with his cabinet, resigned as a demonstration against the King.

Lindhagen was arrested, but could not be condemned. The power is with the people. Strange to say, however, the Socialists have made no move to create a republic. In a way Branting is more conservative than the Conservatives. When war was declared the richest man in Sweden, Knut Wallenberg, was Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has banks in England and Paris and would be considered a wealthy man even according to American standards. All round, he is the ablest man in Sweden to-day. Branting at once gave him his undivided support.

The founder of the Wallenberg family was a sea captain and in his will he stipulated that the oldest son when he grew to manhood take a captain's examination and as such sail the seas at least one year. This has since become a family tradition, and the oldest boy goes to sea before he takes up his duties in the great banking house of Wallenberg.

Branting has always understood how to appeal to the people. When he needed to gain support for Wallenberg he had a fine cartoon made of the banker steering the Swedish ship of state through the political breakers of the world. Branting has always sacrificed narrow party policy for real and actual issues that have come day by day. None speaks less of revolution or radical socialism than he does. Good government to his mind is rather achievement than theory. More than any other Swedish leader he has realized the complicated nature of modern politics. For this reason whenever it has been necessary he has ridden through some particular crisis with diplomacy and, as his enemies have called it, lack of faith, opportunism and duplicity. He has never striven for power for himself. There has been no Jesuitism where the end has been made to justify foul means. He has simply met violent and dangerous attacks with the same weapons he has been attacked with.

The first time I met Branting was in London. The City of London had invited twelve of the foremost of Swedish editors to visit it in June, 1913, and Branting, as editor of the Social Democraten, was one of them. I arranged a little party of English Socialists and some other friends. Bernard Shaw had promised to come, but was delayed. Hyndman and the American writer, the late Price Collier, were among those who were present. The Crown Prince of Sweden was in London at the time and he expressed a wish to meet these men, but feared criticism from certain quarters and did not dare to do so. I modeled a bust of him and one of Princess Patricia during this period while I was in London.

Teuton Materialism

The political world was electric; all felt that something would soon happen. The Allies as well as the Germans shunned no efforts to gain friends and influence. Men from the Orient and the Balkan States were handled in the most extraordinary fashion. As a regent for Albania it was proposed that Prince Wilhelm of Sweden should take the throne. Edhem Kemal Bey was in London at the head of the Albanian Commission that was trying to settle this and other business of Albania and her position in the Balkans. I met him at the home of the Greek poet, Drakoules. During the party, besides hearing Prince Wilhelm lauded by me, a bright Irish girl told the Albanian's fortune, by reading his palm, and incidentally did it in such a way as to suggest certain things, warning him in regard to certain other matters. None of the Swedish politicians seemed to have a vision of the fantastic and intricate nature of world politics excepting Branting. Through years of battle for ignorant workmen whose condition he had bettered against their own fierce attacks in his battle with pro-Teutonic elements, he had long ago lost all faith in fancy politics. Like the English statesmen, he knew how to judge human nature by what it was and had achieved, not by what it was dreaming and trying to do.

The Teuton makes up a program with well-studied detail. He imagines all possible eventualities; he tries to foresee every obstacle; and then he creates a machine to carry out the program. The Anglo-Saxon does not prepare. He knows through experience with the different races and peoples that the will of human nature cannot be made to crystallize and shape itself according to some made program. The soul of man is led by inspiration. In critical moments men's consciences are prompted to do unexpected things. New and astounding truths are revealed. Things we believed were right yesterday are not right to-day. The Anglo-Saxon knows this. He respects a man's conscience. In his colonizations he has helped men to live up to their own standards of right, not enforced his own. The Teuton is a materialist; he believes in a material solution. For this reason he believes in material laws. Order, wealth, cleanliness are his gods. The only leader in Sweden with an un-Teutonic mind was Branting. Axel Oxenstierna, the Chancellor under Gustavus Adolphus, had such a mind. Ever and always when Sweden and Germany have prospered in a spiritual way it has been when they have been ruled by someone un-Teutonic.

The Swedish royal family has a unique position. Charles XIV John, the first Bernadotte on the Swedish throne, was one of Napoleon's marshals. He introduced a spirit of freedom into the Swedish Court that has never been changed and which has made the Bernadottes unpopular with the people. A prominent member of one of the old families complained most bitterly of the easy and free ways of the royal family. Old King Oscar II, the father of the present King, was more interested in scholarly pursuits than in politics. He was also an ardent Mason and has given some fine contributions to Masonic literature. The Swedish kings have all been by their position obliged to take the Masonic obligations ever since the time of Charles the XIII. This otherwise obscure King gave his whole life to Masonry and collected the largest Masonic library in the world at Stockholm. The present King has had very few intellectual interests, but has given a passionate interest to out-of-door sport, especially lawn tennis. I think every champion lawn-tennis player who has ever been in Europe has at one time or another been his guest at Stockholm. His marriage has been very unhappy. His wife, a German princess, daughter of Frederick of Baden, has always been unpopular in Sweden. In ill health, and bad tempered, she has for years spent her winters in a villa at Capri and her summers visiting relatives in Germany. Since becoming Queen she has been dissatisfied because her position has forced her to stay at home and live with her husband. The King has been pro-German not because of influence by his wife, but because Swedish business has been allied and united with German interests. He has judged pro-Germanism to be the best policy for Sweden.

He is absolutely without imagination, a bluff, honest, practical man, and rather popular with the people in spite of his pro-German attitude. His eldest brother renounced all claims to the throne when he married the sweetheart of his childhood, a girl of noble but not royal birth. He is simply called Prince Bernadotte, and he has given his life to religious work in furthering the cause of the Mission Friends. He often fills the pulpit as a preacher of one of the Stockholm churches of the sect, leads revival meetings both in the capital and in the country districts. Prince Carl, the next in age, is an officer of the army and has no political interests. He is married to a Danish princess and is probably at heart pro-Ally. Prince Eugene, the youngest brother, is an artist. He is well known in artistic circles all over the world, as a painter of great talent. His paintings are frequently seen in the art publications of all nationalities, not because he is a prince but because of their artistic value. I have known him for twenty years, and in his personal relations he absolutely makes you forget that he is a prince.

An Irreproachable Prince

Once in Florence he came to my studio quite unexpectedly. A terrible rainstorm was raging and I did not at first hear the doorbell, and when I let him in he was drenched. I made him as comfortable as possible, dried his clothes, and in the meantime we drank tea. In lifting a heavy bust he tried to help me. I was afraid he would get hurt and being rather quick-tempered called out, "Darn it, let go!" The next moment I realized my rudeness, but before I had time to apologize he burst out laughing over my unconventionality, commenced to make remarks about my work—and the whole incident was passed over.

The Crown Prince has somewhat the same temperament as his uncle. He does not paint, but he is an ardent student and connoisseur of art. Going through an art gallery in London with him I was embarrassed over my ignorance of English art history, because he seemed not only to know every school and every artist but every individual painting; whereas I was an artist and ridiculously ignorant. The unhappy marriage of his father and mother brought him very much under the care of his grandparents, King Oscar and Queen Sophia. This probably explains his almost puritanical ideals. He is supposed never to have touched liquor in any form, does not smoke, and has not a shadow of scandal round his name. Princess Margaret, his wife, has the same kind of character. She is a daughter of the Duke of Connaught. It is related that when she first came to Sweden the Crown Prince had been tricked to come to a party of young officers of the army and some girls from the theater. Before he came home and had time to explain the situation she had taken a train for Gothenburg to return to England. He ordered a special train and went in pursuit, and caught her before she had time to embark for England. They are very happy.

I have spent day after day in the Royal Palace in Stockholm in their apartments,

(Concluded on Page 57)

Motors That Improve With Use

The days that you enjoy driving are the days when you have an eager motor—a motor that uses the full power of every explosion in its cylinders.

In an ordinary motor every valve must seat properly every time—or there's lost compression—lost power—uneven power.

That's eight valves in a four, twelve in a six, sixteen in an eight, twenty-four in a twelve-cylinder motor of the ordinary type.

Eight, twelve, sixteen or twenty-four separate mechanisms that must work perfectly.

Carbon deposits soon unseat these valves—get them out of adjustment—then you have lost compression — lost power — uneven power.

This cannot happen with the sleeve-valve Willys-Knight motor—it has no valves in the ordinary sense.

There are sliding sleeves with slits or vents that serve for valves when they come into register from one positive controlling mechanism instead of eight, twelve, sixteen or twenty-four.

And carbon seals the compression tighter in the cylinders of the Willys-Knight motor instead of providing for its escape.

So instead of a varying, uneven loss of power there is a steady, even gain.

Instead of a motor that deteriorates with use you have a motor that improves with use.

Nothing mysterious about it—just the operation of natural laws—against you in every other type of motor—in your favor in the Willys-Knight motor.

You may just as well have an ever eager motor and enjoy every day's driving instead of just a few such days now and then after each carbon-cleaning, valve-grinding session with the repair man.

Let the Willys-Overland dealer show you the difference.

There are Willys-Knight Fours and Eights—Touring Cars, Coupés, Limousines, Sedans and Town Cars.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

New York Shipbuilding Co. A Star Blade User

The New York Shipbuilding Company is one of the big factors that is helping to put our new navy and merchant marine on the war map. And in doing it, Star Hack Saw Blades are playing their important part.

The tremendous stress of ship production is carried back to every tool in the yard shops and Star Blades are used for the most obvious reason that they prove more efficient.

Here's still another proof of Star Blade betterness that ought to impress every man who uses a hack saw.

When you are looking for the most efficient saw, play safe and follow the big concerns with millions in production at stake who have spent thousands to find out the facts. Do as they do and you will standardize on

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

Or make the tests yourself—for speed, for endurance or for low cutting cost and you cannot help coming to the same conclusions if you make a thorough test.

The Star was the first modern hack saw blade and for thirty years its distinctly better quality has kept it the largest selling blade.

This greater efficiency and endurance of Star Blades is no accident but the result of hundreds of thousands of tests of steel composition, of tempering, of relative dimensions and of shape and setting of teeth.

Then the standards set for Star Blades has been uniformly attained in production at every stage by special automatic machinery with gauges to the finest limits that make the smallest variation a mechanical impossibility. At the same time this special machinery gives us an enormous quantity production at a minimum factory cost.

If you are not satisfied with your present metal-cutting results, have any reason to believe they can be improved or have any special cutting problems, write our Engineering Department at Millers Falls. We are at your service, regardless of what blades you are using.

$500 Contest Closes November 30th

Don't delay sending your answer to our Hack Saw testing contest a single day, for it closes November 30th.

Our thirty years' experience has shown us how few users grasp the fundamentals of metal-sawing efficiency and their application to varying conditions.

To stimulate a greater interest in this important subject, we have offered prizes of $500 in gold for the best statements of "How I Test Hack Saws."

A literary production is not what we want. Write us in your own way—What you look for in hack saw blades and why—How you decide which blade to buy—How you determine the most efficient way to use the blades on different kinds of material.

The answers that describe the simplest and most practical methods will win the prizes.

The names of winners and some of the best replies will be published in our advertising. Write for any further information desired.

Get your answer in at once. Contest closes in Millers Falls November 30th.

Manufactured By
CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
MILLERS FALLS CO.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

(Concluded from Page 54)

met them in London, Berlin and other places, and there has always been an atmosphere of wholesome happiness round them. The Crown Princess often accentuates the fact that she is first of all a citizen of the world and that she is bringing up her children to be the same.

One day in the winter of 1915 in a room on the north side of the Royal Palace in Stockholm I was working on a portrait bust of Princess Margaret when the two youngest children of the family rushed in, yelling, "Oh, mumsy; are you here?" I gave them a chunk of clay apiece to keep them quiet while I was modeling, but it was undoubtedly not large enough, because after a while I heard them in an undertone singing, "He's so fat; he's so fat."

The Crown Princess also heard and exclaimed, "Goodness! What are you singing, children?" Shamefacedly they ran and buried their little heads in her lap, while we two older humans burst out laughing.

As soon as we could control ourselves the mother said, "You'd better let Mr. Edstrom hear what pretty songs you can sing."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Princess Ingrid. "Let us sing."

And, with the Crown Princess as director, a concert commenced, as delightful as it is ever given mortal ears to hear. After a series of French, English and Swedish folk songs it was proposed that the concert be closed with the Swedish national anthem, Du Gamla.

Before my return to America in June, 1915, she wrote me a charming farewell letter, inclosing her photograph. She closes this letter with a reference to the little concert with the following words: "I have signed and am sending you a photograph, hoping you will keep the same as a remembrance of winter days in Stockholm and of the children who sang Du Gamla." The photograph is reproduced with this article.

Prince Wilhelm, the second son of the King, is quite unpopular. He was married to Princess Marie, of Russia. She was discovered to be spying on military secrets and through her intimacy with the Russian military attaché at Stockholm delivered over to Russia the secret Swedish signal code as well as other military secrets. This event was used by Germany to its fullest extent to make Sweden afraid of Russia. A divorce followed the unveiling of Princess Marie. During these proceedings Wilhelm went lion hunting in Africa. He returned the summer of 1915. I met him shortly before returning home to America. He looked lean and bronzed and better than I had ever seen him.

The job of royalty has become more and more onerous and difficult. Without the glamour of "by the grace of God" king or emperor of this or that country, the charm does not work well and the people are growing restless over unnecessary expenditure. The world has passed away from the good old days when birth was the whole thing and for all time determined a man's position. That primitive Sweden—one of the very countries where a real and regular king would be appreciated—should have received the most democratic royal house in the world seems as if Fortune had here played a practical joke.

A girl up in Lycksele who hearkens to the name of Augusta confided to me: "You never see any real folks nowadays—really elegant people in carriages that you can look up to." Sweden's royal family is democratic, hard working and dutiful, but hard work and duty do not make a king. There must be a convincing "by the grace of God" or they do not feel that they are getting their money's worth. It has always been the man of the soil, the peasant, who has had the greatest need of that most expensive of luxuries, a king. That wonderful sermon in the First Book of Samuel, eighth chapter, where he warns Israel against taking a king, contains all the arguments that democracy to-day has to stand on, and perhaps to-day is the first time in history when we really realize the truth of this.

I was once invited for a week-end to one of the large estates near Halmstad. Losing my connection at a junction, I missed my train, with the result that when I arrived at Halmstad at four in the morning no one was there to meet me at the station. It was summer and I did not want to waken anyone, so I walked in the beautiful park surrounding the castle. Presently, seeing a light in one of the barns, I went there and found an old man feeding the cows. After a few introductory remarks he told me his son was ill.

"What is the matter with your son?" I asked.

"Well, you see, the doctor says it is tuberculosis, but personally I believe it is something serious."

He was right. It was serious; a serious business just now—tuberculosis; especially with the women and children, who are unable to get out of doors.

There is one light spot in the embargo, and that is the Swede will not ruin himself with coffee. I've known peasants in the northern provinces to drink thirty and forty cups a day. They use salt to season it and boil the coffee for hours until every atom of dope is gotten out of it. It is always forbidden to sell alcohol to the Lapps; wherefore these people are apt to eat shoe blacking and drink perfumery when they want to go on a "tear." This is absolutely true.

The country in the extreme north round Karungi and along the railway changed very much after the war. Sweden became a gateway to Russia, and thousands of travelers passed over to Russia by way of Karungi in sleighs as soon as the northern Baltic froze up in the autumn of 1914. The last station, Karungi, where the sleighs had to be taken, seemed to me like one of the early mushroom mining towns I saw out West when a boy—shack huts and tents; and thousands of people paying anything asked for the necessities of life. The only difference was that the travelers here were often the cream of Russian aristocracy and wealth. It was a remarkable sight to see some titled person bidding against some wealthy merchant for some humble accommodations. The peasants became regular robbers and would ask anything they thought they could get for horses or food or a bed. The mail came in such quantities that for a while it had to be sorted out of doors until the government could build shacks to accommodate it.

The northern provinces are very interesting. The superstitions and beliefs in the superhuman creatures in Nature are more real and actual here than at any other place I have ever visited in the world. Near Lycksele in a wayside inn I found two dwarfs who were by the natives believed to be "Vitra," beings from another world. They added greatly to the popularity of the inn. They were very well taken care of and each had a large iron savings box in which visitors put coins. The little old men grunted with satisfaction whenever a coin was dropped in. They were idiots and could not talk, but made queer dissonant noises when angered or pleased. I can speak the local dialect and know the people and their habits well, wherefore I was told all about the two Vitra. Many thought they belonged to the mountains, but there were also many good reasons to believe they were from the bottom of the lake. The character of their eyes and certain forms in the hands spoke for their being of the lake; on the other hand their voices sounded just like the mountain Vitra. I heard the question discussed for hours.

During the last twenty years I have time and again spent weeks at a beautiful lake called Tafvelsjön in this district. My guide and particular friend there is a native called Karl. Six days in the week he is a pagan, but on Sundays he is a Christian. If you want to strike terror to his heart only remind him of a Sunday morning of some sorcery he practiced on Thursday or Friday to catch some wily old fox or get a cow to give more milk. He lives two distinctly divided lives. On Sundays he sings psalms and reads the Scriptures every minute of the day with an unction and sanctimoniousness too rich for words. On Monday he starts out with his gun and a tilt to his stride and a devil-may-care air that only the true woodsman can ever possess. During his six days when he is himself he holds constant communion with the Vitra, the queer folks of the hills and the lake. Being his particular friend, he made me acquainted with them.

When the war is over I may again visit Tafvelsjön. I hope to meet Karl, but if the old man has gone I know the strange folks we loved are still there and I shall have word from him through them.

Strindberg was the real type of the fighting Teuton, and therefore of course the whole country fought him. He attacked high and low, everybody from castle to cottage, relatives and strangers. His pen spurted vitriol one minute and the next rang with the limpid purity of the old epic bards. Not a single academic prize did he ever receive. He scorned and laughed at such trinkets, and then when at last his countrymen knew he was the real thing they honored him at one of his birthdays in true Swedish fashion. It was a bad day, cold and drizzly, and a stranger sight I have never seen than the tens of thousands of solemn men and women that marched past his home that day.

Silently he sat by his window and watched them pass. The real emotions of a true Swede are never expressed.

The Swede laughs at the Kaiser; he is respectful to his royal house, but in his heart longs for a hero cast in the mold of one of the old chiefs, Gustaf Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus or Charles XII. The strong man to-day is the Socialist Branting. If he, like Cæsar, becomes ambitious, we shall hear from Sweden soon.

TAXING WITH EYES SHUT

(Continued from Page 4)

A good many instances of businesses whose earnings depend more upon goodwill, patents, trade-marks and like intangibles than upon the actual cash invested occurred to me. I dropped in on a friend whose position gives him a broad contact with business and asked him to supply me with more. He took up a pen and filled three lettersize sheets without stopping to think more than thirty or forty seconds between names. Then he began giving me the names of other men who could supply further instances. One who wished to take the time for it could collect instances by the hundred.

Here is the typical thing which is always happening in business—the thing which, broadly speaking, makes business worth while: A new idea develops, or a new application of an old idea. Being new and more or less experimental, it has hard work in attracting capital to get itself tried out. If it is a sound and valuable idea it begins to make money and the money goes back into the business, to be used in its development. In time the idea is thoroughly established. Its usefulness and earning capacity are fully proven, and it becomes a standardized, heavily capitalized old business, earning only a moderate return upon the actual investment.

You have only to look back over a period covered by the life of some men still living to see how steamship, railroad, telegraph, telephone, steel-making, electric light and so on went through this evolution. The automobile industry is going through it now.

Probably the airship is getting started on it.

Now when the business has become old, standardized, heavily capitalized—it can stand this excess-profits tax. But the tax lays a formidable burden on the small business that is making its way. The tax, for example, will take a huge toll from Henry Ford's automobile business, yet the business can stand it now. But when he was rustling round Detroit raising a few thousand dollars here and there to keep his infant shop going, the rustling would have been much harder if his business had been subject to a fifty per cent tax.

It is clear enough that Congress had in mind big, rich businesses that are making large profits out of the war—especially, no doubt, steel companies. But as we have seen, it is taxing the big steel companies, which are making a large profit out of the war, about twenty-five per cent, and is taxing a great many small businesses which are making no profit out of the war at a much higher rate—even at twice as high a rate. The idea of a war-profits tax was taken, of course, from England, but the British idea was not followed out. There they take a concern's earning before the war as a measure of its normal profits. Whatever it is earning now in excess of that, they regard as profit due to war and, having thus ascertained what a concern's war profits

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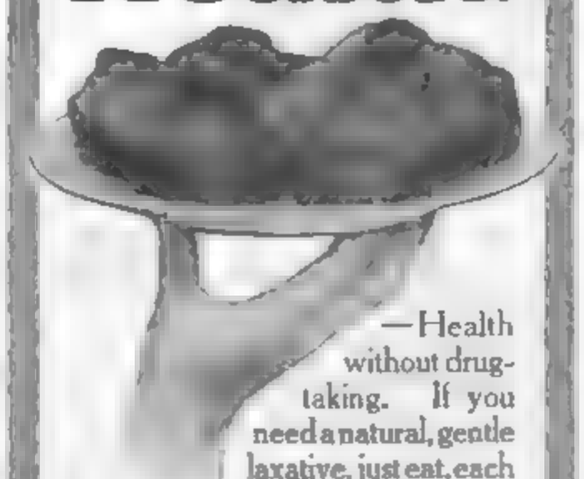
Here's Health!



—Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

The larger, cleaner, coarser flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package, produces a breakfast muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it—forget medicine use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation

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Large Package

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(Except In Far West)

If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

Department "S"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.

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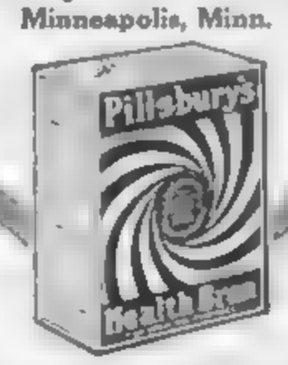

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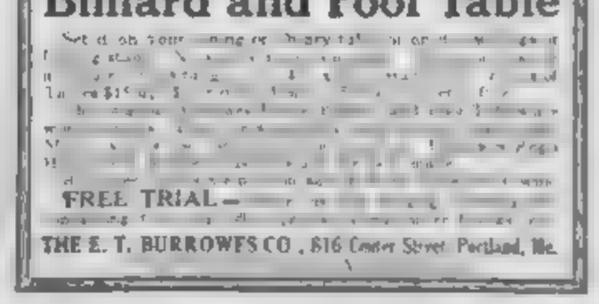
BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

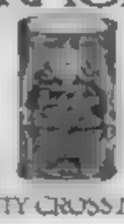


FREE TRIAL—

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 816 Center Street, Portland, Me.

GRACED

With choicest hidden livers, hickory smoked ham and fresh ripe tomatoes



PURITY CROSS Inc. Model Kitchen ORANGE N.J.

The New Oliver Nine

We Save You 51 Per Cent

By This New Plan of Typewriter Selling

Last March, after two decades at $100, the price on the Oliver Nine—our latest model—was dropped to $49. No longer do we maintain 15,000 salesmen and 50 costly Branch Houses. We made a yearly saving in rents and salaries, in expenses and commissions of many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Those savings, if we sold our output, meant to us the same profit at $49 as we made at $100 before. But, if we failed to sell our output, it meant ruin. We knew we could never go back.

NOW, eight months later, we announce the tremendous success of this plan. It has oversold our output. We have been at times months behind on orders. During this period, we have made extensive additions to our factory and equipment, increasing our output 300 per cent.

The Oliver, in 22 years has brought out scores of innovations. But none one-tenth as welcome as this $51 reduction.

Simple Good Sense

Our proposal as now viewed is simply good business sense. Heretofore, some 60 per cent of the Oliver price went to pay the selling expense. We reduced that waste four-fifths.

Salesmen, on the average, cost us $25 per machine. Branch houses, show rooms, managers, etc., meant a vast additional expense.

Financing business colleges, so typists might be trained and thus come to favor and recommend certain makes of machines, was an added burden that forced manufacturers to maintain higher prices.

Since the earliest days, these expenses seemed part of the typewriter business. They grew with competition. So, despite multiplied use and multiplied output, which brought the factory cost to less than $40, the price remained $100.

Over 600,000 Sold

The Oliver Nine is our latest model. It has every improvement which twenty years have developed. It has many exclusive features.

It was the first sight-writer. And, while others have followed in this respect, it has maintained leadership. Great concerns by the hundreds have adopted it as the greatest typewriter built. Any stenographer may turn to the Oliver and operate it, like any other machine.

Its simplicity and durability recommend it as well to people who have never used a typewriter before. It has always commanded the maximum price for a standard machine. At that maximum price, the Oliver became a world-wide favorite. Over 600,000 are now in use.

Yet enormous production brought our factory cost below $40 per machine. That for our finest model—the Oliver Nine—the pinnacle writing machine.

The rest of our selling price went mainly to pay the monstrous selling cost. And that selling cost is the only thing changed in saving you $51.

Simply Buy Direct

To save this $51, all you do is simply sell yourself. We send the machine on trial, without any money down. We guarantee it a new machine of our latest model—identical with the finest machine we sold for $100. Make your own comparisons. If you think that any typewriter in the world is better, simply send the Oliver back.

If you find it the best typewriter you know, pay us $49 at the rate of $3 monthly. That is only 10 cents a day.

See coupon on next page. Send it for an Oliver on trial. Or send it for further information.

Unique Oliver Attractions

The original visible writer.
The lightest touch.
Permanent alignment, due to our exclusive U-shaped type-bar.
Simple construction—2,000 fewer parts.
Built for hardest usage.
Printype, if you wish—type like print.
Only 24 keys to print 84 characters.
Capable of 20-copy manifold.
In-built tabulator—two-color ribbons.
Horizontal and vertical ruler.
Bronze bearings. Choice of type styles.
No hair springs—no flimsy wires.

Famous the World Over

Was $100—Now $49

A $2,000,000 Guarantee

That This Latest $100 Oliver Was Not Changed

An Iota, when the Price Changed to $49

At first, this 51 per cent reduction awoke a good many suspicions. And rivals, no doubt, helped to foster them. Some suspected a reduction in quality. But that is unthinkable. Here is a $2,000,000 concern with a world-wide reputation. Our factory employs nearly 2000 workers. We have spent over 20 years in building up our prestige. It would be suicide to sacrifice that.

The Truth Is This:

THE Oliver Nine is the final fruition of our 22 years of effort. It embodies every improvement all those years have developed. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model this concern ever built.

The Oliver Nine at $49 is identical in every detail with the Oliver Nine which we sold at $100. We pledge you our word on that, and back it with our warrant.

It is the best typewriter in fifty ways that anybody ever built. So if any machine is worth $100, the Oliver Nine is that.

That $51 Was Waste

That $51 which we now cut off was simply selling waste. The machine costs us more than it used to, because of advance in materials.

The machine is the same and the service the same, but we render that service direct.

Experience has proved that Oliver users have little need for service. This machine stays in order. It is the most substantial typewriter built. Its simple construction means 2000 fewer parts. Its arch-shaped type bars mean permanent alignment. There are no hair springs, no flimsy wires—nothing to get out of order. But, if any service is ever required, we supply it.

Act Now

The only reason we have been able to maintain this $49 price is that we have had such a large increase in sales.

We hope to be able to maintain this price.

But, if the cost of materials and labor continues to go up, we shall be forced to increase this price.

We do not wish to. We do not expect to. But we advise you to act now to be certain of getting your Oliver Nine at $49.

Send Us No Money

If you wish to inspect the Oliver Nine, simply send the coupon. We will send a machine on trial. Make your comparisons with any higher-priced machine. Put it to any test you wish without a salesman to urge or to influence you.

If you don't pronounce it the best machine built, simply send it back. We will even refund the transportation charges you paid. You are under no obligation.

10 Cents A Day

If you keep the machine, send us $3 monthly until you pay $49. That is only 10 cents per day.

Send us this coupon. Check in the first square if you want an Oliver Nine on trial. Check the second square if you want further information, and we will send you our startling book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." It will lay before you in detail the wastes and abuses of the typewriter industry.

Send it now, whether you want one machine or many. See what this new plan means to you, and see the machine behind it. It will change your ideas about proper typewriter prices.

Canadian Price, $62.65

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1018 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

Large Users

Write us for particulars as they relate to large buyers. You can save a large share of your typewriter cost under this new selling plan, and get the best machine that's built.

The Oliver No. 9 is the same commercial machine used by U. S. Steel Corporation; National City Bank of New York; Montgomery Ward & Co.; Pennsylvania Railroad; Hart, Schaffner & Marx; Morris & Company; Baldwin Locomotive Works; Ward Baking Company; Jones & Laughlin Steel Company; Western Clock—"Big Ben"; Encyclopaedia Britannica, and a host of others. Over 600,000 have been sold. Oliver service and Oliver dependability the reason. An increase in output of over 300 per cent this year.

Old machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation. Any typist or stenographer can operate the Oliver No. 9. No machine is more rapid, none has lighter touch.

This Coupon Is Worth $51

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1018 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is_____.

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

a Welcome Xmas Gift
for any member of the family
$1
Live Notes Only
ROBINSON REMINDER
Each Memo Separate
—tear out when attended to
Robinson Mfg Co., 96 Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

ENTER A BUSINESS

Stephenson Laboratory, 6 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

(Concluded from Page 57)

are, they tax those profits eighty per cent. The British law permits reasonable latitude and discretion in the matter of determining war profits, taking into account that the earnings of a given concern or a given line of trade might have been abnormally low before the war, and if any concern is making no war profits it pays no war-profits tax.

A tax of eighty per cent on war profits must, obviously, be intelligently applied, with due allowance for depreciation, for the fact that plant extensions built now are abnormally costly, and for the further fact that a good deal of plant built for war purposes may have little value in times of peace. Our steel companies, for example, are putting their war profits back into plant extensions which may have to be written down quite rigorously after the war; and it is necessary for many big companies to finance themselves as far as possible out of their own profits, for the Government is absorbing nearly all the investment money in the country and private corporations find it difficult to market securities. The British law appears to be intelligently applied on the whole, however, for while there is more or less grumbling there has certainly been no breakdown in British industry.

But the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives immediately abandoned the British plan of taxing war profits. It proposed to tax all earnings above eight per cent on the capital invested, without any regard to whether earnings were increased or decreased by the war. Taking that sweeping basis it evidently realized that the tax must be at a low rate, so it fixed the rate at sixteen per cent.

That was a bad proposal, because it applied to all business irrespective of whether the war affected it favorably or adversely and it took eight per cent on the capital invested as a measure of what any business should earn, disregarding entirely the elements of ability and goodwill, which are the most important assets of many comparatively small businesses.

When the bill reached the Senate that body's Finance Committee at once rejected the unsound basis. It said the tax ought to be levied on war profits; that a tax on everything above eight per cent on the capital invested would hit innumerable concerns which were making no war profits and would bear unjustly upon many businesses which depended upon ability, goodwill, patents, trade marks and so on. Reporting the bill to the Senate in August, the committee said:

"The House proposed, to impose an excess-profits tax of sixteen per cent. . . . The committee proposes, instead of an excess-profits tax, a war-profits tax. The change of basis seems desirable not only because it is equitable but because its successful collection will be greatly facilitated."

Operations on the Revenue Bill

In short, the Senate committee went back to the British idea of a tax on war profits. It proposed that a concern's average earnings for the years 1911, 1912 and 1913 be taken as a measure of its normal earnings—with provision for cases in which the capital investment had been increased and in which a given concern's earnings in those years had been abnormally low. Having thus ascertained war profits the committee proposed to tax them at rates running from twelve up to fifty per cent.

In that shape the bill was debated in the Senate. Meanwhile war appropriations were increasing and it had become evident that our first year's expenditure would be more than double what it had been estimated at when the House committee first framed a revenue bill.

The last of August the Senate Finance Committee quite abruptly abandoned its intention of taxing war profits and went back to the House idea of taxing all profits of every concern above a certain fixed rate on the capital actually invested. It fixed the base rate at ten per cent, against the House's eight. But while it abandoned the idea of taxing war profits it retained and even increased the stiff rates of taxation which it had proposed to apply to war profits.

The bill passed the Senate the middle of September and went into conference. In the scrambled pulling and general manhandling to which it was subjected behind the closed doors of the conference committee some important alterations were made—apparently without much consideration.

When the bill was finally passed early in October it contained the House idea of taxing all profits, irrespective of whether they were due to war—not, however, at the sixteen per cent which the House had proposed for an all-inclusive tax, or even at the graduated rates which the Senate committee had proposed for a war-profits tax, but at higher rates, beginning at twenty per cent and running to sixty per cent. Also the exemption was lowered to nine per cent on the capital actually invested.

The House proposed a comparatively low tax on all profits above a moderate return upon the capital invested, irrespective of whether profits were due to war. The Senate committee proposed a high tax on war profits. Then they compromised by making the tax apply to all profits above a moderate return upon the actual investment, irrespective of whether the profits were due to war, and by raising the rates still higher than the Senate committee had proposed for a tax exclusively on war profits.

Shut-Your-Eyes Taxing

In introducing the bill in the House the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee said he should vote for it with his eyes shut. There is no doubt that that principle applied to a considerable extent all the way through. War expenses were mounting prodigiously, and finally the governing motive seems to have been to get an agreement on some sort of a bill which would raise a large amount of revenue.

Up to the moment the bill went to conference—that is, for five months after the House committee began its work—it contained a provision that businesses in which no capital was invested, or in which the investment was only nominal, and which depended mainly upon the personal qualifications of the persons conducting them, should be exempt from the war-profits, or excess-profits, tax.

This, of course, was meant to exempt the professions—lawyers, doctors, architects, actors, clergymen and so on—for the professions generally are making no money out of the war, and even Socialists class them with workmen rather than with capitalists. But in the conference scramble it occurred to Chairman Kitchin that some corporation lawyers make a hundred thousand dollars a year—and often bother Congressional committees by objecting to bills. So the exemption was stricken out at the eleventh hour—yet not so hastily but that salaries of Congressmen remained exempt—and professional incomes above six thousand dollars were subjected to a flat tax of eight per cent. Some members of Congress were surprised to learn this after the bill had been passed.

Here is a doctor or architect who makes twenty thousand a year by his daily labor. Next door is a man who draws twenty thousand a year from an inherited fortune and has never done a stroke of useful work in his life. Where tax laws are well considered they make a distinction between those two cases, taxing the unearned income more heavily than the earned income—because the presumption is that if a doctor or architect makes twenty thousand a year for himself he is rendering useful services to many other people, while the man living on inherited money merely consumes.

Our new revenue law also makes a distinction—but on the other side: It taxes the loafer eleven hundred and eighty dollars, and the busy man who is earning his income twenty-three hundred dollars, or practically twice as much. Their income tax proper is the same, but in addition to income tax proper the doctor pays a war excess-profits tax of eight per cent on all income above six thousand dollars, while his idle neighbor—having no business at all—escapes that.

Though Congress spent nearly six months on the bill the ink on the President's signature was hardly dry before talk of amending it at the coming winter session was circulating among members. What Congress had in mind in framing the war excess-profits section was big business that is making big profits out of the war. That is evident from the language used. For example, referring to Jane Smith's case the law, in Section 211, says every domestic partnership having net income of six thousand dollars or more shall make a return to the Collector of Internal Revenue, and it says in Paragraph B of Section 203 that a domestic partnership or individual in computing the tax may deduct from net earnings six thousand dollars plus nine per cent on the capital invested.

That language indicates an intention to exempt net income of individuals or partnerships up to six thousand dollars. But Section 201 says that net income in excess of the deduction but not in excess of fifteen per cent on the capital invested shall be taxed twenty per cent, while net income in excess of fifteen per cent on the capital invested shall be taxed at rates running from twenty-five to sixty per cent.

According to this language the exemption applies only to income which is not in excess of fifteen per cent on the capital invested. Congress did not take into account that a concern may earn only six thousand dollars and still be earning more than fifteen per cent on the capital invested. It was thinking altogether of big business. Yet it has actually framed an act which will tax a great number of comparatively small businesses that are making no war profit at all much more heavily than it taxes big businesses that are making a large war profit. Shut-your-eyes could hardly go further than that.

The Treasury estimates that the new law will produce two and a half billion dollars—raising the Government's revenue this year to about four billion dollars. One billion of this new revenue is to come from the war excess-profits tax, and eight hundred and fifty million from the new income tax.

Unequal Burdens Imposed

The income tax might well have been simpler, for it leaves the old income-tax law unchanged and simply imposes a new tax on top of it, so that a man who wants to calculate his income tax this year must consult two distinct laws. Repealing the old law and replacing it with a new one would have simplified matters—especially as it's going to be a long while, no matter how soon the war may end, before we get back to the old income-tax rates.

The tax—old and new together—touches small incomes lightly. A married man with five thousand a year pays eighty dollars. With fifteen thousand a year he pays seven hundred and thirty dollars, more than nine times as much. And in addition to the income tax there is the war excess-profits tax of eight per cent on all earned incomes above six thousand a year. Thus the total tax bill of the fifteen-thousand-dollar man—who earns his income—is fourteen hundred and fifty dollars, more than eighteen times as much as the total tax bill of the five-thousand-dollar man. At a million dollars a year the tax takes practically half the income, and above two millions sixty per cent of it.

An income tax lays its hands on money only after business has got through with it in the first instance—that is, the company has made its profit, set aside reserves for depreciation and surplus and distributed the remainder to its owners. So far, the business is through with the money and in that view it is immaterial how high income-tax rates go on large incomes. But a little further view shows that business immediately wants that money again. After the owner has taken out his living expenses he reinvests the balance in business in some way or another, or devotes it to presumably useful social services. In that view the present rates on large incomes are as high as the traffic will bear.

Aside from income and excess-profits taxes the act will produce about three quarters of a billion from miscellaneous sources. Two hundred and fifty million of that comes from liquor and tobacco; more than a hundred and fifty million from freight, express and passenger transportation; forty million from automobiles, fifty million from theater tickets and admissions to other amusements; thirty million from stamps on bonds, deeds, promissory notes, transfers of shares of capital stock and so on; and there is a long list of minor taxes, as on musical instruments, sporting goods, chewing gum, patent medicines, perfumery, club dues. In all this list the aim has been to tax luxuries, or dispensable things.

We have been duly warned from Washington that still heavier taxes must be expected if the war continues another year. That is all the more reason for devising a sound and equitable scheme of taxation which will produce the maximum of revenue with the minimum of hardship and inequality. The objection to this act is not that it imposes two and a half billions of taxation, but that it imposes a large part of it on an unsound, inequitable plan.

A MATTER OF GOOD FAITH

When you find a motor car equipped with a Rex All-Seasons Top you know the maker is keeping faith with his public, is unreservedly devoted to *quality*.

You know he has recognized in the Rex All-Seasons Top the highest expression of the sedan idea.

You know he has sound judgment on which you can depend—because he has seen in the Rex-equipped car the one that popularizes the sedan and sedan-coupé beyond the most ambitious dreams of their originators.

You know that this manufacturer is deeply concerned with *your* comfort, *your* economy, *your* complete satisfaction—that he is determined to give you dollar for dollar in service for every day in the calendar.

Observe this autumn the increasing numbers of Rex-equipped cars. Winter will discover more thousands. Spring and summer will welcome new hosts of them.

As you glimpse the glowing faces inside, you will reflect that the *progressive* manufacturer is the one who gives greatest value—in this case, an ideal all-seasons car at less than you have paid for a car with two tops, and hundreds of dollars less than the cost of other sedan and coupé styles.

Most assuredly will you be confident that the maker of *that* car provides the newest, the most improved features in every part of his car.

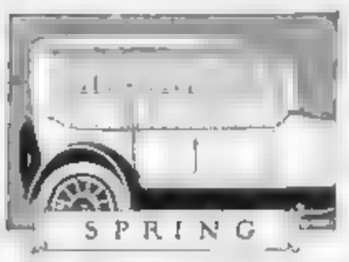
Ask for a Rex All-Seasons Top on your favorite car.

Light weight in a Rex-equipped car leaves the motor free to exercise its full power range with undiminished economy of fuel—and saves tires.

Rex Manufacturing Company
Connersville, Indiana

Rex
ALL-SEASONS TOP
MANUFACTURED AND LICENSED
UNDER PATENTS THAT ARE BASIC

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Rex All-Seasons Top
CONNERSVILLE, IND



Rain protection—jiffy curtains in place.

Complete ventilation—all panels removed.

Tonneau protection—forward panels removed.

Weathertight—all panels in place.

Copyright 1917, Rex Manufacturing Company

You start with the Dummy!

For want of a better name, it's called a "dummy"—this thing you make with blank paper, shears, paste, red ink, and a 6-B pencil, the heaviest, blackest you can buy.

And why does a man make one of these things?

Because he is going to produce a booklet or a catalog—something printed, that will sell goods.

He makes this dummy to help his thoughts take shape. He wants to produce a really valuable thing, and he wants to think clearly about it.

Yet, unless he can think clearly about the paper on which his printing is to be done, he is as helpless as an architect would be who knew nothing of stone, lumber, or brick.

Paper is the physical structure of printing. There are standards in paper that it is well to know if you plan or produce booklets, folders, catalogs, or mailings.

The Warren Standard Papers are standardized because we saw the need of such standards.

The printer needed standard papers, the paper dealer needed them, and the buyer of printing needed them.

To all of these men, today, the Warren Standard Printing Papers mean (or will mean when they all know Warren Papers) definite standards of quality, with a dependable consistency of pressroom performance.

To the man who makes the dummy, Warren's Standard Printing Papers mean even more. They mean that he can set at rest his doubts as to how the paper he will buy will print.

Each of the Warren Standards is specially designed for certain established book-paper printing needs.

Warren's Cameo, for example, is for the book or booklet where beauty and style are pre-eminent considerations. Its dull, ivory-like surface that works such wonders with fine half-tone engravings makes it a paper absolutely in a class by itself.

On the other hand, *Warren's Britannica India* (named for the Encyclopedia for which this paper was originally made) has for its field that class of printing where light weight, small bulk, low postage, and many pages are all necessary.

Warren's Lustro is a glossy coated paper with the highest refinement of surface attained in coated papers. It is ideal where microscopic detail is essential, as in a machinery catalog or for reproducing fine jewelry.

Then among the lower-priced papers are *Warren's Printone*, *Warren's Cumberland Super*, and *Warren's Cumberland Machine Book*—smooth, strong papers of standardized performance, reliable, and even handsome when used with the proper kind of engravings.

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

Write for the Warren Suggestion Book

—and see these papers.

Examine them and use the book for helping you decide upon a paper when you are making your dummy. Its pages will be as useful as shears, paste, and ruler combined. Sent on request to buyers of printing, printers, engravers, and their salesmen.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY

200 Devonshire Street Boston, Massachusetts

Constant Excellence of Product—the Highest Type of Competition.

THE PLAIN WOMAN

(Concluded from Page 5)

among these. She would know him by his picture, though he had nothing but a mental image to go by. He found himself looking into the faces of women as he had never looked before.

There was one who had taken a seat in the shade, with a book—not such a woman at all as one would expect to find seated in a public park; dark, exquisite, slender, dressed in white. She glanced at him, then rose and passed on.

He had meant to take his train home, but this new haunt of passing faces broke down his will. He sent a final message to her apartment asking again to see her. He said he would be in his hotel all the rest of the day, awaiting her answer; that he would not ask again; that she would know best.

A day to age the soul! Never far from the hotel, he wandered from street to street in the dangerous heat. Toward evening a messenger brought this note:

"If you think it wise and kind—come to me!"

Both chill and burning were in the ten words. "Wise" would not have restrained him; but "kind" was a torturing curb. It seemed to place him, for a moment, on ugly, quaking ground. He was man the male, not man the soul. . . . "Come to me!" Here was a feminine voice, indeed—magic and enticement in that. "Come" would not have drawn so terribly. She felt her power; she could chill and warn and attract in ten words.

Within an hour Steve Vinton stood on the fourth floor of the little flat building. The elevator conductor touched one of the bells in the hall and left him, Steve's heart sinking strangely with the lights of the shaft. A knob turned.

A woman stood in the aperture of the door and smiled—gave him her hand; took his hat; led him into a small room of books and shaded lamps. White light was upon the leathern cover of the reading table.

She was about his age, calm, finished in culture and manner. Her first words seemed waiting for him in the room:

"I think I am a little disappointed in you for coming."

"Your note made me swallow a disappointment in myself," he answered.

In certain seconds that followed immediately Steve dwelt in a mental atmosphere without spaces, and requiring no symbols of word or sound for the passage of understanding. She was beautiful; yet he was freed from the exquisite dreams and terrors so lately his portion. She was not the one answer for the reason of his existence. This woman might have written into his heart; but her presence could not complete it. She talked brilliantly; but the rose-flamed idealism would not adjust to her.

He began to feel despicable. This was the one idiot passage in his career. It would always come to him with shame—his wandering about the streets of New York dreaming of a woman he had never seen.

"Yes," he was saying; "my life had become very soft and easy-going when your letters came. They meant quality—very dear to me. They opened to my mind endless phenomena; stimulated my faculties at times—so that I felt on the verge of a great discovery ——"

Thus banally he talked on. Yet there was a low singing in his heart that would not cease; a havoc in his brain too. Here was a most attractive woman; but she did not mean at all what a handful of letters meant. He was faint and empty. He felt the cad. The thought of a man's mate somewhere in the world was a mockery. . . . But what was the radiant, flashing spirit behind the letters?

They talked about books. There was a sophomoric pointlessness to all their sayings. The air's vitality seemed consumed. It was as if someone in the next room were dying of heartbreak without a sound. The woman before him, who had been so coolly and cleverly the mistress of the occasion, was growing more and more terrified in the strain. Her blue eyes widened, and in them was that moist smoky look of one on the verge of screaming. The click of the elevator door was like a call to the living world again. He plucked a book from the library: a thin, gray, limp volume, printed on Japanese paper. It was soft and had been much handled—Padman's Stellar Harmony.

"Strange that you should pick up that!" she said huskily. "I wanted to give it to you—to take away."

"You wrote about it."

"Yes; of course."

"Won't you write in it for me now?"

She laughed in a quick unnatural way, took the volume to the light, but returned, saying:

"I can't write in it for you! It says everything—everything I could say in years! I'm afraid I'm incapable of speaking or writing. This thing has been hard for me ——"

"It has been hard for me," he answered, turning.

Her hand caught his arm at the door.

"Don't go!" she whispered. "Go in there!"

She pointed to a second door. She had suddenly changed; had become like a child doing wrong, but very determined.

Steve hesitated.

"I won't be a party to it," she added vehemently. "You two are killing yourselves. Go in to her. . . . Oh, Mona!"

She had called in a louder tone, and now ran from the room to the outer hall.

Steve still stood by the door—alone. He had not entered the closed room, as commanded. He saw the knob turn now—then a slight aperture. It was the strangest moment he had ever known. A frail shoulder, light hands, dark, tragic face, loveliness in its movement and intensity—warm red tints beneath the olive duskiness of skin—eyes that made him think of Asia, he knew not why. . . .

"You were the one who was in the park?" he stammered.

"Yes."

"You are Mona Hermon?"

"Yes."

He took a step nearer.

"I am glad!" he muttered, and kept repeating it. "I am glad; for you are like what I thought you were—like the woman the letters meant. But the other woman—where has she gone?"

"To her apartment. She lives in the building. She is my friend. I had her meet you ——"

"But why?"

"I was afraid. Your letter made me afraid. You became suddenly different—after that big letter in June. It was like a world transaction after that ——"

"I don't know what came over me. I must have fallen out of the sky," he said humbly. "I take the downtown world every day. It bewilders the other part ——"

"I never could be content with the dish of porridge that does for other women."

"You are right," he said. "But I will pay for all that—that ——"

"You are wonderful now!" she added impulsively. "I don't mean to hurt you any more. . . . I heard your words to her. I knew you missed something—oh, that was dear to know—that you missed something! Yet she is lovely! I am a gray moth beside her. But you missed something of the spirit of the letters! Still, I was afraid. I would have let you go ——"

"Why? I cannot imagine going without this ——"

"But I am plain—plain ——"

He laughed. Her face was a low radiance.

"Plain?" he repeated. "Oh, come with me—some place where we won't have to leave soon. . . ."

He stood straighter and laughed. It was the exultant laugh of a boy.

"I can't let you get away again now. It's been deadly to find you —— Plain?" he repeated. "Why, Mona Hermon, you have something of beauty that I have tried all my life to express! Come quickly—out—anywhere! But come!"

"To you!" she said.

VANDERLIP'S DOLLAR JOB

(Concluded from Page 12)

from a man who had bought a thousand-dollar Liberty bond and wanted to know when he had to pay the interest on it. Here was a good citizen, willing not only to lend a thousand dollars to Uncle Sam but to pay Uncle Sam for taking it!"

Perhaps the simplest statement that can be made as to war-savings certificates is that they represent the finest gilt-edge investment ever offered in this country. Mr. Vanderlip says so. He says, moreover, that the whole war-savings-certificate plan is one of the most perfectly rounded financial plans with which he has ever been concerned.

When one buys his first war-savings stamp he is given a certificate which bears the obligation of the United States, and upon which there is space to attach twenty five-dollar stamps. It is aimed to have these stamps and certificates placed on sale in banks, post offices and a great variety of stores, with a view to making it, as Mr. Vanderlip expresses it, "as easy to save money as it is to spend it." The name of the purchaser will be written upon each certificate. If he loses the card no one else can cash it except by committing forgery. In this respect, therefore, the certificate is safer than a coupon bond. If a certificate is lost and an honest person finds it the only trouble the finder need take is to drop it in the nearest letter box; the address of the rightful owner appears upon the face of the certificate, and the post office will return it. In the unregistered form it can be cashed at any post office, but the Government does not take the responsibility for forgery unless the owner registers his certificate, which he can do without expense. Registered certificates can be cashed only at the post office where registration was made.

The Government has gone still farther to meet the requirements of the small saver. Besides the interest-bearing war-savings-certificate stamps it will issue a twenty-five-cent thrift stamp and provide a thrift card to which sixteen of these may be attached. The thrift stamps do not bear interest and cannot be registered. They are issued as a help to those desiring to accumulate the cost of a war-savings stamp. When a thrift card has sixteen of these small stamps attached, representing four dollars, it may be exchanged by the payment of a few additional cents for one of the war-savings-certificate stamps. The moment the war-savings stamp is purchased interest begins.

"The plan," says Mr. Vanderlip, "offers the safest, the most convenient and the most profitable method of accumulating savings that has ever been presented to the people. I believe that the whole two billion dollars will be sold. I believe that it is possible that thirty million people will take advantage of this method of saving.

"The savings-bank deposits of the United States now average $50 for each person; of Denmark and Norway, each, $70; of Switzerland, $86; of Australia, $91; and of New Zealand, $98; nor do the present savings-bank figures of these countries by any means measure their normal saving capacity. To absorb these two billion dollars we must increase the savings of the United States twenty dollars per capita. Wages in the United States are, roundly, double what they are in European countries, and our saving capacity ought to be double too. The Government is tapping new springs of resources when it goes to all the people with a financial obligation so designed that there is scarcely anyone in the country—even a child—who may not become the owner of a war-savings stamp, which is virtually a five-dollar government bond.

"However, I regard the raising of two billion dollars, vast as that sum is, as by no means the greatest advantage in connection with this financing. The inculcation of habits of thrift in the American people is a greater advantage. If such habits can become ingrained—if we can turn from being a spendthrift nation to a thrifty nation—if as a people we will come to recognize something of our capacity for saving—some of the individual independence and the better citizenship that go with provident accumulation—then a thing far greater in value than many billions of dollars will have been accomplished for the nation. It will be one of the great credit entries on the ledger of the war, and it may be a credit entry of such vast significance as to go a long way toward counteracting in the future the terrible losses of the war.

"There is another gain of the most vital importance which will result from the successful placing of these war-savings certificates. It cannot be too often repeated or too strongly urged that the cutting down of unnecessary expenditures is absolutely essential to winning the war. All doctrine to the contrary is bad doctrine. The whole nation must come to recognize that it is not money which the Government needs to prosecute the war—that what the Government requires are goods and services! Money is the yardstick by which goods and services are measured, but it is only the goods and services that are effective. The last Congress appropriated twenty-one billion dollars. One can better appreciate what twenty-one billion dollars is if one pauses to think that the total expenditures of this Government from the year 1791 to January 1, 1917, covering a period of one hundred and twenty-six years, including the cost of our past wars and every other item of Government expense, was only a little more than twenty-six billion dollars—but five billions more than was appropriated by the last Congress alone. But even if the Treasury were to provide the huge sum of twenty-one billions, we should remember that that sum will be effective only as a measure of the goods and services that can be bought.

"Now, there are limits to the goods and services that can be produced during a given period. The Government needs to buy, let us say, twenty billions' worth of goods and services. To supply these urgent needs the entire power of the country is required. It follows, therefore, that the person who buys an unnecessary thing, however small its cost, and however well able he is to pay for it, is not helping the Government by going on with 'business as usual,' but is upon the contrary competing with the Government for goods and services. The article he purchases may be of a character altogether different from the things the Government requires, but labor must be used in producing it, whatever it is; and labor that is used to produce the needless thing is labor taken away from the great task of producing necessary goods.

"The greatest lesson we have to learn in order thoroughly to organize the nation for this great struggle is that there is not an unlimited amount of goods and services, that the Government needs a great percentage of the available total, and that everyone must forgo the purchase of the unnecessary thing, the employment of labor in producing the unnecessary thing, in order that all the man power of the nation may be set to producing those things which are directly or indirectly essential to the nation's high purpose—the winning of the war.

"To be good Americans we must analyze our expenditures by that standard, and rigidly avoid unnecessary competition with the Government. And it follows that if we do this we shall reveal a capacity for saving that ought quickly to bring the war to an end. With the vast resources of the United States really mobilized to this one end, and with the work of the war intelligently coordinated, we shall be irresistible.

"If, then, instead of going gayly on our way, making useless, thoughtless expenditures, we always pause to give a thought to the question whether or not the thing desired is really needed we shall presently find that in many pockets there will be left the amount required to buy thrift stamps and war-savings certificates.

"So there will be in this operation three great gains: A release of man power and woman power from the production of unnecessary things to the work of the war; the establishment of habits of thrift that may make a fundamental change in national characteristics, going on long beyond the time when the Government is calling for financial help from every citizen; and last, there will be two billion dollars of credit going into the Treasury to provide for the men who are offering their lives that there may be liberty in the world."

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures

Have You Lost Your Make-Believe?

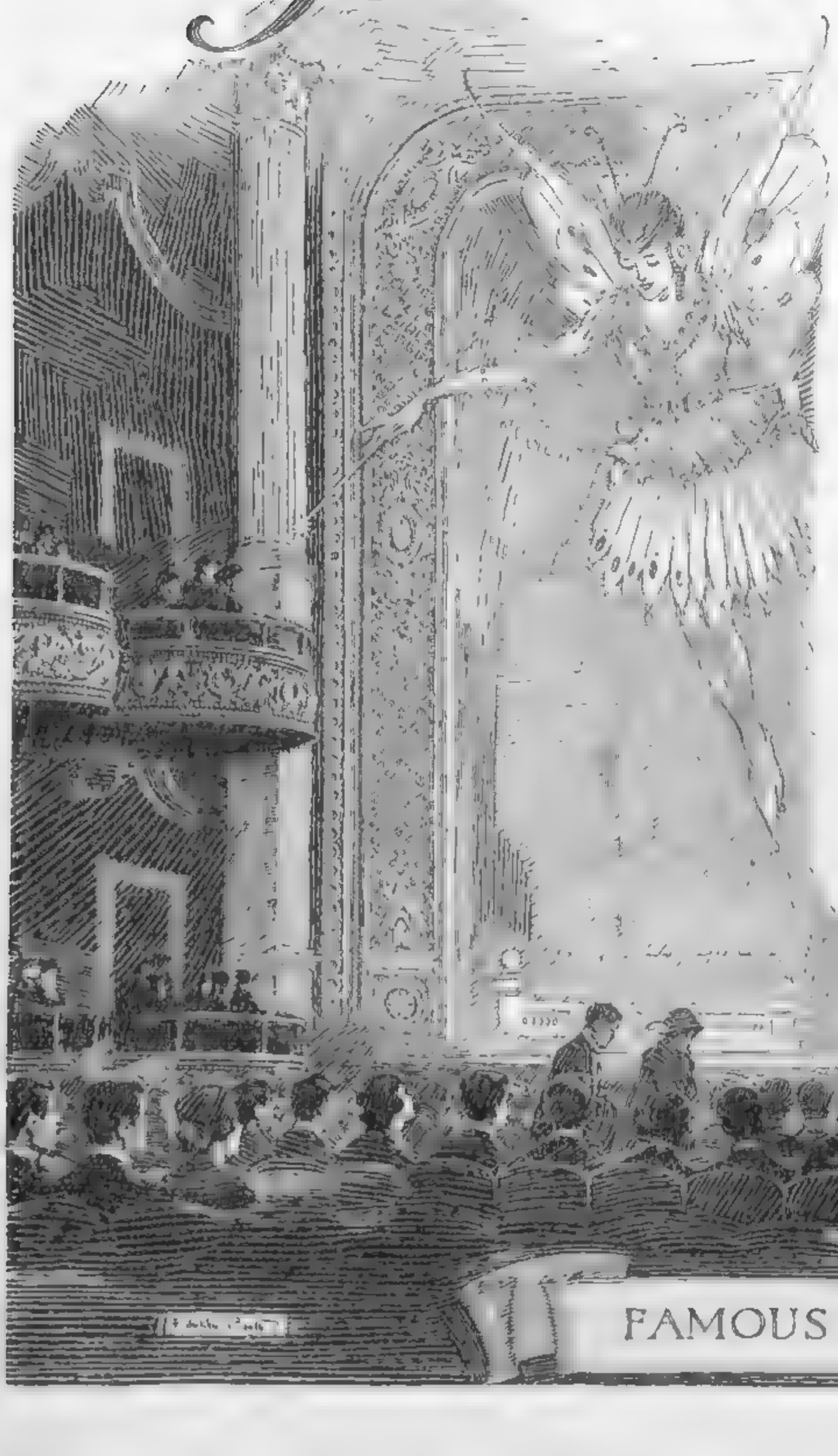
Come on—let's go!

We'll see a picture-play—and a good one.

We don't even know the title of it—we don't happen to care this time.

We *do* know a theatre that advertises under the Paramount and Artcraft trademarks—and we know that means "famous stars, superbly directed, in clean motion pictures."

Paramount and



What an illusive thing it is you are paying for and giving your time to! Phantoms, dissolving to nothing at all when the light snaps off.

Is it? It's nature, sunshine, laughter, love, life!

What do you really see as you sit there in your chair unconscious of others all round you?

Not the illuminated screen, not the beam of brilliance from the projection machine up above—no, not the moving lights and shadows of the photograph itself—*not the picture at all*, but the *story* the picture tells.

You live it.

For that one hour you live a different soul—likely in a different land, quite possibly a thousand years ago. You realize that your tongue is dry. Your eyes grow moist—with sympathy or mirth, no matter. You don't know it. You've lost yourself—and good riddance for a bit.

You are *living* the romance that makes this work-a-day world well worth while after all. You are adventuring, struggling, overcoming, avenging, forgiving, laughing, hating, loving.

* * * ★ * * *

And when the story ends, you walk out into the blazing *real* world—but you are a good deal younger and a sight more human!

That's you, isn't it? There are fifteen million others just like you in that one thing.

But there are twenty million others who are missing it, and this message is not to you at all, but to them.

FAMOUS STARS SUPERBLY DIRECTED

The Other Twenty Million

Fifteen million people, in America alone, are now regular patrons of the 17,000 motion picture theatres.

Twenty million other people are waiting for an invitation —only they don't know it.

Most of them have dropped in casually, occasionally, and didn't connect with the right play, and now put in many a dull afternoon and evening with a deck of cards or wishing the clock would speed up.

A notable advertising campaign for Paramount and Artcraft Pictures is already in full swing—to make those twenty millions pick up the folks and see a good play, and do it often.

For five years, the years that have given the motion picture character and distinction, the organization responsible for Paramount and Artcraft Pictures has built consistently and idealistically for a better form of screen entertainment.

Shadow versions of the world's most famous work of the theatre and the library have been visualized, translated into a newer and more living literature, interpreted by the foremost stars of the stage and screen.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land thousands of theatres—community centers—bear testimony to the soundness of this growth, the responsiveness of the public to entertainment that is clean.

These theatres in every community are sending an invitation to you—you will know them by the Paramount and Artcraft signs.

Artcraft Pictures

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

THREE WAYS TO KNOW

how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures:

1

By seeing the trademarks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

2

By seeing the trademarks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

3

By seeing the trademarks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director general*
NEW YORK

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES

Gasoline has advanced 72 per cent in cost in the last eighteen months

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

Today's Car of Utility and Economy

Electric power has decreased in cost in the last eighteen months

60 Detroit Electric Owners Out-Travel 60 Gas Car Owners

DO YOU really need 200 miles on a single charge of the battery?

Or, are the 80 to 100 miles on a single charge that the Detroit Electric does give, more than enough mileage for a day's use?

Don't guess. Look at the facts. See what the following test proves.

An accurate record was kept of the speedometer readings of 60 Detroit Electric owners and 60 gas car owners in ten different cities.

This record covered a period of three months.

It showed that each day these Detroit Electrics traveled from 18 to 90 miles and the gas car owners from 15 to 70 miles.

The average daily mileage of the Detroit Electrics was 36 miles as compared to the gas cars' 31 miles.

So you see two very important facts are established by this test.

First, it proves that the Detroit Electric has a greater mileage on a single charge of the battery than you need or use in a day.

For none of these 120 cars traveled in any one day the maximum mileage of a Detroit Electric on a battery charge—100 miles.

Secondly, the test also proves that the average Detroit Electric owner uses his car more than the average gas car owner.

There are several reasons for this.

One is that all the members of the family can drive a Detroit Electric easily and safely.

Another reason is that the Detroit Electric is the true, all-year automobile.

In pouring rain or driving snow you enjoy absolute comfort and perfect protection because it is a closed car.

In fine weather, with windows down, it is as cool as an open car.

Furthermore, only the electric-powered automobile can give you constantly efficient service in winter weather.

It cannot freeze up. It has no cylinders to chill and make starting difficult.

Think of the great satisfaction you would have in the knowledge that you could leave your Detroit Electric standing outside in the coldest weather without fear of its freezing up.

Think of the joy it is to have your car start off briskly and instantly even when the thermometer is registering around zero.

Where is the common-sense of going through another long winter of motor troubles when you can drive a Detroit Electric?

There is also a third truth established by this test we cite above.

And it is this—you don't need or use the great touring ability and tremendous speed characteristic of gas cars.

Are not the practical advantages of the Detroit Electric such as all-year, usable utility; easy operation; and great economy more to be desired?

Think of traveling from 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a set of tires. Detroit Electric owners do.

Think of paying only $5 to $7 per month for power. Detroit Electric owners do.

Think of having your car in use all the time with no need for frequent service attention. Detroit Electric owners do.

Make up your mind to investigate these solid and valuable merits of the Detroit Electric at once.

See the nearest dealer. Prices range from $2175 to $2840 f. o. b. Detroit.

Anderson Electric Car Company

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 7)

GENEVA, August Twenty-ninth.

At dinner last night we formed one of those curious parties this war is always bringing together. Between us, we had seen most of the corners of Armageddon. A British couple present had lived long in Turkey and the Balkans. In the brief delay between Germany's declaration of war and Turkey's, they had escaped from Constantinople to Italy on a crazily overloaded passenger steamer. A Serbian girl had gone through that awful retreat to Monastir. A Canadian captain was in Western Canada during July, 1914. On his way home to Ottawa he stopped for a little whirl at metropolitan life in Chicago. War interrupted his vacation. A week later he was applying for a commission; eight months later the Germans picked him up, wounded in five places, from a shell hole near St. Julien. Then, weary months of hard captivity; finally Switzerland and peace, broken now and then by another operation.

The Englishman spoke on the contradictions of Turkish character, on which subject he was both wise and amusing. Some of his remarks deserve recording:

"The story I'm going to tell you," he said, "is part fiction and part historic fact; but it's probably all true, nevertheless. It begins with a little drama I have made up out of my head.

"Tallat Pasha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, sits in his office, going over papers. He touches a bell, and Kemal, his secretary, enters. A fine, crafty old bird is Tallat Pasha, and Kemal is obedient and, for a Turk, very resourceful.

"'Kemal,' says Tallat Pasha, 'what is a Socialist?'"

"'I do not know, Excellency,' says Kemal. 'What in time is a Socialist?'"

"'I asked you!' says Tallat Pasha. 'We must have some Socialists. Here is a letter from those troublesome people in Berlin. They say there will be a Socialist conference in Stockholm and we are to send at least three delegates. Find me Socialists!'

"'Very well, Effendi,' says Kemal, and exits.

A few hours elapse and he returns.

"'There are no Socialists in Turkey,' he says. 'I do not know what they are; but there are none in Turkey.'

"'Very well,' says Tallat Pasha. 'Send for Nassim Masaliah. He is a Jewish unbeliever, and may be almost anything. He is to be a Socialist and bring two other Socialists.'

"Nassim Masaliah is a deuced clever little lawyer, who has made a good deal of money out of the war by doing whatever the Government wants him to do. So Nassim Masaliah and two of his friends are dubbed Turkish Socialists and sent to Stockholm, with plenty of money for expenses.

"So far, the story is fiction; but that's about how it must have happened. The rest is cold truth:"

A Short Cut to Socialism

"Nassim Masaliah and his two associates, fellows of his own stripe, appeared at Stockholm for the preliminary conference. They blithely registered at headquarters as Turkish Socialists, and got a rousing welcome from their comrades. Their troubles began when the Swedish President of the Conference asked them pleasantly what school of Socialism they represented; also, he wanted their credentials.

"Nassim Masaliah is a resourceful man on his native soil, but here he was a little out of his element. He tried to hedge; but the president pinned him down.

"'I don't know,' he said finally.

"'You don't know!' said the president. 'You come here as Socialists and you don't know what school you belong to! Where are your credentials? What is the name of your organization?'

"Nassim Masaliah's nerve was all gone by this time, and he said again:

"'I don't know. I was told to come to the Socialist Conference at Stockholm; and here I am.'

"Now all this time the German delegates had been winking and making signals at the three Turkish delegates. At this desperate moment they created some kind of diversion and led the Turkish delegation out into the hall. There they held an inquiry. Nassim Masaliah confirmed their worst fears. He didn't know the first thing about Socialism. He only knew that he'd been sent to Stockholm with orders to do everything the Germans told him to do. As for his associates, they knew nothing at all. They'd been eating well in Stockholm and they'd enjoyed the travel. Wasn't that enough?

"As you remember, the preliminary conference broke up in a disagreement and the real conference was postponed. The Germans took the three Turkish Socialists back to Berlin. They're now working eight hours a day with a professor of economics and an interpreter—studying Socialism. Back in Constantinople, an assistant of Kemal's is rounding up the rag-tag and bobtail of the city and forming them into Socialist locals, with officers. This is done on the advice of Nassim Masaliah, who wants something to represent when he presents his credentials again!"

GENEVA, August Thirty-first.

The foot of Lake Leman and the head of the Rhone River divide this city into two parts. Half a dozen pretty bridges connect the New City, where I live, with the Old. At the head of each bridge stands a public Square. I say this by way of explaining the events of yesterday. Also, here and now I explain that I have been keeping to myself while doing a job of writing. Consequently I missed all the preliminary signs of trouble.

I was buying some cigarettes in a little shop of the Old City when, glancing outside, I saw a crowd gathered on the quai.

"What is that?" I asked, rather glad to have an opening for a conversation with the pretty blond little woman who was counting out my change.

A Demonstration in Geneva

"It is a demonstration, monsieur, against the high cost of living," she said. "You know," she continued earnestly, "in Switzerland we have no king. The people—they are our king. When things are not as they should be we gather and protest. The people are the king in Switzerland!" she added, a little defiantly I thought; and I perceived that, from my accent, she took me for an Englishman.

I strolled over to the quai. A crowd of all ages and of both sexes stood about, talking in groups. Over by the river wall an orator had just finished speaking and was carrying away the packing box on which he had stood. The crowd began to drift away in knots. It seemed as though everything was over. On my way up to the university, where I had an appointment, I stopped in an old bookstore. A sound of song interrupted my reading. I poked my head outside; it was a procession.

First came men and boys, roughly arranged four abreast. They were singing the International; and singing it, somehow, as though they meant business. At the head of each section floated the red flag of Socialism; here and there a particularly nasty-looking loaf of gray, hard war bread was carried aloft on a pole, by way of showing what it was all about. Behind the men straggled hundreds of women, some carrying empty market baskets, some dragging children. So far, though everything was grim and businesslike, there was perfect order. The policemen, strung along the pavement one or two to each block, regarded the affair languidly. I had half a notion to break my engagement and follow; but there seemed little possibility of interesting events.

By making this decision I missed a good deal of action. Fifteen minutes later, as the procession approached the Hotel de Ville, a tramcar drove across its path. Taking this as an affront, the crowd charged it, pulverized its windows with paving stones, damaged the conductor and the motorman, and resisted with stones and fists a charge of the police. I arrived on the scene of action in time to behold a street strewn with broken glass, and a crowd of people who looked as though they were suffering from emotional strain drifting backward before the steady pressure of the police. On a corner two sergeants of the local force, dignified and elegant in blue uniforms, soldierlike kepis, silver lacings and epaulets, were just completing an arrest.

Geneva has no hurry-up wagon, it appears. The police had just chartered an open horse cab, wherein they were setting down, with great emphasis, a man and a woman. The man, a little fellow in a workingman's smock, had a welt beside his right eye. The woman—large, fat, middle-aged—had her decent black bonnet knocked over one ear. She, like the man, was pale and set of feature; her expression seemed to indicate that she was in doubt whether to burst into tears or to bite a policeman. The cab drove away in the direction of the City Jail. Though I ranged the streets for half an hour, I saw no further action. A few small groups talked and gestured with great animation; and that was all. The riot, such as it was, seemed to be over.

However, as I left the hotel after dinner, I saw further signs. This building faces on a street; at its rear is a wide garden, running down to the lake quai. In going to town I have been accustomed to walk through that garden and let myself out on the quai by a gate in the high iron fence. As I started to take my usual route the porter stopped me.

"I'm sorry; but you can't go by this route," he said. "We've locked the garden gate to-night."

I understood this precaution. Beside our hotel stands another with the same arrangement of gardens; beside that is the German Consulate. Last autumn that hotel was the center of a very pretty riot. Much rumor had been running about Geneva concerning a certain man, whom I shall call Mr. Koch. He was reputed to be the chief German spy in these parts, and he lived in that hotel. One evening, after a pro-Ally demonstration across the river, several thousand people came trampling across the flower beds and formal lawns, to call on Mr. Koch. By way of a visiting card they presented a rope. Mr. Koch was not at home. Scenting trouble, perhaps, he had gone the day before to a resort in the mountains.

The mob, it appears, was not yet beyond listening to reason. The proprietor of the hotel made a speech from the balcony, assuring the crowd, on his honor, that Mr. Koch was not in his hotel and would not be allowed to return. The mob hesitated; the police, taking advantage of the psychological moment, began a steady pressure and cleared out the garden. The crowd dispersed, pausing only long enough to smash some windows in the German Consulate. Our hotel, it appears, was taking no chances; for we do harbor some Germans, besides an Austrian prince and a Turkish pasha or so.

Yet, when we reached the Old Town, where such troubles always start, all was peace. The lake surface glittered back rows of electric lights; the moon made mystery of tangled, narrow hill streets. The cafés ran brimful to the sidewalks, and crowds, with the gait of leisure, strolled along the quais, singing and laughing—lovers mostly, or family parties.

The Mob in the Square

A cinema show with an American program flashed a luminous invitation. We entered, and grew homesick while watching stock saddles and Indians, and trains threading the Colorado Rockies, and homes of wealth and fashion furnished with trading stamps, and Charles Anderson foiling the sheriff, and Charlie Chaplin eating pie. Then, weary of a French three-reel domestic-triangle drama, we strolled out toward a Square that heads a bridge on the Old Town side. A block away from that Square we caught the murmur, the mixture of scream and roar, which emanates from a mob. We ran out into the Square.

It was packed with men—mostly poorly dressed and young. Under the arc lights I could see their faces working, their arms waving. As yet there was no action. Then, off by the lake embankment, I could make out some kind of struggle. From that direction the roar increased. And immediately the mob started with what purpose I do not know. I doubt if they knew, themselves. From the rear yelling men pressed against me, and I must set myself to the task of getting my wife out of the current to the curb. It was difficult, for she is a small woman; I had to protect her with my own body while struggling against the general rush.

When I had reached security and was getting my breath I saw that the crowd was milling about some center of disturbance and that the police were charging. They came across the square at a dogtrot, their silver braid and their epaulets making splashes against their dark uniforms. Each was carrying a long club, like a pike-staff sawed in two. On their flank skirmished some big fellows in citizens' dress, whose very feet betrayed them for plain-clothes men. A second later they were plowing their way through the mass.

At that moment I chanced to glance behind me. We were before a large and splendidly lighted café. Along a balcony on the second floor a group of men and women in evening dress—doubtless a private dinner party—watched the row with chattering interest. Beside me were two gilded young Genevese men about town, whose form-fitted evening clothes gave them the effect of being corseted. They had taken chairs from the sidewalk section of the café and were mounted thereon. Their faces expressed languid contempt.

"What is happening over there?" I ventured to ask the nearest.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Much fuss for nothing!" he replied.

Bill Devery Methods

Doubtless he believed this, too. He had dined well. We had no more conversation; for a plain-clothes man, feeling that our section of the crowd was too far advanced, charged us, and the gilded youths got down from their chairs just as he kicked them from beneath their feet. By this time the police were coming back with their arrests. I have grown accustomed of late to the ways of the Parisian police, who handle a peppery people with the maximum of tact and the minimum of force.

These Swiss police, however, seem to hold with the ideas of Bill Devery in the old days of the New York force. The first man, in charge of two policemen, seemed to have been knocked out. As they hauled him along, half erect, his feet were dragging on the ground. The second, shoved ahead of his captors, resisted arrest. He was digging in with his heels. Beside him trotted a plain-clothes man who, at regular intervals, cuffed him on the side of the head. The next one was walking, with forced willingness, before a policeman who had wrenched his arms behind him in a jiujitsu hold.

The rest of the police were clearing the square. I admired their method; they took advantage of the terrain. They split us into four sections, thus obtaining, like the German Empire, the advantage of inner strategic lines. One, with which I was numbered, they sent to the right along the lake embankment; another they forced to the left; another was herded up the narrow dark street which runs into the Old Town; and still another—this the largest and most dangerous—they clubbed along the bridge. Halfway across the bridge, the police formed their lines. Beyond them, in the moonlight, we could see the crowd weaving and rushing.

Ten minutes passed. Our part of the crowd was quiet and orderly; I perceived that the trouble, if it came at all, would come on the bridge. I approached a sergeant and tried to explain that I was an American journalist and wanted to see the show. I got the same response that a Swiss journalist would have received had he approached a Broadway policeman holding fire lines with a parallel proposition. And just then the murmur on the bridge turned into a roar. A flying squadron of policemen detached itself from the Square and ran to reenforce the hard-pressed line on the bridge. Dimly we could see forms piling up in the center of disturbance. Suddenly the crowd broke and went backward, the police cleared the bridge to the other side.

This looked like the finish. But it wasn't; for the crowd, driven backward, seemed to be rushing of its own motion along the opposite bank. "Going for the Germans!" chuckled someone in the crowd; and I got the point. Across there stood the German Consulate; the disturbers, with logic rare in a mob, had started for the true fountainhead of their troubles. I ran down to the next bridge and crossed, but I arrived too late. In the region of our hotel all was peace, save where a policeman or two kept stragglers moving along.

However, as I learned this morning, the best fight of the evening occurred near the

(Continued on Page 70

Prest-O-Lite STORAGE BATTERY

The Plate with a "Backbone"

Not only a better battery but

Perfected Process Plates

Quicker starts—longer life—greater staying power—the all-important standards of value to you in any storage battery—depend first of all on the plates, the real basis of the chemical action which creates electricity for starting, lighting and ignition.

In the great, modern Prest-O-Lite factories, experts have devised many new and efficient processes to insure you a better battery, and one of their greatest triumphs is the Perfected Process Plate—a distinct departure from previous plate-making practice—an established feature of all Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

Years of effort, research and expenditure stand back of this process.

The active pasted material is seasoned by a new and different treatment which produces a super-hard center or "back-bone" of gradually increasing porosity as the surface is reached.

The super-hard center provides all the strength, stability and long life of the so-called "hard plate," but without the sacrifice of "pep" and power which is characteristic of all "hard plate" batteries.

The porous, super-sensitive surface, growing from the hard "back bone" or center, provides all the "pep" and power of the so-called "soft plate," but without the sacrifice of long life which is characteristic of all "soft plate" batteries.

In short, the two most desired extremes in storage battery performance—hitherto believed impossible of accomplishment—are provided by the process developed by Prest-O-Lite.

No other battery plates were ever made by this process.

The actual proof to you that "Prest-O-Lite" is a better battery is not only in this and many instances of better making, but in its remarkable records in service.

Manufacturers of representative cars in every class have adopted the Prest-O-Lite Battery as standard equipment. After close observation they have discovered a notable freedom from battery troubles among more than a half million users.

You can eliminate most of your battery troubles by getting a Prest-O-Lite Battery—the battery with the Perfected Process Plates. There is a correct size to fit your car. It will give you the utmost in satisfactory starting, lighting and ignition service.

No matter what make of car you own—no matter what make of battery you have—Prest-O-Lite Service is always ready to help you in the prevention of storage battery troubles. We will gladly test your battery, add distilled water and give you unbiased advice as to its care.

Prest-O-Lite Service Stations everywhere have service batteries for you to use when your battery needs repair. The Prest-O-Lite Service creed begins and ends with the words—"Satisfy the Owner."

The Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc.

U. S. Main Office & Factory, Indianapolis, Ind
Canadian General Office & Factory, Toronto, Ont

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Cleveland	Kansas City	Omaha	Syracuse
Dallas	Los Angeles	Philadelphia	Toronto
			Winnipeg

—and more than 800 specially appointed Prest-O-Lite Battery Service Stations in all parts of the country.

backed by Prest-O-Lite Service

(Continued from Page 67)

German Consulate. A body of reserves had been drawn round it by way of precaution. As the mob came on, the reserves charged out to meet it. By this time the rioters, so often baffled by superior strategy, were in an unpleasant mood, and they showed fight. The reserves held on until the police from the bridge, swinging round the crowd, joined them and beat the rioters back with their clubs. One policeman had his arm broken, and two more are in the hospital this morning with internal injuries.

The receiving hospitals worked all night with blacked eyes and cracked crowns. Seventy citizens of Geneva, including six women, are in jail this morning charged with disturbing the peace or violently resisting an officer of the law. I learn, also, that demonstrations, though none so violent as this, occurred in other Swiss cities—it was a joint plan of the Socialists and the Syndicalists, who represent, roughly, our I. W. W.

I could not help but sympathize with this demonstration; for the cost of living is ruinously high. It goes without saying that Switzerland has more food and better prospects of getting food in the future than Germany. But the prices of most commodities are higher here than across the Border. This is because the German Government has taken hold of the situation and enforced maximum prices for many standard commodities.

Here, the Government, perhaps because it has carried along from month to month the thought of an early peace, has taken but few measures to insure reasonable prices. It has stopped the speculator; but before this happened the food gamblers had pretty nearly stripped the country of its accumulated supply. The people showed their teeth last night; and since, as the girl in the cigar stand said, the people are king in Switzerland, the federal authorities will doubtless be forced to take tardy measures of relief.

MILAN, September Second.

Crossing the Border from suspected Switzerland to suspicious Italy was hardly a pleasant experience. I have myself to thank. Usually, in crossing between belligerent and neutral countries, I keep on my person or in my baggage only such written matter as I need to establish my identity. The rest of my necessary documents—such as letters of introduction, notes and unfinished manuscripts—I post to myself at my new address, so that the mail censor may examine them at his leisure.

This time, my caution lulled to sleep by recent good luck at the Spanish-French and French-Swiss frontiers, I carried everything—letters of introduction, letters lately received from America, copies of old manuscripts, and notebooks. Hence a disagreeable hour of stripping, turning out linings and pockets, hot debate and fruitless explanation. I might have been there yet, and I should certainly have been forced to leave my papers behind, had it not been for an American in the Diplomatic Corps who was making the same journey. He had peeped through the windows of the detention shed to see what was delaying the train; and he observed my fix.

Shade and Scenery

At once he sought out the authorities and vouched for me. So, when things looked blackest, I was suddenly released, with papers and luggage. Truth to tell, my passport—the fifth I have carried since the war began—makes me an object of suspicion. The visé of either Spain or Switzerland counts against a traveler at any Allied frontier—and my passport carries both!

So they loaded us on the train that travels from the Italian side of the Simplon Tunnel to Milan. In peacetime the fastest express service runs from Geneva to Milan in six or seven hours. This run, to-day, takes nearly fourteen hours. The train had been held for the settlement of our case, it appears; for as soon as we established ourselves in the last vacant seats of the first-class section it started.

In the passage through the Simplon Tunnel, which runs under the Swiss-Italian frontier, we had crossed into a new climate. As we climbed the Alps on the Swiss side we were in rather cool and bracing summer weather; now the baking sun of Italy beat oppressively down upon us. During the burning midays of their hot summers the Italians keep interiors cool by pulling down all window shades. The same rule, we found, is enforced on the railroads. Our seats were on the sunny side. Whenever, in order to glimpse the terraced mountains, we tried to lift the curtain a little, a relentless guard rebuked us sharply and pulled it down.

On the other side ran a long corridor, its curtains raised, since it was on the shady side. Through those windows we could, at first, catch glimpses of the scenery; but at every way station a crowd of passengers piled aboard, with that wealth of hand luggage which the economical European carries in order to evade the tariffs of the baggage car. Since there were no seats left in the compartment, they disposed themselves on their baggage in the corridor—men, women and children; soldiers, civilians and officials.

One more station, and I had given up my seat to make room for a party composed of a mother, a peasant nurse, and two well-behaved little black-eyed girls of one year and three years. A plump and pleasant old Italian who sat beside us followed suit. The mother, a Milanese—pretty, young and smart—took her eldest on her lap; the maid accommodated the baby. She looked—this maid—as though she were made up for a costume party. Covering her coarse black hair she wore a kerchief of figured satin, coffee-colored. It was fastened by a pair of silver pins, with heavy, embossed heads. Her waist and stockings were white, her skirt was red, and her apron was a kaleidoscope.

The Talk of the Train

The plump old Italian gentleman made the acquaintance of this party at once; and occasionally, when the mother grew weary, he would relieve her of the three-year-old, whom he would entertain with his watch chain or with the bunch of evil-eye charms hanging from his wrist.

The ladies found that by squeezing they could make room for another; and so a seat was found for a raving beauty, an Italian blonde, who, the focus of every eye, had been sitting on her suit case in the corridor. She had the true blond hair—not washed of color, but shot with light. She had a skin like clotted cream; a melting delicacy of feature; and great violet eyes, both fiery and soft. In her gray rajah traveling dress, her little hat, her neat American shoes, she was the last word in smartness. It was no surprise, therefore, to learn that she was just returning from Paris.

Immediately she opened conversation with the mother and the plump elderly gentleman. Being northern Italians of the educated class, they used Italian and French with equal facility, slipping from one language to the other so often and abruptly that I doubt if they could have told which they were speaking. When it was French I understood; when it was Italian I understood just the same—by the gestures.

Now the two women were talking clothes. How did I know? By the sweep of their hands across their figures. The beauty had seen such a dress in a window! How did I know that? Her white-gloved hands outlined the window and the dress. About the neck it was marvelous—such lace! Her two hands flopped to her own fair breastbone and a rippling motion of the fingers spun out the lace. By similar pantomime I learned that she had entered the store, had inquired the price of a haughty saleslady, and had found it frightfully, incredibly high. It is useless for northern peoples to study gesture; we can never attain to the heights of the most stolid Latin.

Shifting to French, they spoke on social topics, and men. Such was the scarcity of men in Paris, observed the beauty, that officers on leave must dread the ordeal; they are pursued so shamelessly. Last week she had attended a tea where there were twenty women and two officers. Those women didn't give them a chance to breathe!

"In Milan," put in the mother, "in Milan, society resembles one of those chases in the moving pictures!"

We crawled and stopped, crawled and stopped; and at every station we crammed on still more passengers. We were running now past the Italian lakes, a region of such incredible beauty as to resemble the vision of some fantastic painter rather than a combination of trees, earth, water, brick and stone. Whenever, peering past the crowd in the corridor, I could glimpse the landscape, it seemed to me like a region asleep. September is usually the height of the season in the northern Italian resorts. Now the placid surfaces of the lakes were unbroken by boats; the driveways were deserted; the hotels had their shutters closed.

Already I could perceive the change that had come over Italy since, in the late spring of 1916, I last saw the country. Then the war—for Italy—was less than a year old. Then trains ran and hotels accommodated guests as usual. Turin, where I first stopped at that time, seemed even a little more gay than usual; coming there from Lyons was like coming from war to peace. But this train looked like war; and so, by little signs—such as the condition of the stations and the dinginess of all painted objects—did the country in general. I noticed, too, the shabbiness of the uniforms in comparison with their fresh smartness a year before—a sure proof of hard service.

As we slid into the Lombard plain it became chokingly hot. I grew weary, very weary, of standing. So, of course, did the Italians. But they made no special sign. In their sociable Latin fashion they had all got acquainted; to the very end they chattered like magpies and gesticulated like electric fans.

At the Milan Station I had further proof that Italy is at war. I could get no porter to assist me with my hand luggage, which is complicated by a heavy typewriter. A flagman, just off duty, saw me toiling along loaded like a pack mule and offered, for the tip of a lira, to assist. When he dumped me on the sidewalk outside I found that the hotel omnibuses had been hauled off the run months before. It was useless for me to take a tramcar, as I was new to the city and had not the slightest idea where my hotel lay.

The rest of the first-class passengers, I found, had lined up on the curb with bag and baggage, and were struggling for the little one-horse cabs that occasionally loomed in sight round the corner. I joined the struggle. On account of my ignorance of the language, it was half an hour before I secured at last a free taxicab, and was whirled to that old-fashioned hotel where Verdi lived out the last twenty years of his life, and where, as a tablet shows, he died.

The Beauties of Milan

This hotel is famous for its cooking, which was why Verdi, gourmet as well as composer, lived there. But when, being by now very hungry, I asked for the dining room I found it was closed for the period of the war. "We simply couldn't keep it going in view of the high prices and the scarcity of guests," said the manager. "And we didn't want to let down our standards—our best cooks are all mobilized."

We sought a restaurant down the street, where, encountering an Italian friend, we were introduced to the great dish of the country—fresh figs and thin-sliced smoked ham. That sounds like a strange combination—but try it! If you cannot get fresh figs, melon does almost as well.

MILAN, September Fifth.

Industrially and commercially, this city is the heart of Italy; in fact, the practical, energetic Lombard, with that local pride which always marks the hustler, will tell you Milan is first among Italian cities, and the rest nowhere.

"A Milanese," runs a modern Roman legend, "was trading conundrums with a Neapolitan.

"'My first,' said the Milanese, 'is R O; my second is M A; my whole is the capital of Italy.'

"'That's easy,' said the Neapolitan; 'Roma'—Rome.

"'Not at all!' said the Milanese. 'Milan!'"

Center of a great industrial region, which manufactures nearly everything, and especially silks, it is to the visitor the most pleasing industrial city in the world. Because it uses much electric power it is not sooty, like Pittsburgh or Lille; nor is it dour, like Manchester and Glasgow; nor matter-of-fact, like Lyons. The architecture and the general plan have the qualities of lightness and gayety, expressed in brick and stone, which suggest Paris. The old wars that surged over the rich Lombard plain spared some of its antique monuments, which still dot the center of the city.

Concerning the Cathedral, that pretentious exhibition of stone lace, I need not write. It is one of the famous buildings of the world; if for no other reason, because architects differ so widely and bitterly concerning its merits. Two hundred yards from the Cathedral you are in a patch of the Middle Ages—an old market piazza, surrounded by palaces. At the end of a main street rises the battlemented castle that used to defend the town.

The thing, however, which distinguishes Milan in my esteem from all other cities I have ever seen is that singular institution, the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele.

Imagine, first, four city blocks of shops and business buildings surrounded by arcades. Now it stands to reason that through these four blocks run two streets, crossing each other, and each two blocks long. Imagine, then, that the sidewalks of these streets have been extended from curb to curb, covering the space usually devoted to wagon traffic. Imagine that from cornice to cornice of the four-story buildings—all of equal height—run arched skylights of frosted glass, completely protecting the pavement from rain and sun. Imagine that over the center of the Greek cross formed by the skylights is a high dome, also of frosted glass. There you have the Galleria.

The Cafés of the Galleria

No wheeled traffic traverses it, but only pedestrians. It is cool in the most blistering summer weather; it is bone-dry in the spring and autumn rains. In spite of pretentious ornaments and mural decorations it is not beautiful. It has none of the simple majesty of the Pennsylvania Station in New York, a conception quite similar. But that is comparing it to the absolute. At the risk of seeming a spread-eagle Yankee, I register my opinion that the best architecture produced in the United States during the past twenty-five years is the world's high-water mark for the period.

What brings you back to the Galleria again and again is the human note. It surges life. Along its borders run the principal cafés. No Latin eats or drinks indoors if the weather permits; and one may, with comfort, sit in the Galleria during eight months of the year. So chairs and tables, almost always occupied, block half of the space from curb to curb. Between the cafés stand fashionable shops. The Corrièra della Sera, for power and reputation the leading newspaper of Italy, has its office in a corner under the dome.

Sit down before one of the cafés at any hour between nine o'clock in the morning and midnight, and you behold a fascinating procession, which comprises every element in north Italian life, from peasants with gaudy headdresses to smart and always beautiful women of fashion. By habit, soon acquired, you come to make all your appointments for the Galleria. Here, rather than to his club, repairs the tired business man of Milan for his *apéritif* and his chat before dinner. Always there resounds from wall to wall the musical bubbling hum of Italian conversation.

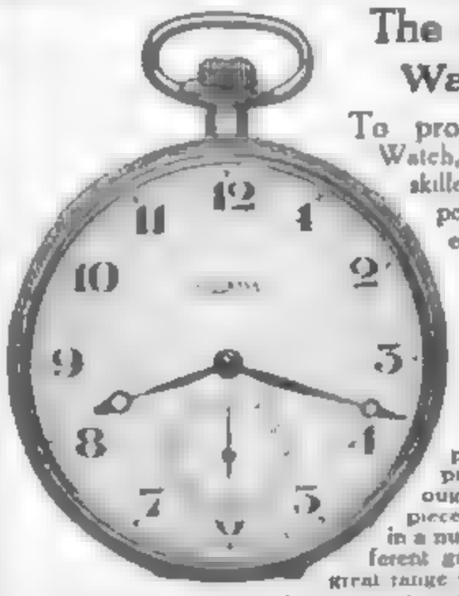
Now, because of the war, the Galleria has become doubly interesting. Soldiers, in the variegated styles of Italian uniform, give color to every group. A detachment home on leave, still stained with the mud and filth of the trenches, and still festooned with rusty packs, strolls past, looking at shops, cafés and pretty women with grateful, animated eyes. Groups of officers give the correct military touch—your Italian is likely to be a well-set-up man and the uniform has attractive lines.

Dining in the Galleria last night, my attention was called to a plump and pleasing woman of middle age who was eating spaghetti with her knife and smacking her lips at every bite. The Queen of Sheba never wore more jewels; and inspection convinced me that they were real, not imitation. Whenever she wielded her knife her many bracelets—all of gold, set with gems—rattled like armor.

"Munitions!" said my Italian friend. "But from early in the war, mind you. In the beginning our government didn't see the munitions situation clearly, any more than the other governments, and fortunes tumbled into the laps of people who never had money before. That was stopped long ago."

Milan is in this war up to the neck. She is working all the more earnestly in that she belonged to Austria only a generation ago and holds a long memory of old misrule. She has borne her share of the burden

(Continued on Page 73)



The HALLMARK Watch for Men

To produce the Hallmark Watch, a special committee of skilled watchmakers was appointed from the stockholders of the company, and nearly all leading watches of American and Foreign make were carefully investigated. By combining the merits of the highest grade watches with their own ideas, founded on practical experience, the Hallmark Watch was produced. It is a practical and thoroughly smart lifetime timepiece and is offered in a number of different grades at a great range in price.

For $25.00 the Hallmark, 17 jewels, adjusted movement in a special 25 yr gold filled case
For $40.00 the same movement in a 14K solid gold case
For $40.00 a 21 jewel watch, gold filled case, other styles at $15.00, $18.00, $30.00, $50.00, $75.00, $100.00 and $125.00.

The Hallmark Store

This is the Sign of Membership in The United Jewelers, Incorporated. Hundreds of Jewelers Co-operating to Produce Merchandise of Higher Quality at Lower Prices

The HALLMARK Bracelet Watch

Like the Hallmark Watch for men, the bracelet watch was chosen after considering practically every leading make, and today the Hallmark Bracelet Watch is recognized as the most consistently dependable of any small sized watch on the market at a moderate price. The illustration shows the actual size of the watch, which is supplied in two grades of movement (15 and 17 jeweled) in gold filled and 14K solid gold, round or octagon shaped cases, plain or engraved, regular or green gold, with flexible or black ribbon bracelet. You will find the kind of bracelet watch you want in the Hallmark line.

For $16.50 the 15 jeweled movement in a plain round case with flexible or ribbon bracelet.
For $26.50 the same in 14K solid gold. Other styles at $20.00, $25.00, $30.00, $35.00, $40.00, and up to $400.00.

The Colonial Maid Sterling

A simple yet distinctive pattern of sterling table ware. A period design, yet of such a character as to harmonize beautifully with almost any dining room service. A style and finish procurable in the Colonial Maid at a little less cost.

Partial Price List
Subject to Market Changes

Dessert Knives,
Per set of six, $17 50
Dessert Forks,
Per set of six, $16.50
Dessert Spoons,
Per set of six, $16 50
Table Spoons
Set of six, $22 50
Tea Spoons
Set of six, $8 50
Salad Forks
Set of six $15 00
Butter Spreaders
Set of six $11 50
Bouillon Spoons
Set of six $9 75
Oyster Forks
Set of six $8 00
Berry Spoon
Each . $8 50
Sugar Spoon
Each . $2 25
Cold Meat Fork
Each . $4 75

HALLMARK Plate

Hallmark Plate is planned to equal in quality any plated silverware on the market. It is made with a stipulated quantity of silver in every piece and a certain method of heating, insuring longer wear. While the [illegible] in annual sales [illegible] of better silverware has been [illegible] the [illegible] a lower than [illegible] a definite [illegible] of the saving afforded by co-operation.

Partial Price List
Knives and Forks
Set before us, $11 75
Tea Spoons
Per set of six, $2.50
Table Spoons,
Set of six, $5 00
Dessert Spoons,
Set of six, $4 50
Salad Forks
Set of six $4 50
Butter Spreaders
Set of six $4 25
Bouillon Spoons
Set of six $3 00
Oyster Forks
Set of six $3 00
Berry Spoon,
Each . $3 00
Sugar Spoon
Each . $ 85
Cold Meat Fork,
Each . $1 50

The Dixie Pattern

HALLMARK Jewelers

Here is a list of cities where Hallmark Stores are now located. See if there is one in your town. If so look for the sign in his window. If not, you may address any inquiries or orders direct to this office.

The United Jewelers, Incorp., 54 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City

Alabama
[illegible]
Arizona
Bisbee
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Arkansas
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California
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Los Angeles
Monrovia
[illegible]
Pomona
[illegible]
Richmond
Riverside
Sacramento
[illegible]
Santa Cruz
San Jose
Santa Ana
Canada
[illegible]
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London, Ont.
Colorado
Canon City
Montrose
Connecticut
[illegible]
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Deep River
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Hartford
Meriden
Middletown
New Haven
New London
Norwalk
South Norwalk
Stamford
Torrington
Wallingford
Waterbury
Willimantic
Florida
Arcadia
Miami
[illegible]
West Palm Beach
Georgia
[illegible]
Valdosta
Idaho
Boise
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Kellogg
Moscow
Twin Falls
Wallace
Illinois
Alton
Aroma
Aurora
Belvidere
Bloomington
Canton
Clifford
Chicago
Danville
Decatur
East St. Louis
Elmhurst
Evanston
Freeport
Galesburg
Geneva City
Harvey
Jacksonville
Joliet
Kewanee
Lincoln
Macomb
Madison
Maywood
Monmouth
Morrison
Mt. Sterling
Oak Park
Olney
Peoria
Pontiac
Rockford
Springfield
Sterling
Streator
Taylorville
Tuscola
Waukegan
Woodstock
Indiana
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Auburn
Bluffton
Brookville
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Franklin
Gary
Greenfield
Hammond
Indianapolis
Kendallville
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Rensselaer
Richmond
Rochester
Seymour
South Bend
Union City
Vincennes
Vincennes
Washington
Iowa
Algona
Ames
Belmond
Burlington
Clinton
Creston
Council Bluffs
Des Moines
Eagle Grove
Elkura
Fort Dodge
Humboldt
Iowa Falls
Mason City
Mt. Pleasant
Northwood
Ottosa
Ottumwa
Red Oak
Sheldon
Shenandoah
Sioux City
Tama
Tipton
Washington
Kansas
Arkansas City
Caney
Chanute
Coffeyville
Cottonwood Falls
Dodge City
Emporia
Fort Scott
Hutchinson
Hutchinson
Independence
Iola
Junction City
Manhattan
Marysville
Neodesha
Sabetha
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Louisiana
New Orleans
Maine
Bangor
Eastport
Maryland
Cumberland
Salisbury
Massachusetts
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Attleboro
Beverly
Brockton
Clinton
Fitchburg
Framingham
Gardner
Gloucester
Great Barrington
Lynn
Marlborough
Methuen
Natick
New Bedford
Newburyport
North Adams
Northampton
Orange
Pittsfield
Plymouth
Provincetown
Southbridge
Springfield
Westfield
Williamstown
Winchendon
Winchester
Worcester
Michigan
Alpena
Ann Arbor
Battle Creek
Calumet
Detroit
Escanaba
Ironwood
Jackson
Kalamazoo
Lansing
Ludington
Manistee City
Marquette
Mt. Clemens
Muskegon
Negaunee
Owosso
Pontiac
Minnesota
Brainerd
Crookston
Duluth
Ely
Faribault
Fergus Falls
Hibbing
Minneapolis
Moorhead
New Richland
Owatonna
Red Wing
St. Paul
Virginia
Winona
Missouri
Boonville
Brookfield
Carrollton
Excelsior Springs
Fulton
Kansas City
Marceline
Marshall
Mexico
Moberly
Richmond
Sedalia
St. Joseph
Carson City
Virginia
Montana
Anaconda
Billings
Bozeman
Butte
Great Falls
Kalispell
Livingston
Miles City
Nebraska
Alliance
Beaver City
Beatrice
Blair
Central Island
Chadron
Columbus
Crete
Fairbury
Fremont
Grand Island
Hastings
Lincoln
Loup City
Nebraska City
Norfolk
Omaha
O'Neill
Ord
Seward
Spencer City
Stanton
Superior
Wahoo
Wayne
West Point
York
Nevada
Winnemucca
New Hampshire
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Laconia
Keene
Manchester
Portsmouth
New Jersey
Atlantic City
Bound Brook
Camden
Jersey City
Morristown
Millville
Newark
New Brunswick
Paterson
Perth Amboy
Plainfield
Red Bank
Trenton
New Mexico
Albuquerque
Las Vegas
New York
Albion
Amsterdam
Auburn
Batavia
Bath
Beacon
Binghamton
Canandaigua
Canastota
Cazenovia
Cohoes
Corning
Cortland
Dansville
Elmira
Fulton
Geneva
Gloversville
Herkimer
Ilion
Ithaca
Jamestown
Little Falls
Lockport
Malone
Massena
Middletown
Mt. Vernon
New York
Niagara Falls
Norwich
Ogdensburg
Olean
Oneida
Oneonta
Owego
Penn Yan
Plattsburg
Port Jervis
Potsdam
Rochester
Salamanca
Saranac Lake
Saratoga Springs
Schenectady
Seneca Falls
Sherrill
Tupper Lake
Utica
Warsaw
Warwick
Watertown
Watervliet
Waverly
White Plains
Yonkers
North Dakota
Minot
Ohio
Akron
Ashland
Ashtabula
Athens
Barberton
Bellefontaine
Bedford
Cambridge
Canton
Cleveland
Columbus
Conneaut
Dayton
Defiance
Greenville
Hamilton
Ironton
Jackson
Kent
Lancaster
Lebanon
Lorain
Louisville
Mansfield
Marietta
Marion
Massillon
Medina
Middleport
Mt. Vernon
New Bremen
Newark
Norwalk
Painesville
Piqua
Portsmouth
Salem
Sandusky
Sidney
Springfield
St. Marys
Toledo
Warren
Wash. C. H.
Wellington
Wellsville
Wooster
Oklahoma
Ada
Bartlesville
Blackwell
Chickasha
El Reno
Mt. Sheridan
Muskogee
Oklahoma City
Okmulgee
Pawhuska
Pryor
Stillwater
Tulsa
Oregon
Oregon City
Pendleton
Roseburg
The Dalles
Pennsylvania
Bentleyville
Bloomsburg
Butler
Chartiers
Coatesville
Corry
Du Bois
Du Bois
Duquesne
Easton
Ephrata
Franklin
Greenville
Harrisburg
Hazleton
Jersey Shore
Lancaster
Lewistown
Lock Haven
Mt. Carmel
Mt. Pleasant
Mt. Union
Mt. Wolf
Nanticoke
New Kensington
Oil City
Oxford Mills
Parkesburg
Pittsburgh
Reading
Reynoldsville
Ridgway
Saxonburg
Shamokin
St. Marys
Uniontown
Warrington
Rhode Island
Newport
Westerly
South Carolina
Charleston
South Dakota
Aberdeen
Deadwood
Lemmon
Mitchell
Lowry
Redfield
Sioux Falls
Watertown
Tennessee
Chattanooga
Greenville
Kingsport
Nashville
Trenton
Union City
Texas
Amarillo
Austin
Bonham
Brownwood
Belton
Cisco
Coleman
Corpus
Dallas
El Paso
Fort Worth
Marshall
Orange
Paris
Port Arthur
San Angelo
Utah
Logan
Ogden
Vermont
Brattleboro
Burlington
Montpelier
Newport
Rutland
St. Johnsbury
Washington
Centralia
North Yakima
Pasco
Renton
Seattle
South Bellingham
Spokane
Tacoma
Walla Walla
Wenatchee
West Seattle
West Virginia
Clarksburg
Fairmont
Martinsburg
Weirton
Wheeling
Williamson
Wisconsin
Antigo
Appleton
Ashland
Beloit
Burlington
Chippewa Falls
Clintonville
Eau Claire
Fond du Lac
Janesville
Kenosha
Kewaunee
Madison
Milwaukee
Monroe
Neenah
Oconto
Portage
Racine
Rhinelander
Sheboygan
Waukesha
Waupaca
Wausau
West Bend
Wyoming
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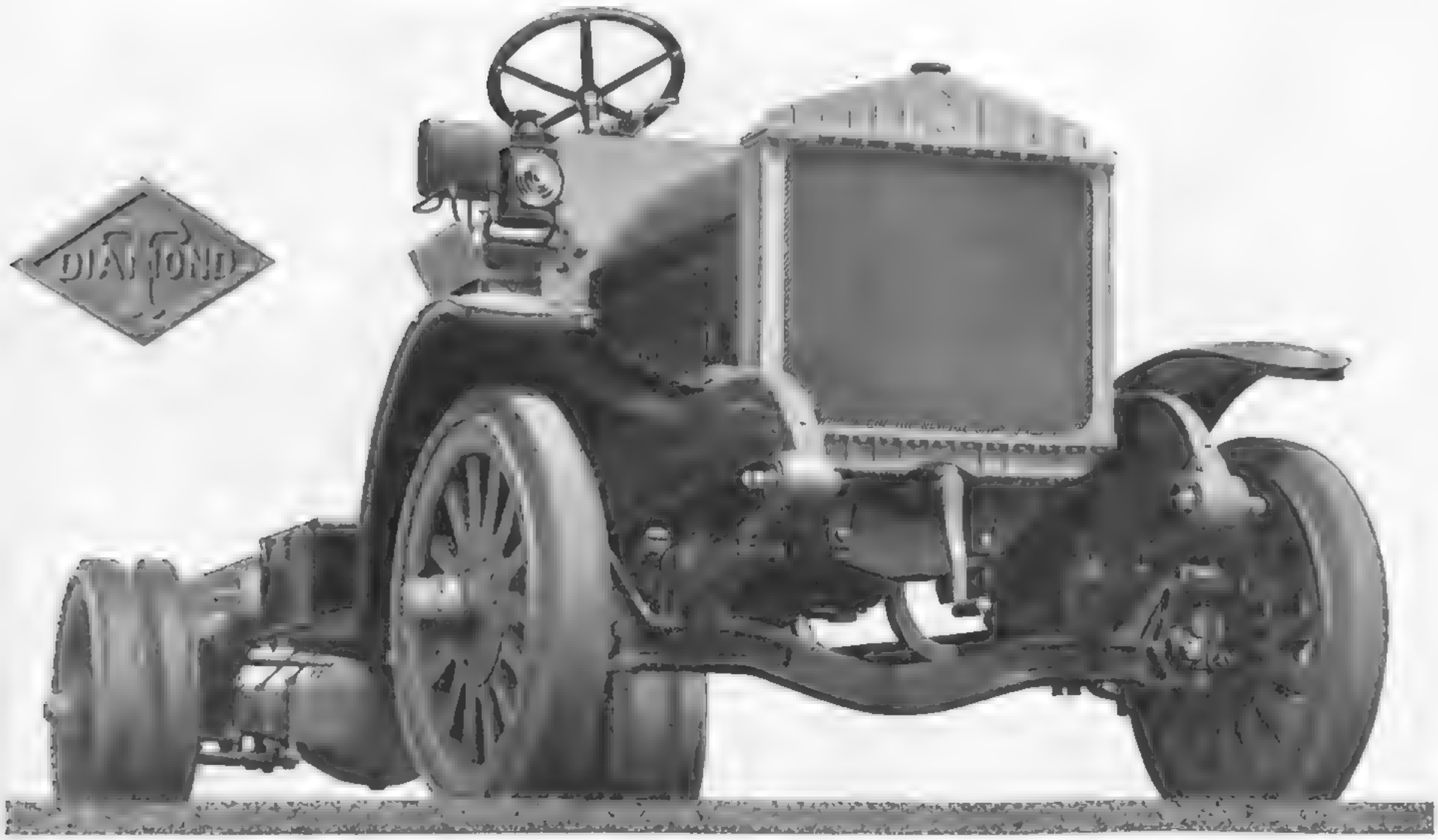
The HALLMARK Catalog

Forty-eight pages of gift suggestions. Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather goods, suggestions and every piece Hallmark Quality and Economy. A copy of this book will be supplied free by your local Hallmark Store or mailed from this office upon request.



DIAMOND T
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Note the massive strength of the DIAMOND T shown above. Every part is made to carry far more than the normal load.

DIAMOND T construction withstands the strains and smashing blows that shorten the life of lighter trucks.

The DIAMOND T has a vast reserve strength. Not one has ever worn out.

Nor has this extra strength reduced operating efficiency. No truck will travel farther on gasoline, oil and tires.

Our policy has always been to build the best truck that can be built. We are determined to keep the DIAMOND T in the lead in strength—durability—simplicity—efficiency.

Factory efficiency has enabled us to turn out such a truck at a favorable price.

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Greatly increased factory capacity now enables us to serve a few new dealers each month. Prompt shipments are being made on stock chassis.

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DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 4519 West 26th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 70)

of losses in this war of unprecedented killing. In Paris no café orchestra has performed since the war began. Up to last spring it was a breach of good manners to play the piano in your own home.

Once, on my way down the stairs of an apartment house, I began humming a tune. A Frenchman who accompanied me gave me a mild rebuke—people who heard me would be offended, he said. But in the cafés of the Galleria two excellent orchestras play afternoon and evening, and crowds block the footway to listen and applaud. All the evening voices singing in the full, high Italian tenor float through the windows of our hotel. And over on the Carso, one of the best armies in the game, headed by the only field marshal who has held his job since the beginning, was hammering its way across Monte San Gabriele.

I realize now that the Italy of the tourist, for the present, is dead. It was not so last year. Except in the war zone, every gallery was open, and every church crypt. The few people who had leisure and permission to travel roamed in luxury through the beauties of Italy, feeling that they had the country all to themselves. Your tourist is the most exclusive snob in existence; he is happiest when relieved from contact with his own kind.

Now Milan, though preëminently industrial, is yet a station of any art pilgrimage through Italy. That most famous of all paintings, Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, is here, irremovably fixed in the plaster of the Dominican Monastery. In some respects its galleries are second only to those of Florence and Venice. But the little refectory that holds the Last Supper is double-locked; and the picture, I understand, has been thoroughly protected with either sandbags or steel. The galleries are all closed to the public; and the priceless pieces, such as Raphael's Nuptials of the Virgin, are gone to some safe and secret place.

Threats From the Air

A treasure of the Cathedral was its set of stained-glass windows, which streamed glory on the marble floors. The light of the Cathedral is now dun and commonplace; the old stained glass has been taken out and replaced by plain brown panes. Here and there a spot of blue or gold does splash the floor; it is cast by a piece of inferior modern glass, not considered worth saving. And its sculptures—even to one whole altar—are concealed by solid banks of sandbags.

Milan, within a fairly easy aëroplane flight from the enemy lines, is taking no chances. The city has, in fact, been raided once; and other attempts have been frustrated only by the vigilance of the Italian fighting planes.

FLORENCE, September Ninth.

I shall have to take back a little of what I said about the Italy of the tourist. Florence, the City of Beautiful Things, still keeps a fairly open house for all who come to see. In this, however, she is unique among Italian cities. Her past is her main reason for existence. By displaying what her giants of art left behind them she gains her living and her importance in the world. Close utterly her galleries and palaces, and you would destroy utterly what amounts to her main industry. And, though we are at war and the tourist flood is dammed, still there are drippings.

A few woman students of art, untouched by the war, remain; to shut up the galleries would drive them away and give a final blow to the hotel and *pension* business, already nearly ruined. It is hard for anyone with the love of beauty in his nature to pass by Florence; so Italian soldiers from other parts of the peninsula often find occasion to pass one day of their leaves here, thus bringing meager tips to custodians and a little revenue to the hotels.

Then there are the copyists. Some of these are young men, and therefore mobilized; most, however, are either women or old painters who, finding long ago that they had technic, took to this way of earning a living. Were the old masters locked up, they would lose the only work they can do.

A year ago last spring I found that everything was running as wide open as ever. Shortly after that, Italy, which had hitherto been fighting only Austria, declared war on Germany. Instantly the Germans worked up a tooth-gnashing hate against Italy. And Italians in Florence began to receive letters from hitherto esteemed German friends, telling what the aircraft of *kultur* was going to do to Florence.

As Florentines tell me the story, these fiery missives always threatened two structures in particular—Giotto's Tower and the Pitti Palace. It is easy to see why the Germans picked Giotto's Tower. A vote among painters and architects would probably elect this as the most beautiful piece of building in the world. It is almost the symbol of Florence. Its destruction would be an irreparable calamity.

The Pitti contains merely one of the three greatest Florentine art collections; the Germans appear to have picked it, instead of the rather more meritorious Uffizi and Belle Arti, because it is also a royal palace. Thus, to deliberate injury they would add delicious insult.

Florence, though a pretty long flight from the lines, could be reached by bombing planes; and it would be nearly impossible to drop a bomb anywhere near the center of the city without destroying something irreplaceable.

Sandbagged Treasures

So, with due regard for her practical necessities, Florence took precautions. In the great galleries you miss some of the most famous and valuable of the large canvases—perhaps I had better not state which. Of course the beauty and value of a painting is not measured by its size. Many of the greatest, including most of Fra Angelico's, are tiny pieces of canvas or wood, which could be carried away under a man's coat. These smaller pieces are still on exhibition; the guards and custodians, I believe, have been instructed as to what to do in case of a raid.

Such great structures as the Cathedral, Giotto's Tower and the Signorial Palace cannot be protected, as a whole. However, the most valuable sculptures and carvings in the Cathedral are covered by sandbags. Some eight to ten feet from the ground, Giotto's Tower has a frieze carved by the master himself—that same frieze over which Ruskin raves through chapter after chapter. A scaffolding, heavily sandbagged, protects it. Across the square is the Baptistery, with its famous bronze doors. They are now inclosed in loose wooden cases, packed with sandbags.

Next to the Signorial Palace is the Loggia dei Lanzi, a little gem of an open gallery, where, before the war, the unemployed of Florence used to sun themselves about the pedestals of half a dozen great statues. The two most valuable of these—Cellini's Perseus With the Medusa Head and the antique Rape of the Sabines—are covered by high sheds packed with neat rows of sandbags.

Michelangelo's David, at the door of the palace, is only a copy—it was discovered years ago that life in the open air was bad for the original. That original is elsewhere—also sandbagged. The Fountain, at the other corner of the palace, has been similarly treated; the structure that confines it runs almost to the tablet in the pavement marking the spot where Savonarola died. So it goes with most exposed objects of great artistic value.

Michelangelo's Tombs of the Medici, the height of Renaissance sculpture and of the master's creation, are protected, too, but in such a manner that they may still be seen. This has been done very ingeniously. I shall not go into details, but it is probable that a direct hit from even the heaviest bomb would not even scratch them. Most of Giotto's work, being in the form of frescoes low down among the ornament of great churches, is already protected by layer after layer of heavy masonry. These works, therefore, are still open to inspection.

A few other famous pieces are shut from sight, owing to special necessities of war. For example, the old Palace of the Medici, with Gozzoli's joyous Procession of the Magi in its private chapel, is now police headquarters for the city. The police are too busy to bother with strangers, so the chapel is closed. Yet when all is said, these few exceptions are scarcely missed in the general beauty of Florence.

Living by art and the tourist, Florence is hard hit. What has happened to the hotels I have described before. Her retail trade was mostly of commerce in art or near-art; that, too, is flattened out. I should say that half of the dealers in art, antiques and curios have closed their doors. One goes down streets of drawn shutters, which recall those of Paris in the first winter of the war. Ten thousand people, skilled and usually high-priced workmen, were employed in the business of reproductions. Honest workmen all, it was not their fault if the

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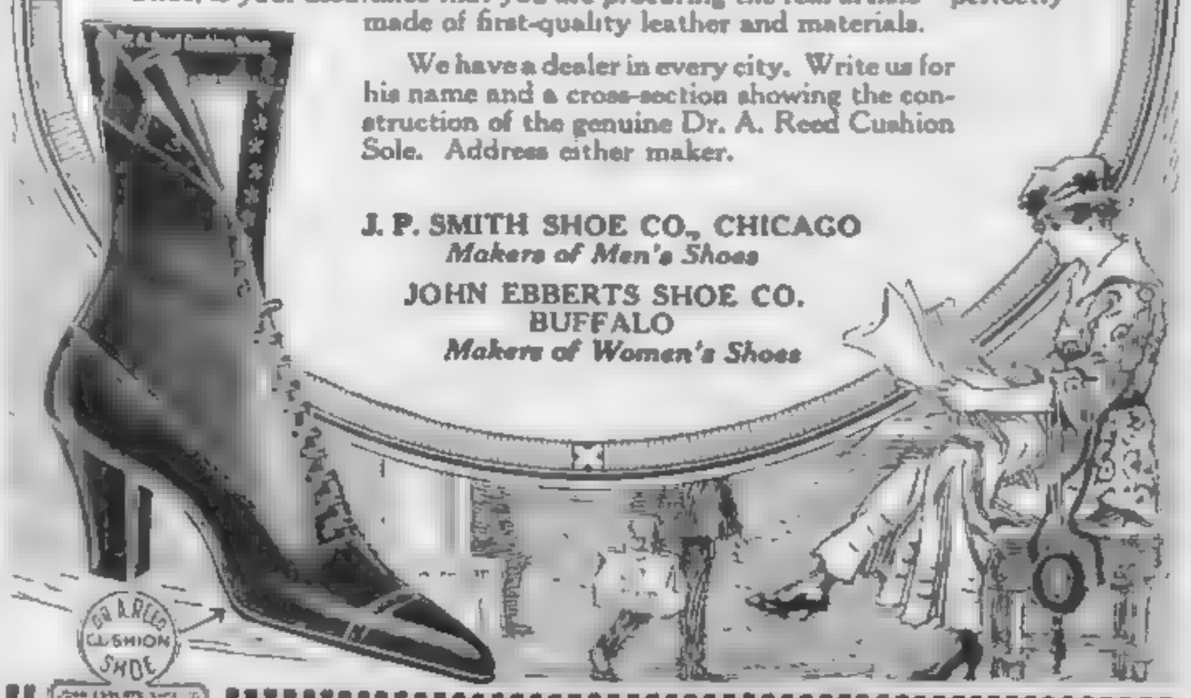

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973 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

middlemen worm-holed one of their Medici-period chairs and worked it off on an American millionaire as a genuine antique!

As a matter of fact, there exists a legitimate demand for reproductions—from museums and from people who love the genuine enough to want the imitation. This trade is dead. One or two workshops are still making pieces, on order, for museums; and that is all.

For a time, as hotel after hotel, shop after shop, went into bankruptcy, war suicides were common. Sad among these cases was that of the Man Who Looked Like Roosevelt. The resemblance, they say in Florence, was so startling that our Teddy, on his trip round the world, called on his double—he kept a book shop—and presented him with a signed photograph. With the horror of the war and the state of his business, he went mad. He tried to drown himself in the Arno, and was pulled out; he tried to hang himself, and was cut down. His second attempt at drowning himself succeeded.

Finally Florence, driven back on her own resources, found ways and means. A humble canning factory helped most of all to revive the prosperity for this home of art; for Tuscany, of which Florence is the metropolis, bursts with fertility, and these are the days when all perishable foods must be consumed or rendered imperishable.

So Florence has taken a little heart, and has settled down to the condition of an average Italian town, living on itself—not on the outside world. The cafés at night, the avenues and squares in the cool of the evening, have even a little touch of gayety. It is all native; for, though she keeps open house for the tourist, he comes but little. Of which I can give no better proof than this:

Yesterday I visited San Marco, the convent first made famous by Fra Angelico, the Heavenly Painter, and afterward by Savonarola. It is still open for the fee of a lira at the door. Fra Angelico, as all the world knows, decorated with a sacred painting every cell of his fellow monks. Now in that cell which holds the painting of the Annunciation I brushed away a spider web, stretching from post to post of the door.

FLORENCE, September Twelfth.

I am, I profess, ordinarily quite indifferent to what I eat, provided only that it comes in sufficient quantities and at fairly regular intervals. My friends and family say that I never know what I am eating. That period of my life is past. In this war world, I find, the matter of primitive food occupies a good deal of my thought and attention.

Breakfast, as we understand the meal, is an institution unknown in France, Italy and Southern Europe in general. Upon rising in the morning you have coffee, with a roll, and perhaps fruit or marmalade. Luncheon comes early, usually at twelve or half past; there the Continental makes a heavy meal. Americans and Englishmen, resident in France or Italy, soon get the habit of the country and lose the taste for a heavy breakfast.

Our coffee at Milan came with bread, but no butter. To make up for that we had a little pot of honey. On a saucer beside the cup was one tiny square of lump sugar. Really, the little thing would not have looked unduly large or loud if set in an art-jewelry ring. It mildly flavored the coffee.

That very day we found a way to beat the game. Feeling indisposed in the hot weather toward dinner, we repaired to a café in the Galleria and ordered hot chocolate, with biscuits. The chocolate was sweetened in the pot; but the waiter, through some flaw in the system, brought, also, two little sealed wax-paper bags, each containing a mathematically measured teaspoonful of sugar. Glancing carefully about, lest the police should discover me in the act, I slipped the two little bags into my pocket; and so we had enough sugar for breakfast next morning.

Thus every afternoon while we were in Milan we had hot chocolate, whether we wanted it or not, and held out the sugar. In Florence, however, the afternoon chocolate comes unsweetened. Our allowance of sugar with morning coffee is that same measured teaspoonful.

Last night I heard a woman, who owns houses, lands, motor cars and jewels, talk long and earnestly with her attorney over a purchase of sugar. She had been offered at private sale twenty-five kilos, or about fifty pounds. The question was, first, whether it had not been stolen—so great a quantity looked suspicious, she thought; and, second, whether she could legally have so large a quantity in her possession.

This has been a red-letter day in my gastronomic history of the war. I have eaten white wheat bread for the first time in six months—and have done so legally. I went to tea at the villa of an American. Like most of the famous old Florentine villas, it was once half country residence and half farmhouse. The farm and the apparatus for working its products have come down intact through the ages. He makes his own wine on the place; he presses out his own olive oil; and every autumn his workmen thresh out his wheat with a flail and grind it in a primitive mill.

Now the war law of Italy provides that a man may keep for his own use flour made from wheat grown, threshed and ground on his own place. Not for him the eighty per cent milling and the mixture with other grains! He may grind as he pleases. So he grinds it white. He has not enough for steady all-the-year consumption, but only for special occasions. At this moment I contain three genuine American beaten biscuits and two slices of lemon layer cake. Even after this excess, I found it hard to be a hypocrite and say that I had enough; but I felt as though I was wantonly wasting gold dust.

Let me not imply that I am not getting enough to eat. Italy is taking care of the food supply, seeing that all get enough and that no one gets too much. I am merely pointing out that when a man is deprived of his accustomed rations he realizes how much of a slave he is to his most primitive appetite.

CUTTING UP THE MELONS

(Continued from Page 11)

no more starve a factory to enrich a few individuals and have it remain profitable than you can starve the earth and have it give forth bounteous harvests.

But just as the factory will not be denied, so the human beings who are stockholders refuse to be held off. It is not within the bounds of human nature for stockholders to remain content when their company is making enormous earnings and paying them nothing. And so the stock dividend has arisen. It gives the stockholder something without giving him any immediate cash. To manage a corporation so as to satisfy the equally exacting demands of the stockholders, of the best interests of the property itself and of the United States Treasury, will require, under the new tax laws, a degree of business agility and acumen that is rare indeed.

Perhaps the two hundred per cent stock dividend paid early this year by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation roused more criticism and dispute than any other. This was in addition to a very large increase in cash dividends. But at about the same time, and shortly thereafter, the company began to borrow huge sums at very high rates of interest, first by means of notes and then by a new issue of preferred stock. Why should this company have cut a melon at the very time it was forced to borrow?

Charles M. Schwab is the managing genius and largest stockholder of Bethlehem Steel. One of his closest advisers recently made the statement to me that neither Mr. Schwab nor his immediate associates wanted to declare a stock dividend. But they had to increase the capital of the company in some fashion, because of the enormous increase in their business; and large stockholders outside the management refused to give their consent to any increase that did not include a plum. This explanation is certainly plausible in view of Mr. Schwab's previous refusal to listen to the suggestion of large outside stockholders—in all probability the same ones—who insisted upon the company's issuing ten shares of new stock for one old one when the old stock was selling in the market above five hundred dollars a share. Having refused this first request from brokerage interests to turn his company into a medium of stock speculation Schwab was probably in no position to refuse a second request and still retain their support.

(Continued on Page 77)

War
Has Not Changed

the quality of [illegible] in the [illegible] terials used or [illegible] the same as before the war.

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[illegible] to put up in an individual [illegible] useful present, too, because it doesn't bind, is very light and comfortable. Ask your dealer or will send prepaid upon receipt of price.

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Price $1.50 at accessory and hardware dealers, [illegible] If your dealer does not carry, send his name with $1.50 [illegible] car, and we'll supply you. Address,

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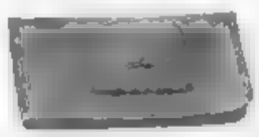
To try to make up for the loneliness of absence, to express love and pride—
how many, many mothers and sweethearts and sisters and brothers and fathers are wondering
what to do for their boy this Christmas-tide!

1 SP Dressing case of khaki, with safety razor and blades, shaving brush, shaving stick, styptic stick, menthol stick, tooth paste, tooth brush, soap box, wash cloth, sewing set, hair comb, rubber sponge [illegible] pouch $3.25

2 SP Khaki [illegible] heavy board, pocket for checkers, to roll . . . . . 50c.

4 SP—Shoe brushes and paste combined, in khaki bag . . . . . 90c.

3 SP Khaki case containing 24 sheets for the care and comfort of the feet . . . . . 90c.



5 SP—Khaki case to hold twenty "smokes" and matches . . . . . 65c.

6 SP—Money belt in khaki, rubber-lined . . . . . 90c.

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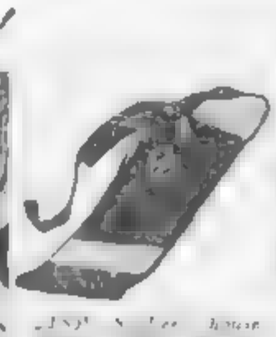
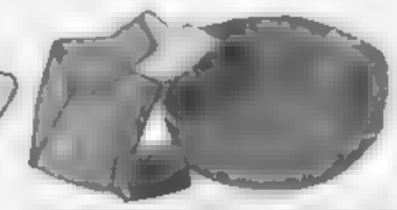
Make your selection from this page, and send us your order by mail. You may prefer to send the package yourself. But we are fully equipped to take this entire responsibility and to send your Christmas package direct to your soldier, **free of delivery charges**, and wrapped up just as you would do it, in white tissue paper tied with a bit of red, white and blue ribbon, and a Christmas card enclosed.

If we are to send your package to your soldier, please accompany your order with his clearly-written name and address, as well as your own name and address; also your personal card if you desire.

We will deliver to American Camps by Christmas Day, if you get in your order by December 15th.

For Christmas "Over There," we have made arrangements in Paris and London for the purchase of gifts, preserves, canned food, candy, warm clothing—anything—and for the prompt forwarding of packages direct. By sending your order by cable at a small additional charge this arrangement makes it possible to receive your order to within a few days of Christmas.





23 SP—Khaki writing folio containing pencil, post cards, and gummed edged stationery forming self contained [illegible] $1

24 SP—Fountain pen in the shape of a cartridge, with ink tablets. Pen and tablets 90c
Extra tablets, box . . . 10c.

25 SP—Khaki [illegible] for French [illegible] in khaki case 90c

26 SP Photograph frame of khaki, two-fold, with flap . . . . . 60c.

9 SP—Flashlight, with [illegible] to be attached to belt or to coat buttons $1.50

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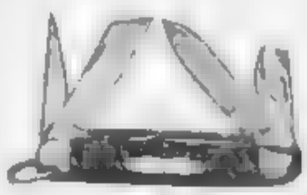
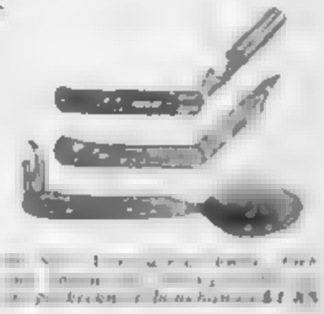
10 SP—Khaki handkerchiefs, at 12½c., 15c. and 20c. each, and in silk at . 50c.



27 SP Pocketknife with [illegible] and other necessary blades . $1.50



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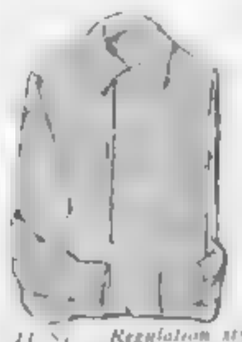
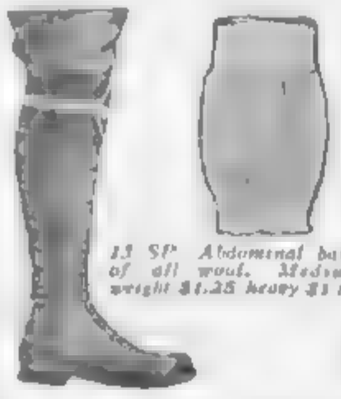


11 SP Regulation style army shirt in olive drab, [illegible] good materials and [illegible] $4



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14 SP—All-wool mackinaw coat, to wear at night. Sent as the shoe [illegible] $5

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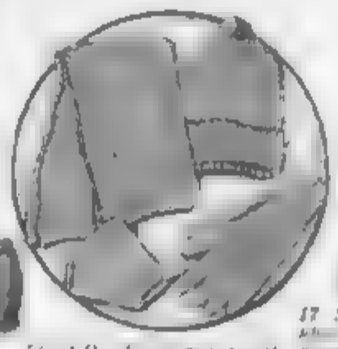
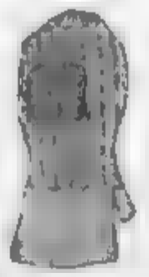
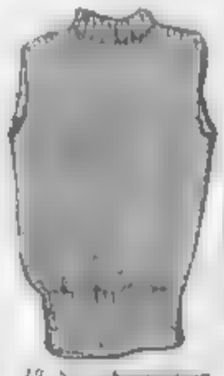


16 SP Leather [illegible] $3

17 SP Regulation [illegible] $1.25
[illegible] weight socks 55c



18 SP [illegible] $2.65



19 SP Regulation [illegible] $4

20 SP Khaki [illegible] of all wool [illegible] warm [illegible] sizes 36 to 44 . . . . . $7.25

All-year-round Christmas joy! Send us a standing order, to be sent to your soldier once a week, every two weeks, or if you want only once a month. Isn't that a happy thought? Ask one of the boys at the front!

GOOD-CHEER BAG

This is a Red Cross Christmas idea, for you to send to soldiers [illegible] not have so happy a Christmas [illegible] boy. The following bag would be $2, each item wrapped in white paper and tied with red [illegible] to contain tobacco and [illegible] pencil [illegible] Send us $2 and we will see that the bag [illegible] soldier who needs your Christmas cheer

NECESSITY KIT

This idea was taken from an English Field Force kit, and is highly practical and necessary. It contains the following articles: Two Turkish towels, two khaki handkerchiefs, pair boot laces, cake of soap, writing paper and pencil, one pair natural color wool-and-cotton socks, tooth brush, tooth paste, wash cloth. It is $2.

There is nothing a soldier actually needs more than these necessities from home, every few weeks.

"SMOKES"

American "smokes" mean more to our boys than almost anything one can think of. $1 will buy five packages of "smokes," two cans of tobacco, three bags of tobacco, properly packed to send.

Send us $5 to supply "smokes" for your soldier every two weeks from Christmas through February 19th, 1918. Or tell us just how much you want to spend, and how often you want to send.

SWEETS

For $1.50 the Wanamaker combination candy box of chocolates, peanut brittle, coconut candies, butter scotch, gum drops, peppermints, package chewing gum—all carefully wrapped and packed.

For $3, cake and cookies (homemade), a package of dates, a bar of milk chocolate, a bottle of lemon drops and one of lime drops, and a package of peppermints.

What could make a soldier happier than a box of these "sweets" at regular intervals of a week or two?

BOOKS

$1 will buy four of the pocket-size edition specially made for the soldiers. This edition includes the classics, in prose and poetry. $1 will buy four novels that have been popular during the last year or so.

Send us a five-dollar bill, your soldier's name and address, and we will supply him with four books every two weeks from Christmas Day through the nineteenth of February, 1918.

Will You Let Us Help? Through the Wanamaker Service.

HOW do you know it's Thanksgiving?

"Your Nose Knows"

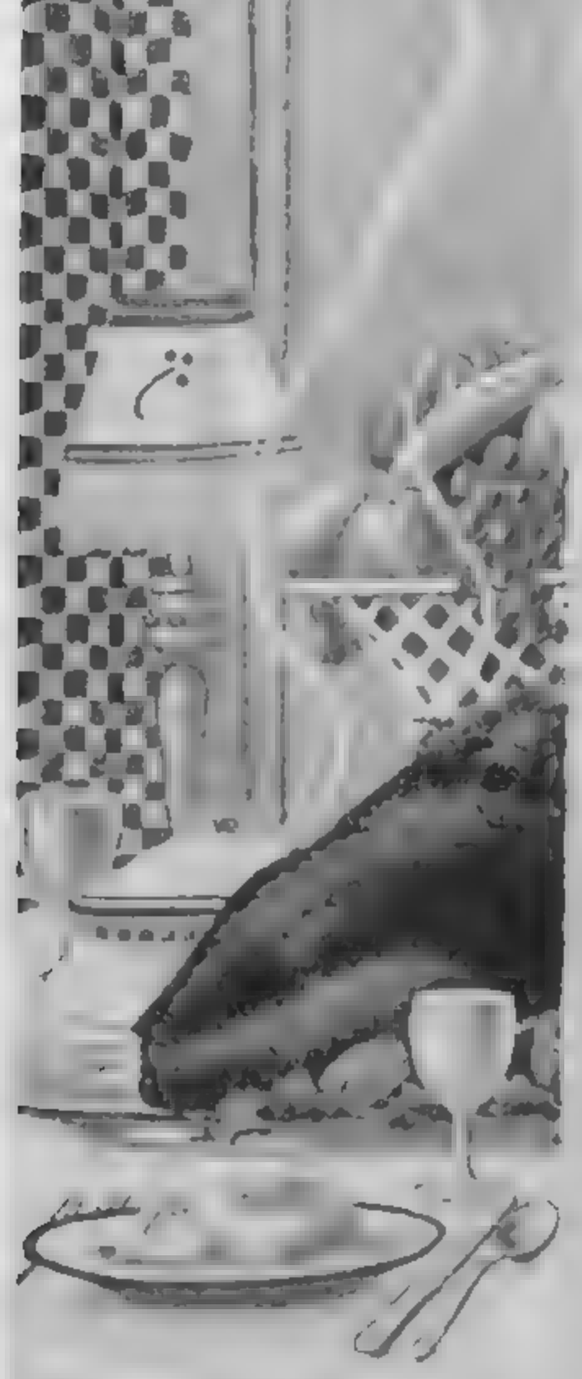
By the appetizing *fragrance* of Turkey that fills the house. How appealing! What a perfect promise of the feast to come! The *pure fragrance* of a fine tobacco, likewise, is the perfect promise of a perfect smoke—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a promise you have in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

Its *pure fragrance* is the fragrance of Nature. The rich, ripe Burley leaves of which Tuxedo is blended are the sunshine tips of the best plants grown in the Blue Grass section of Old Kentucky. Their *pure fragrance* is Nature's guarantee of excellence—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

(Continued from Page 74)

Schwab was all the more reluctant to open up a stock dividend, because he realized—so, at least, his lawyer stated to the Senate Finance Committee—that the leading stockholders would be subject to heavy taxes. This lawyer argued that stock dividends should not be taxed, because they were of great public benefit. This seemingly curious view he explained by saying that a stock dividend transfers the undistributed profits to the capital account and therefore prevents them from being paid out in cash dividends of unwholesome size. It keeps the profits fixed to the company, he said, and so strengthens it and adds to its ability to serve the public.

Perhaps we shall have to accept, with a grain of salt, this tale of the poignancy and bitterness of Mr. Schwab's grief at handing himself a present of several hundred thousand shares of stock. Indeed, he needs no such elaborate and rather far-fetched defense. For years Mr. Schwab held a very large block of the company's preferred shares—by far the largest bulk of it—and allowed no dividends to be paid upon the stock, though they were clearly earned. Now that fat times have come, he is entitled to his melon.

The courts have been filled with litigation recently over the legality of the Government's action in taxing stock dividends. But one must turn from the labored briefs of corporation lawyers to the far franker statements of bankers, and the recipients themselves, to comprehend what lies behind the melon cutting of the last few years.

"The only excuse that can be offered and that has been urged for these huge and costly stock dividends," wrote one of the wealthiest men in the United States to a Wall Street news agency, "is an endeavor to make people forget how large per share the earnings are—assuming always that they are large."

I asked the president of a big Wall Street bank, a man who is also a director in a score or more of prosperous corporations, what he considered the justification for stock-dividend melons. He said that undoubtedly the leading motive was to avoid the criticism of making too big profits.

"But there is a perfectly honorable motive also," he added. "That is, to induce more people to become stockholders. If a stock is very high in price few people will buy it. The more stockholders, the better; and the management is doing a good thing for the company when the securities are scattered about among more owners.

"Then, of course," he admitted, "the banks do not like high-priced stocks. They are poor collateral for loans. We want something we can sell if we have to; we want a good market for stocks, no matter what their value may be. A high-priced stock may really be the most valuable in the world; but what good does that do if people don't know about it? That is why Standard Oil stocks are not wanted just as collateral for loans. What we want are stocks that sell at 60, and that John Smith will buy because somebody tells him to. Nothing is really lost, as you might suppose, from the rich man, because he will buy ten shares at 60 as soon as he will one at 600; and the little fellow won't buy at 600 at all."

Melon Cutting by Rights

To how great an extent corporations are led to cut melons to enable their large stockholders to unload upon the public is a question that cannot be answered. Of course one cannot unload very high-priced shares, because they are out of reach of speculators; and often by splitting up the capital by means of a stock dividend the insiders are enabled to get out at a profit. Splitting up stock conceals the high price and has a tendency to make it look cheap. A stock at 50 looks like a bargain, and speculators forget that before the company gave one share for ten the price was 500.

There are numerous cases where the market course of the stock after its dilution would indicate an effort of the insiders to get out; and there are just as many cases where it would be only self-interest for the insiders to stay in and hold fast.

Melon cutting by means of rights is open to less criticism than stock dividends. In the case of rights stockholders at least pay in the par value of the new stock; in the other it is given to them as a present. Suppose a company decides to increase its capital from seventy-five to a hundred million dollars. It will offer each stockholder the privilege of buying at par one new share for each three of the old ones he holds. The stockholder receives a letter from the company, which acts as a certificate, technically known as a privilege or right, there being one certificate for each share he owns. Thus, if he owns three shares of old stock his rights are enough to enable him to buy one new share at par; but if he owns only one share of old stock his one right gives him the opportunity to buy only one-third of a share of new stock.

The rights are bought and sold just like stock. The value depends, of course, upon how much the old stock sells in the market above its par value. In the case we have supposed one right would entitle its owner to only one-third of a share of stock; and there is no such thing as a third of a share. But by selling the right to a person who has two other rights, or by buying two more rights himself, the owner can then cash in on his privilege. To figure the value of rights is a ticklish job. Brokers mostly use an algebraic formula; and brokers are often very weak on algebra.

The Dividend Hall of Fame

Besides, the formulas in use never seem quite to fit the case. Each issue of rights differs a trifle from nearly all others. Then, too, the market movements in both rights and stock have a way of upsetting all mathematics. The prices of rights and stock do not always run in logical accord. The small and uninitiated stockholder, at least, never quite knows which will profit him most—to subscribe for the new stock; to sell it or hold it; to sell short at once and cover with the new shares when issued; to sell part of his old stock and replace with part of the new; or to sell the rights. A few brokers who think they understand these rights sell in and out, scalp and arbitrage from rights to stock and back again, and often make or lose a neat sum of money.

It is no simple matter to say which branches of industry or which particular corporations have cut the largest and juiciest melons. It may occur irrespective of time or occasion, or it may be conditioned by great swings in the tendencies of certain industries toward poverty or riches.

Thus, no one any longer expects many melons from the railroads, though perhaps even the most adverse conditions in the railroad world will not prevent three companies, the Reading, the Burlington, and possibly the Lackawanna, from further enriching their owners in this special fashion. Such, at least, is the prevailing Wall Street opinion. But it was not many years ago when railroad melons were the fuel that kept the stock exchange boiling. The Canadian Pacific, the Great Northern and Illinois Central—these could always be counted upon for a slice of fat bacon. The Lackawanna was even more fecund; but it was such an excessively good thing that a few millionaires selfishly kept it all to themselves. For a time, also, the Lehigh Valley went through the same opening up process.

Even as recently as 1913 the Union Pacific relieved itself of an awkward burden of riches only by an extra dividend of thirty-three and a third per cent. The express companies and the Pullman Company reveled for a time in melons; but their heyday seems to have passed, or at least its resumption is considerably delayed.

War, of course, strikes here, there and everywhere. It throws untold riches into the laps of this or that industry, while neglecting others. There are spectacular revivals of companies almost given up for lost; even of whole national industries like shipping and shipbuilding. Novelties like aëroplanes and submarines are taken up on a great scale. Farming becomes profitable. But for the actual realization and distribution of corporate profits on a large-enough scale to be a national feature we must turn to certain allied and basic industries that were already well established before the war, and even at that time included many strong and successful members. There are other worthy candidates for the dividend hall of fame, but front seats will surely be occupied by what might be called the mineral industries and those derived from them, such as oil, copper, brass, zinc, aluminum, nickel, chemicals, explosives, steel, machinery, metal work and tools.

Pretty nearly everybody knows that the greatest money factory in the world has been the group of companies that started out for themselves in 1911, when the United States Supreme Court split open the Standard Oil Company. These Standard Oil

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SPRINGTEX never makes you "underwear weary." It doesn't pull against your every movement like many underwears. *Springtex* gives you the ease and freedom of your own skin.

The million little springs in the *Springtex* fabric "give and take" with every movement of the body and preserve the shape of the garment, despite long wear and hard washings. The warmth of the soft, fine *Springtex* fabric is equal to that of heavy, bulky garments.

Springtex is wonderfully durable. It has twice the tensile strength of the ordinary underwear fabric, and is reinforced wherever strain comes. *Springtex* can't rip or tear, bind or sag, shrink or irritate.

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Write for the Springtex Test
Let the fabric speak for itself. Let *Springtex* prove what it can do—you make the test. Write today.

STRETCH IT AND WATCH IT SPRING BACK

"Remember to buy it—You'll forget you have it on."

THE SOLDIER NEEDS THIS
So does the hunter, the fisherman, the motorist and all other lovers of the great outdoors.
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read by night as well as day, floating dial with N. and S. points luminous with a radium material (no lighting of matches on a windy night to get direction).
$3.50 AT DEALERS OR POSTPAID
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A dependable, faithful guide in daylight or darkness in unfamiliar country, at all times. A jeweled compass of unerring accuracy backed by a responsible manufacturer.
If dealer cannot supply you or prefers something "just as good," don't be swerved, order direct from us.
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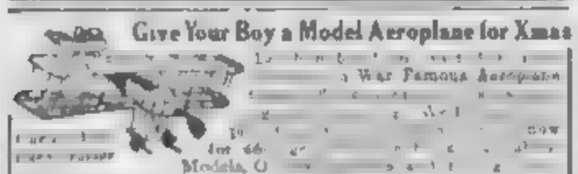

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companies have to a supreme degree illustrated the fact that sometimes one can eat his cake and have it too, and that the sum of the parts exceeds the whole.

Literally there seems to be no limit to the dividend possibilities of these concerns. Despite a formidable increase in competition, and the death or retirement of many of the older men who built up the great original success, these Rockefeller units have declared cash and stock dividends to a total of about seven hundred million dollars since the Standard Oil Company was dissolved in 1911. Nearly half a billion dollars of this has been in cash.

Whether this amazing fertility is due to the sound structure John D. Rockefeller and his associates erected, or whether it is due merely to the accidents of the war and the unexpected increase in the demand for gasoline, is not the purpose of this article to discuss. The remarkable feature is the way in which profits continue to grow, even after huge stock dividends have been declared.

Now it is obvious that when a company gives new stock to its shareholders—that is, declares a stock dividend—it does not add a single cent to its property. But the Standard Oil companies seem able to keep on increasing their stock and likewise adding proportionately to the total cash dividends disbursed.

It would be tiresome to relate many instances of Standard Oil prolificness. The classic case is that of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. This corporation started its independent career with but one million dollars of stock, which was obviously too small in proportion to its profits, with the result that the stock actually sold at seven thousand dollars a share. Almost immediately this dangerous congestion of wealth was relieved by giving each owner of one share a present of twenty-nine new ones, upon which dividends as high as twenty dollars a year have since been paid. But even then the rush of profits to the head continued to be so serious that the diluted stock ran up this year to nearly a thousand dollars a share and the undistributed surplus climbed up to about sixty million dollars. So the stockholders have been forced to save the company from again becoming perilously opulent by voting themselves another stock dividend, this time of only about three hundred per cent.

The Ohio Oil Company, the South Penn Oil Company, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, and several others, have done nearly as well. One other concern, which has only five million dollars of stock, will surely be compelled to cut a melon soon, because it has a surplus of about forty million dollars and its stock sells at more than eight hundred dollars a share.

Melons Found Underground

It is often said, in explanation of such productiveness, that the large dividends of oil and mining companies should not be considered dividends at all, but rather a using up of the capital itself. Oil, copper, zinc, sulphur, and the other mineral products, come from the bowels of the earth; and when they are used up there is no more to draw upon. They are not permanent investments, like railroads or factories. This is true, but only to a certain extent. Often the so-called oil and mining companies are engaged in manufacturing to fully as great an extent. Often they add to their deposits of oil or other minerals as fast as any deposit is used up, thus always in reality keeping the capital intact. Then, too, many of them have paid such large dividends that the capital has been returned to the shareholders time and time again. Finally, many have deposits of ore that will last for generations.

Sulphur production has been one of the most remunerative industries since the war began, and has attracted perhaps the least public attention. One concern, the Freeport Texas Company, started about the time the war got under way, and most of the stock fell into the hands of a few well-known bankers in the city of New York. Very shortly the original investors, who had put in between one and two million dollars, were allowed to subscribe to one million five hundred thousand dollars of new stock at one hundred dollars a share when it was selling on the market at about four hundred dollars a share. Cash dividends as high as forty per cent were paid on the stock, and then, early this year, the stockholders received a present of fourteen and two-seventh shares of new stock for each share of old stock. The new stock is paying four dollars a year in dividends and sells for about forty-four dollars a share. This is doing pretty well for a beginner!

Perhaps the most curious instance of colossal profits is that afforded by the Union Sulphur Company, which was taken up by a Standard Oil man in the early nineties. It was known that this company owned land under which was enough sulphur to last the world for centuries; but four different previous companies had tried to get the sulphur out and failed, and, besides, a great many workmen had been killed by poisonous gases. Finally the ingenuity and ability to solve what seemed unconquerable problems enabled the Standard Oil man to mine the sulphur, and for years he had the only supply in this country. But he kept the capital stock down to two hundred thousand dollars, and before the war began the dividends were at the rate of one hundred per cent a month. What they have been since the war started the imagination hesitates to conceive. But there is no way of finding out, so closely held is the stock. It is known, however, that an offer of ten thousand dollars a share recently did not succeed in bringing out a single share.

The Burden of High Profits

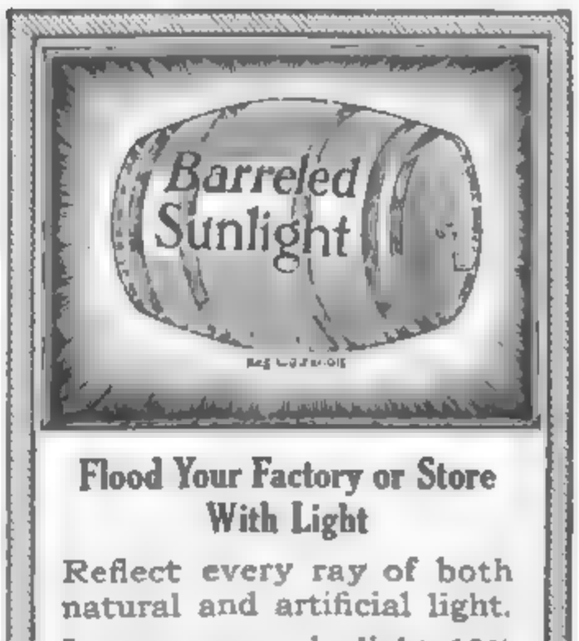
One of the largest melons now being fattened is that of the Aluminum Trust, whose products are naturally in greater demand than ever before. From the United States Government alone it has one order for a million aluminum flasks. Offers of from seven hundred to eight hundred dollars a share do not bring forth any stock, though the dividends are only ten per cent. The explanation is not far to seek. The capital stock is twenty million dollars, but the company has put four times that amount back into its property from undivided profits. Once before, in 1909, it paid a huge stock dividend, sixteen million dollars, or five hundred per cent, and evidently the owners are eagerly waiting for another. Like nearly all other "gold mines," this one is owned by very few persons—not more than two or three hundred.

It is a rather gradual transition from what are generally considered the mining to the chemical industries. They are very closely related, and it might be more accurate to say that the Aluminum Company of America, for example, is engaged in the chemical rather than in the mining industry. We are inclined to think of industrial chemistry as something new in this country; but before the war began there were numerous strong and successful concerns, whose earnings, however, have multiplied enormously in the last few years. Such are the General Chemical, Grasselli Chemical, Dow Chemical, Solvay Process, Semet Solvay and Union Carbide companies, whose regular dividends, extra dividends and stock dividends have come forth in never-ending profusion.

But naturally the one concern in this general group of allied chemical industries to benefit most extensively by the war has been the Du Pont Powder Company, which happened to be the largest manufacturer of explosives in the country. No concern has had a harder struggle to find ways of getting rid of its profits. Twice within a few years the old company has been split open, so to speak, in order to distribute profits by means of additional differently named stock and bond issues; and the succession of regular and extra cash dividends, along with an immense dividend in Anglo-French bonds, is a story too familiar to repeat. Owned for a century by one family, its unparalleled creation of wealth in the last few years has been too much for the heretofore quiet-mouthed Du Ponts. They have quarreled among themselves, and fought for possession of a block of stock whose ownership was in doubt.

The fact that this block of stock was sold for eight million dollars before the war and is now worth about sixty million dollars tells the story.

Even without considering the United States Steel Corporation, which will still have hundreds of millions of profits after liberally increasing the cash dividend upon its ocean of what was once watered stock, and after paying the largest tax ever conceived of in the world's history, it may be stated that the steel, metal, tool and machinery trades form a group that has cashed in remarkably well on account of the war.



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They enjoyed the work, which took only their spare time. And their profits will be doubled this year!

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Its recognition was instantaneous—its endorsement almost universal.

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The ten months that have passed since the introduction of the Doble-Detroit have been months of constructive development.

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Today—more than a thousand Doble-Detroit distributors and dealers constitute one of the strongest, most representative Sales organizations in the entire motor car field.

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And of Equal Importance—

Today the revolutionary character of the Doble-Detroit achievement and the fundamental soundness of the principles involved in the development of the Doble-Detroit Steam Car are recognized by the United States Patent office in the unusually sweeping patent protection that has been accorded them.

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For winter it can be entirely enclosed—as shown;—warm but well ventilated, with wide plate glass windows that permit sunshine and clear vision.

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Why carry these panels around during the many open tourings in order to have them during the few closed months? You don't lug your overcoat around in July simply because you will need it in December! No more will the economical motorist haul his window panels around in summer when he can better leave them at home and reduce his upkeep expense by eliminating this excess weight—now that Lexington has produced this new-type Sedan.

And in case of sudden showers you can quickly attach the one-minute storm curtains, *from the inside*. These curtains are snugly stored out of sight in a specially designed compartment in the ceiling over the driver.

This car is beautifully appointed. A dome light in the headlining and high quality whipcord and broad lace feature the interior. The windshield is of the finest limousine construction with an adjustable visor for bad-weather driving. The doors are fitted with massive coach handles and substantial Yale locks.

The advantages of the Sedan apply with equal force to the four-passenger Convertible Coupé at $1510.

Let your Lexington Dealer demonstrate these cars—or write to us for detailed information.

Model "R" five-passenger Touring Car, with 2 auxiliary seats, $1585; four-passenger Sport-tour, $1585, and five-passenger Convertible Sedan, $1785.

Model "U" four-passenger Clubster, $1345, and four-passenger Convertible Coupé, $1510.

All prices f. o. b. factory and subject to change without notice.

Lexington Motor Company, Mfrs., Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

QUALITY FOLKS

(Continued from Page 10)

because your rheumatism bothers you so much at times that—that—well, perhaps that we should make a change in the running of the house. So—so ——" She hesitated, then broke off altogether, anxious though she was to make an end to what she foresaw must be a painful scene for all three of them. Poor Emmy Lou was finding this job which she had nerved herself to carry through a desperately hard job. And Aunt Sharley's attitude was not making it any easier for her either.

"'So' whut?" snapped Aunt Sharley; then answered herself: "An' so de wind blow frum dat quarter, do hit? De young gen'l'man ain't j'ined de fambly yit an' already he's settin' hisse'f to run it. All right den. Go on, chile—quit mumblin' up yore words an' please go on an' tell me whut you got to say! But ef you's fixin' to bring up de subjec' of my lettin' ary one of dese yere young flighty-haided, flibbertigibbeted, free-issue nigger gals come to work on dis place, you mout ez well save yore breath now an' yereafter, 'ca'se so long ez Ise able to drag one foot behine t'other I p'intedly does aim to manage dis yere kitchen."

"It isn't that—exactly," blurted out Emmy Lou. "You see, Auntie," she went on desperately, "we've decided, Harvey and I, that after our marriage we'll live here. We couldn't leave Mildred alone, and until she gets married this is going to be home for us all. And so we're afraid—with one more coming into the household and everything—that the added work is going to be too heavy for you to undertake. So we've decided that—that perhaps it would be better all round if you—if we—if you ——"

"Go on, chile; say it, whutever it is."

"—— that perhaps it would be better if you left here altogether and went to live in that nice little house that papa left you in his will."

Perhaps they did not see the stricken look that came into the eyes of the old negress or else she hid the look behind the fit of rage that instantly possessed her. Perhaps they mistook the gray pallor that overspread the old face, turning it to an ashen color, for the hue of temper.

"Do it all mean den dat after all dese yeahs you's tryin' to git shet of me—tryin' to t'row me aside lak an' ole worn-out broom? Well, I ain't gwine go!" Her voice soared shrilly to match the heights of her tantrum.

"Your wages will go on just the same—Harvey insists on that as much as we do," Emmy Lou essayed. "Don't you see, Auntie, that your life will be easier? You will have your own little home and your own little garden. You can come to see us—come every day if you want to. We'll come to see you. Things between us will go on almost exactly the same as they do now. You know how much we love you—Mildred and I. You know we are trying to think of your comfort, don't you?"

"Of course you do, Aunt Sharley," Mildred put in. "It isn't as if you were going clear out of our lives or we out of yours. You'll be ever so much happier."

"Well, I jes' ain't gwine go nary step." The defiant voice had become a passionate shriek. "Think Ise gwine leave yere an' go live in dat little house down dere by dem noisy tracks whar all dem odds an' ends of pore w'ite trash lives—dem scourin's an' sweepin's whut come yere to wuk in de new cotton mill! Think Ise gwine be corntent to wuk in a gyarden whilst I knows Ise needed right yere to run dis place de way which it should be run! Think Ise gwine set quiet whilst Ise pulled up by de roots an' transported 'way frum de house whar Ise spend purty nigh de whole of my endurin' life! Well, I won't go—I won't never go! I won't go—'ca'se I jes' can't!" And then, to the intense distress of the girls, Aunt Sharley slumped into a chair, threw her floury hands over her face and with the big tears trickling out between her fingers she moaned over and over again between her gulping breaths:

"Oh, dat I should live to see de day w'en my own chillens wants to drive me away frum 'em! Oh, dat I should live to see dis day!"

Neither of them had ever seen Aunt Sharley weep like this—shaken as she was with great sobs, her head bowed almost to her knees, her bared arms quivering in a very palsy. They tried to comfort her, tried to put their arms about her, both of them crying too. At the touch of their arms stealing about her hunched shoulders she straightened, showing a spark of the spirit with which they were more familiar. She wrenched her body free of them and pointed a tremulous finger at the door. The two sisters stole out, feeling terribly guilty and thoroughly miserable.

It was not the Aunt Sharley they knew who waited upon them that dusk at supper. Rather it was her ghost—a ghost with a black mask of tragedy for a face, with eyes swollen and reddened, with lips which shook in occasional spasms of pain, though their owner strove to keep them firm. With their own faces tear-streaked and with lumps in their throats the girls kept their heads averted, as though they had been caught doing something very wrong, and made poor pretense of eating the dishes that the old woman placed before them. Such glances as they stole at her were sidelong covert glances, but they marked plainly enough how her shoulders drooped and how she dragged herself about the table.

Within a space of time to be measured by hours and almost by minutes she seemed to have aged years.

It was a mute meal and a most unhappy one for the sisters. More than once Aunt Sharley seemed on the point of saying something, but she, too, held her tongue until they had risen up from their places. From within the passageway leading to the rear porch she spoke then across the threshold of the door at the back end of the dining room.

"You, nur nobody else, can't turn me out of dis house," she warned them, and in her words was the dead weight of finality. "An' ef you does, I ain't gwine leave de premises. Ise gwine camp right dere on de sidewalk an' dere I means to stay twell de policemens teks me up fur a vagrom. De shame of it won't be no greater fur me 'n 'tis fur you. Dat's all!" And with that she was gone before they could answer, if indeed they had any answer to make.

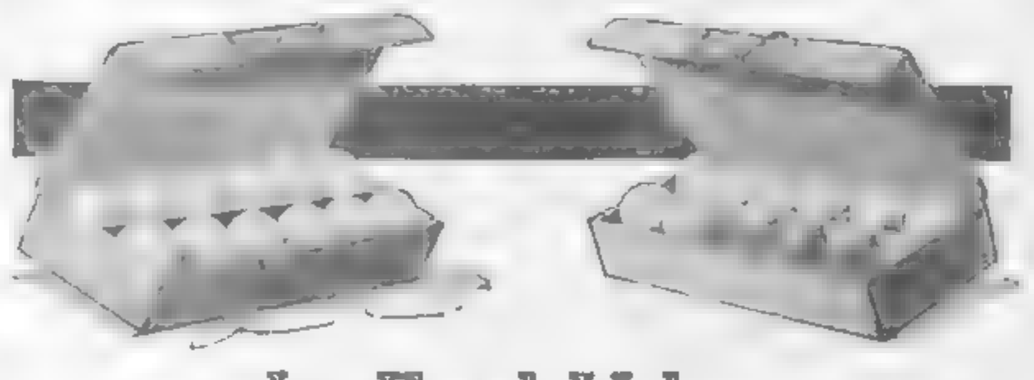
It was the next day that the Daily Evening News announced the engagement and the date of the marriage, which would follow within four weeks. Congratulations in number were bestowed upon Emmy Lou; they came by telephone and in letters from former schoolmates, but mainly they came by word of mouth from townspeople who trooped in to say the things which people always say on such occasions—such things, for example, as that young Mr. Winslow should count himself a lucky man and that Emmy Lou would make a lovely bride; that he should be the proudest young man in the Union and she the happiest girl in the state, and all the rest of it. Under this outpouring of kindly words from kindly folk the recipient was radiant enough to all appearances, which was a tribute to her powers as an actress. Beneath the streams of her happiness coursed somber undercurrents of distress and perplexity, roiling the waters of her joy and her pride.

For nearly a week, with no outsider becoming privy to the facts, she endured a situation which daily was marked by harassing experiences and which hourly became more intolerable. Then, in despair, seeing no way out at all, she went to a certain old white house out on Clay Street to confide in one to whom many another had turned, seeking counsel in the time of trouble. She went to see Judge William Pitman Priest, and she went alone, telling no one, not even Mildred, of the errand upon which she was bound.

The wide front porch was empty where the old Judge spent most of his leisure hours when the weather suited, and knowing as she did the custom of the house, and being, for a fact, almost as much at home beneath its roof as beneath her own, Emmy Lou, without knocking, walked into the hall and turning to the right entered the big sitting room. Its lone occupant sat up with a jerk, wiping the drowsiness out of his eyes with the back of his hand. He had been taking a cat nap on his ancient sofa; his long white back hair was tousled up comically behind his bald pink brow.

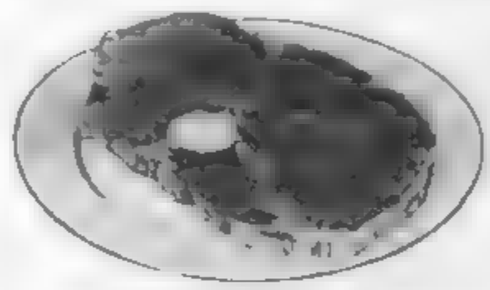
"Why, hello, honey!" he said heartily, rising to his feet and bowing with a quaint ceremonial gesture that contrasted with and yet somehow matched the homeliness of his greeting. "You slipped in so quiet on them dainty little feet of yours I never heared you comin' a-tall." He took her

Interesting Facts on Food Cost

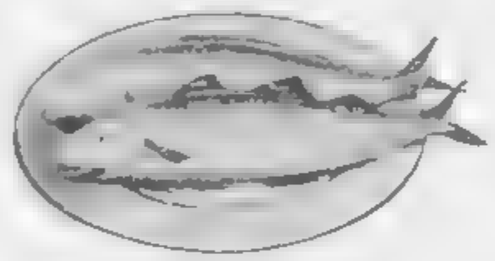


In Food Value

A 12-cent Package of Quaker Oats Equals Twenty Eggs



It Equals 2½ lbs. of Round Steak



It Equals 6 lbs. of Fresh Fish

Numerous foods which are commonly served cost from five to ten times as much as do luscious Quaker Oats.

The average mixed diet, measured by food value, costs you four times as much.

Each $1 Saves $3

So each dollar spent for Quaker Oats saves at least $3 on your table cost. A liberal use of Quaker Oats will make living cost lower than in old times.

And you will be better fed. You will have new food enjoyments. For the oat stands supreme among grain foods, in nutrition and in flavor. It is our sovereign vim-food. It is the best-balanced food we know.

Use Quaker Oats in bread and muffins, in cookies, pancakes, etc. Note the added delights. This is more than a breakfast dainty. It is Nature's master food.

Quaker Oats

The Superlative Flakes

Quaker Oats, the world around, is the favorite oat-food. That is due to a matchless flavor derived from selected oats.

In making Quaker Oats, all the puny, starved grains are discarded. We use the queen grains only—the rich and flavory oats. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

Yet this extra quality costs you no extra price. You get it when you ask for Quaker Oats. In these times above all times you owe that to yourself.

12c and 30c per package in United States and Canada, except in Far West and South where high freights may prohibit

An Aluminum Cooker for $1.00

This aluminum double cooker is made to our order to cook Quaker Oats in an ideal way. No flavor is lost, no aroma. The oat flakes are perfectly cooked.

It is large and heavy, made to last a lifetime. Cooks enough for 2½ quarts.

Over 700,000 homes are now cooking Quaker Oats in this way. Now we want every home to have one. We supply only one cooker to a family.

Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send $1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post, prepaid.

Extra Large
Extra Heavy
Made to Order

We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to the United States and Canada. Address

The Quaker Oats Company
1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago

1000 YEARS AGO GIRLS REBELLED

at the slow processes of the needle and the distaff as the only avenues for women to earn money. There's no doubting that. But they kept on stitching and spinning, because nothing better offered. And the money, even when earned, was almost too little to be seen.

Then the time came when intelligent girls, with energy and time to spare, and especially the "home" girls and women who did not covet a regular "business" position but still wanted to earn spending-money of their own, began to inquire into the modern opportunity. It came to them—through a Club: a Club composed solely of girls and women; a Club "with one idea: to make money"; a club which has no fees or dues, and whose members are represented in all parts of the United States. It was organized by *The Ladies' Home Journal* fifteen years ago, and since then it has grown larger every year, and its members have earned altogether more than half a million dollars.

Every member works, every member earns.

Any girl in America can join the Club, and, indeed, any girl can receive full information about it without binding herself to join, and without expense, by addressing headquarters as below. All that is necessary is to be a girl, to desire to earn money, and to be willing to "do your bit" in the way of work. Ask particularly for the little book, "Girls Who Made Good."

Headquarters of THE GIRLS' CLUB, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
971 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Safe Milk for INFANTS and INVALIDS

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The Original

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Delicious
Digestible

For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children.
The Original Food-Drink For All Ages.

Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

ORDER THIS HIGH GRADE XMAS GIFT FOR "HIM" NOW

A Genuine Leather Combination Card Case and Bill Fold, 3 x 3 inches folded; 5 x 6 inches open (4 times size of illustration). Has many useful pockets, Perpetual Calendar, Stamp Book, Identification Card, etc.

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"HIS" NAME ENGRAVED IN GOLD FREE
Write name to be engraved plainly.

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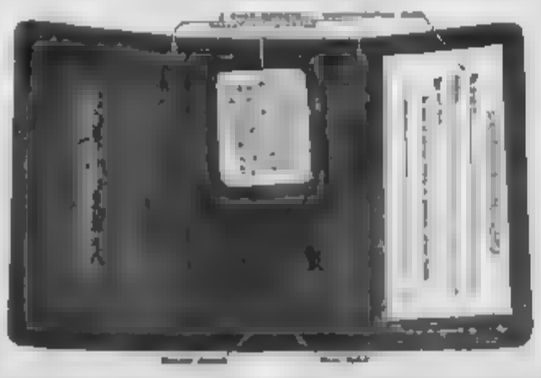

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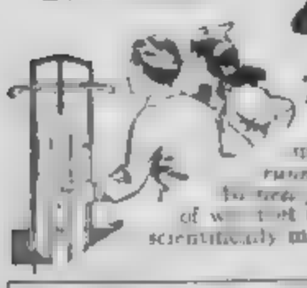

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small hands in his broad pudgy ones, holding her off at arm's length. "And don't you look purty! Mighty nigh any woman looks cool and sweet when she's got on white fixin's, but when a girl like you puts 'em on—well, child, there ain't no use talkin', you shorely are a sight to cure sore eyes. And you git to favor your sweet mother more and more every day you live. I can't pay you no higher compliment than that. Set down in that cheer yonder, where I kin look at you whilst we visit."

"I'd rather sit here by you, sir, on the sofa, if you don't mind," she said.

"Suit yourself, honey."

She settled herself upon the sofa and he let his bulky frame down alongside her, taking one of her hands into his. Her free hand played with one of the big buttons on the front of her starched linen skirt and she looked, not at him, but at the shining disk of pearl, as he said:

"Well, Emmy Lou, whut brings you 'way out here to my house in the heat of the day?"

She turned her face full upon him then and he saw the brooding in her eyes and gave her hand a sympathetic little squeeze.

"Judge," she told him, "you went to so much trouble on my account and Mildred's when we were still minors that I hate to come now worrying you with my affairs. But somehow I felt that you were the one for me to turn to."

"Emmy Lou," he said very gravely, "your father was one of the best men that ever lived and one of the best friends ever I had on this earth. And no dearer woman than your mother ever drawed the breath of life. It was a mighty proud day fur me and fur Lew Lake when he named us two as the guardians of his children, and it was a pleasure to both of us to help look to your interests after he was took from us. Why, when your mother went too, I'd 'a' liked the best in the world to have adopted you two children outright." He chuckled a soft little chuckle. "I reckin I would have made the effort, too, only it seemed like that old nigger woman of yours appeared to have prior rights in the matter, and knowin' her disposition I was kind of skeered to advance the suggestion."

"It was about Aunt Sharley that I came to see you to-day, Judge Priest."

"That so? I had a visit from her here the other day."

"What other day?" she asked, startled.

"Oh, it must have been a matter of three weeks ago—fully. Shall I tell you whut she come to see me about? You'll laugh when you hear it. It tickled me right smartly at the time. She wanted to know what I knew about this here young Mr. Winslow—yes, that was it. She said all the visible signs p'inted to a serious affair 'twixt you two young people, and she said before it went any further she wanted to know ef he was the kind of a young man to be gittin' hisself engaged to a member of the Dabney family, and she wanted to know ef his folks were the real quality folks and not this here codfish aristocracy. That was the very term she used—'codfish aristocracy.' Well, I was able to reassure her. You see, honey, I'd took it on myself to do a little inquirin' round about Mr. Winslow on my own responsibility—not that I wanted to be pryin' into your business and not because I aimed to be tryin' to come between you and the young man ef I wasn't altogether satisfied with the accounts I got of him, but because I loved you and wanted to make sure in my own mind that Tom Dabney's child wasn't makin' the wrong choice. You understand, don't you? You see, ez fur back ez a month and a half ago, or mebbe even further back than that, I was kind of given to understand that you and this young man were gittin' deeply interested in each other."

"Why, how could you?" inquired Emmy Lou. "We weren't even engaged then. Who could have circulated such a report about us?"

"The very first time I seen you two young folks walkin' up Franklin Street together you both were circulatin' it," he said, chuckling again. "You may not 'a' knowed it, but you were. I may be gittin' old, but my eyesight ain't entirely failed up on me yit—I could read the signs when I was still half a block away frum you. It was right after that that I started my own little private investigation. So you see I was qualified to reassure Aunt Sharley. I told her all the available information on the subject proved the young gentleman in question was not only a mighty clever, upstandin', manly young feller, but that where he hailed from he belonged to the quality folks, which really was the p'int she seemed most anxious about. That's whut I told her, and I was monstrous glad to be able to tell her. A stranger might have thought it was pure impudence on her part, but of course we both know, you and me, whut was in the back part of her old kinky head. And when I'd got done tellin' her she went down the street from here with her head throwed away back, singin' till you could 'a' heard her half a mile off, I reckin."

"I never guessed it. She never told me she'd been to see you. And you didn't tell me, either, when you came the other night to wish me joy, Judge."

"I kind of figgered she wanted the matter treated confidential," explained Judge Priest. "So I respected whut I took to be her wishes in the matter. But wasn't it fur all the world jest like that old black woman?"

"Yes, it was just like her," agreed Emmy Lou, her face shadowed with deepening distress. "And because it was just like her and because I know now better than ever before how much she really loves me, those things make it all the harder to tell you what I came here to tell you—make it all the harder for me to decide what I should do and to ask your advice before I do decide."

"Oh, I reckin it can't be so serious ez all that," said Judge Priest comfortingly. "Betwixt us we oughter be able to find a way out of the difficulty, whutever it is. S'pose, honey, you start in at the beginnin' and give me all the facts in the matter that's worryin' you."

She started then and, though her voice broke several times, she kept on until she came to the end of her tragic little recital. To Emmy Lou it was very tragic indeed.

"So you see, Judge Priest, just how it is," she stated at the conclusion. "From both sides I am catching the brunt of the whole thing. Aunt Sharley won't budge an inch from the attitude she's taken, and neither will Harvey budge an inch. He says she must go; she tells me every day she won't go. This has been going on for a week now and I'm almost distracted. At what should be the happiest time in a girl's life I'm being made terribly unhappy. Why, it breaks my heart every time I look at her. I know how much we owe her—I know I can never hope to repay her for all she has done for me and my sister.

"But oh, Judge, I do want to be the right kind of wife to Harvey. All my life long I mean to obey him and to look up to him; I don't want to begin now by disobeying him—by going counter to his wishes. And I can understand his position too. To him she's just an unreasonable, meddlesome, officious, contrary old negro woman who would insist on running the household of which he should be the head. She would too.

"It isn't that he feels unkindly toward her—he's too good and too generous for that. Why, it was Harvey who suggested that wages should go on just the same after she leaves us—he has even offered to double them if it will make her any better satisfied with the move. I'm sure, though, it can't be the question of money that figures with her. She never tells anyone about her own private affairs, but after all these years she must have a nice little sum saved up. I can't remember when she spent anything on herself—she was always so thrifty about money. At least she was careful about our expenditures, and of course she must have been about her own. So it can't be that. Harvey puts it down to plain stubbornness. He says after the first wrench of the separation is over she ought to be happier, when she's taking things easy in her own little house, than she is now, trying to do all the work in our house. He says he wants several servants in our home—a butler, and a maid to wait on me and Mildred, and a housemaid and a cook. He says we can't have them if we keep Aunt Sharley. And we can't, either—she'd drive them off the place. No darky could get along with her a week. Oh, I just don't know what to do!"

"And whut does Aunt Sharley say?" asked the Judge.

"I told you. Sometimes she says she won't go and sometimes she says she can't go. But she won't tell why she can't—just keeps on declaring up and down that she can't. She makes a different excuse or she gives a different reason every morning; she seems to spend her nights thinking them up. Sometimes I think she is keeping something back from me—that she isn't telling me the real cause for her refusal to accept

(Continued on Page 85)

Tune: Till the Clouds Roll By, from "Oh! Boy"

Oh, for joy of a little party
With the friends we all know so well—
Why be weeping or oversleeping?
Laughing's better—doctors tell

Have a home they all want to come to,
[illegible] round you, and forget to sigh;
Fine Gulbransen will set you dancin'—
Then watch the clouds roll by.

"Easy to Play"

You can *feel* Fine Quality in the Gulbransen's Pedals

One touch of your feet on the pedals of the Gulbransen Player-Piano and you will say, "How easy to play!"

That astonishing ease of pedaling—a characteristic of the Gulbransen—not only makes enjoyment sure, but is your simplest proof of fine Player-Piano quality.

Because a Player-Piano that pedals easily, yet obeys your pedal-touch instantly—as the Gulbransen does—is necessarily well built.

Only expert designing, accurate workmanship and long-lasting materials can accomplish such a result.

But our slogan, "Easy to Play," means more than easy pedaling. It means easy control of the music, too—easy "expression"—absence of "mechanical" effects.

For Gulbransen Player-Pianos are built under the famous Gulbransen Patents. Also—and this is important to you—under the personal supervision of A. G. Gulbransen himself; and by an organization of skilled men such as he—the inventor—would naturally select.

After you have tried a Gulbransen Player—played it yourself—you'll know all we mean by "Easy to Play." You can try a Gulbransen this week, without buying. Read below:

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

TRADE MARK

Built for Better Homes

In appearance—as well as in tone and performance—the Gulbransen will be a source of keen satisfaction to you.

Wonderfully figured Mahogany, Walnut or Oak cases—the genuine woods, of course. Dull satin finish, or mirror polish. Quietly elegant designs.

Every Gulbransen Player is built with the thought that it will occupy the central place in a home of the better class. Architecturally, the White House Model Gulbransen is especially desirable.

Nationally Priced—A Standard of Value

Gulbransen Player-Pianos are now sold at the same prices everywhere in the U. S.

We mark the true price on each instrument before it leaves the factory (see small illustration). If sold at any other price, our strong 10-year Guaranty is void.

There are four upright models, priced as follows:

White House Model . .	**$525**
Country Seat Model . .	**475**
Town House Model . .	**430**
Suburban Model	**395**

These prices form a reliable standard of Player-Piano value. It is unnecessary to pay more, and trustworthy instruments are not likely to be sold for less.

There are several reasons for Gulbransen price-moderation. First, the Nationally Priced plan naturally induces us to adopt the lowest fair prices. Then our large output—doubtless the largest in the world—an unusually efficient factory, and a quick turnover of capital, effect many savings.

Gulbransen Players are distributed by picked dealers. They are usually Player Specialists. They pay us cash, receive good value, give good value—believe in the wisdom of square dealing.

They back their faith in Gulbransen quality with a standing offer to let you test any Gulbransen in your own home for 30 days—under a money-back agreement.

They will divide the price into convenient payments, and take your old Piano in trade at its full market value. Many of them are now accepting Liberty Bonds in part payment.

Examine One—Then Invest

The Holidays are coming. You'll need a Player then—and later:

Consider the purchase an investment, for your Gulbransen will have high property-value. Your money will be safe.

We have several things to send you: Our Illustrated Catalog, describing each model in detail. And a little essay—not an advertisement—by a trade journalist on "How to Judge a Player-Piano." And the name of the nearest Gulbransen Dealer. Or the address of someone near you who owns a Gulbransen and might let you examine it this week. And an outline of our dealers' 30-Day Trial proposition.

Just put a cross-mark (X) in the squares opposite the information you want, write your name and address, tear off and mail to us.

Gulbransen-Dickinson Co., Chicago. Please send:

☐ **Illustrated Catalog** ☐ **Nearest Dealer's Address**

☐ **"How to Judge a Player-Piano"** ☐ **An Owner's Address**

☐ **30-Day Trial Proposition**

Your Name

Address

Gulbransen-Dickinson Company, 3234 Chicago Avenue, Chicago

Gentle — Mighty

—in its ultra-soft smoothness **—in its display of resistless power**

Among the master cars of the day—the cars of real class and distinction—there are those that fully meet the demand for tremendous power and speed, those that satisfy the demand for ultra-soft smoothness and those that strike a fair compromise between these conflicting virtues.

But without sacrifice or compromise, the Peerless squarely meets these conflicting demands of the motor wise—with two entirely separate and distinct power ranges that also effect operating economies.

For all its mighty eighty horsepower, available to the full whenever you call upon its "sporting" range, it is ideally soft and smooth for ordinary driving in its "loafing" range—and sparing in its use of fuel.

The "Loafing" Range

In its "loafing" range, which is all you will ever use in ordinary about-town driving, the Peerless Eight is an ideally soft, smooth, flexible car, performing on half rations,—using fuel so sparingly as to shame many a lesser powered six, even many a four.

The "Sporting" Range

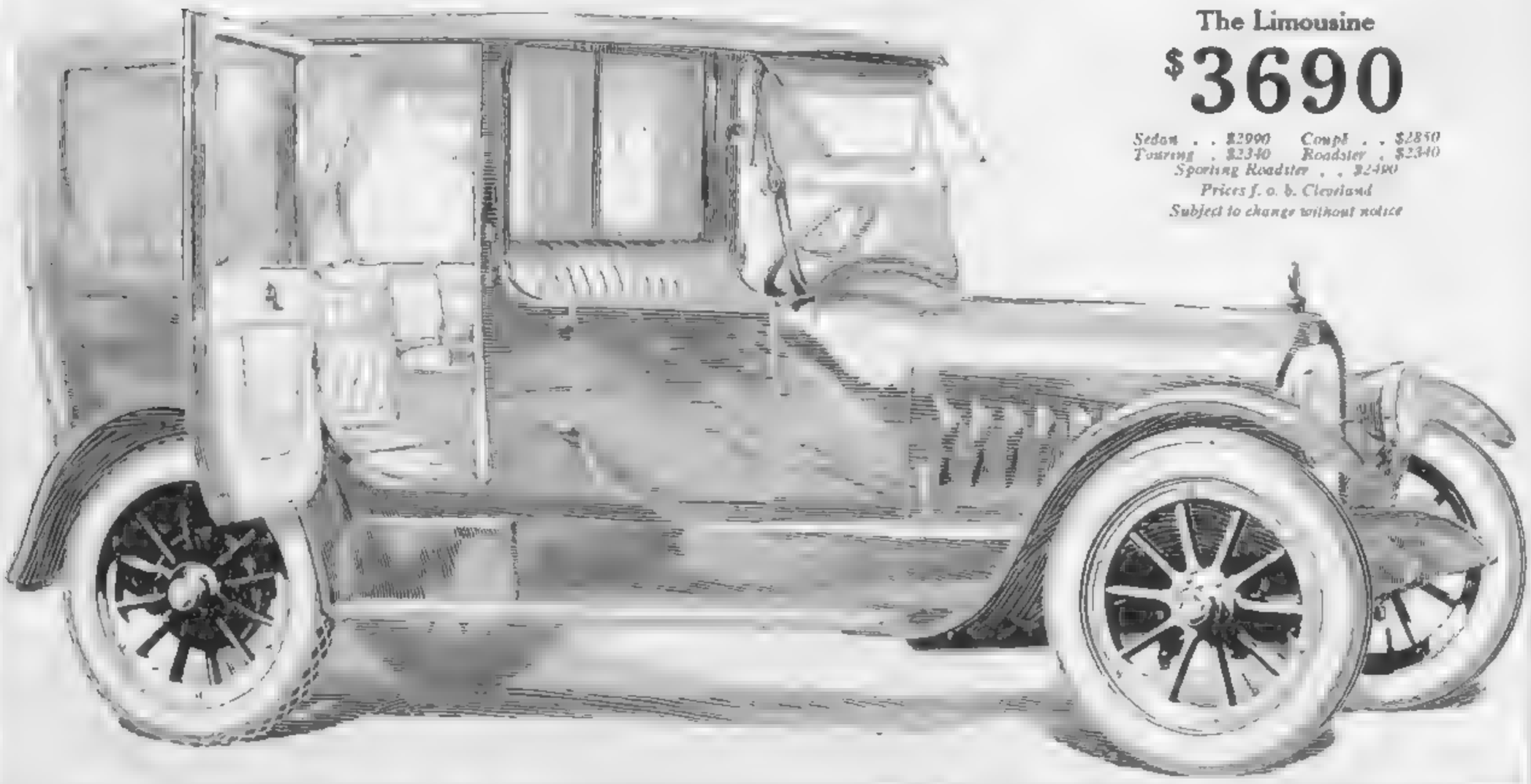
You have only to open the throttle wider to release its double poppets and call upon its "sporting" range for such an exhibition of power and speed as would balk all but a few of the master cars that are designed to display these rugged virtues only.

Peerless

TWO POWER RANGE Eight

Ask the Peerless dealer to show you the Peerless Eight and to demonstrate for you the wonderful contrasts in performance and the remarkable economy of operation accomplished by its two separate and distinct power ranges.

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio



The Limousine

$3690

Sedan . . $3990 Coupé . . $3850
Touring . $3340 Roadster . $3340
Sporting Roadster . . $3490
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland
Subject to change without notice

(Continued from Page 82)

the situation and make the best of it. You know how secretive our colored people can be sometimes."

"All the time, you mean," amended the old man. "Northerners never seem to be able to git it through their heads that a darky kin be loud-mouthed and close-mouthed at the same time. Now you take that black boy Jeff of mine. Jeff knows more about me—my habits, my likes and my dislikes, my private business and my private thoughts and all—than I know myself. And I know jest egsactly ez much about his real self—whut he thinks and whut he does behind my back—ez he wants me to know, no more and no less. I judge it's much the same way with your Aunt Sharley, and with all the rest of their race too. We understand how to live with 'em, but that ain't sayin' we understand how they live."

He looked steadfastly at his late ward.

"Honey, when you come to cast up the account you do owe a lot to that old nigger woman, don't you?—you and your sister both. Mebbe you owe even more than you think you do. There ain't many left like her in this new generation of darkies that's growed up—she belongs to a species that's mighty nigh extinct, ez you might say. Us Southern people are powerfully given, some of us, to tellin' whut we've done fur the black race—and we have done a lot, I'll admit—but sometimes I think we're prone to furgit some of the things they've done fur us. Hold on, honey," he added hastily, seeing that she was about to speak in her own defense. "I ain't takin' issue with you aginst you nor yit aginst the young man you're fixin' to marry. After all, you've got your own lives to live. I was jest sort of studyin' out loud—not offerin' an argument in opposition."

Still looking straight at her he asked a question:

"Tell me one thing, Emmy Lou, jest to satisfy my curiosity and before we go any further with this here bothersome affair that's makin' you unhappy. It seems like to me I heared somewheres that you first met this young man of yours whilst you and little Mildred were off at Knollwood Seminary finishin' your educations. Is that so or ain't it?"

"Yes, sir, that's true," she answered. "You see when we first went to Knollwood, Harvey had just been sent South to take a place in the office of the trolley road at Knollwood.

"His people were interested in the line; he was assistant to the general manager then. I met him there. And he—he was interested in me, I suppose, and afterward, when he had worked his way up and had been promoted to the superintendency, his company bought our line in, too, and he induced them to transfer him here—I mean to say he was transferred here. So that's how it all happened."

"I see," he said musingly. "You met him down there and he got interested—'interested' was the word you used, wasn't it, honey?—and then after a spell when you had left there he followed you here—or rather it jest so happened by a coincidence that he was sent here. Well, I don't know ez I blame him—for being interested, I mean. It strikes me that in addition to bein' an enterprisin' young man he's also got excellent taste and fine discrimination. He ought to go quite a ways in the world—whut with coincidences favorin' him and everything."

The whimsical note died out of his voice. His tone became serious.

"Child," he said gently, "whut would you say—and whut's even more important, whut would you do—ef I was to tell you that ef it hadn't a-been fur old Aunt Sharley this great thing that's come into your life probably never would have come into it? What ef I was to tell you that if it hadn't a-been fur her you never would have knowed Mr. Harvey Winslow in the first place—and natchelly wouldn't be engaged to marry him now?"

"Why, Judge Priest, how could that be?" Her widened eyes betokened a blank incredulity.

"Emmy Lou," he answered slowly, "in tellin' you whut I'm about to tell you I'm breakin' a solemn pledge, and that's a thing I ain't much given to doin'. But this time I figger the circumstances justify me. Now listen: You remember, don't you, that in the first year or two following after the time your mother left us, the estate was sort of snarled up? Well, it was worse snarled up than you two children had any idea of. Two or three of the heaviest investments your father made in the later years of his life weren't turnin' out very well. The taxes on 'em amounted to mighty nigh ez much ez whut the income frum 'em did. We didn't aim to pester you two girls with all the details, so we sort of kept 'em to ourselves and done the best we could. You lived simple and there was enough to take care of you and to keep up your home, and we knowed we could depend on Aunt Sharley to manage careful. Really, she knowed more about the true condition of things than you did. Still, even so, you no doubt got an inklin' sometimes of how things stood with regards to your finances."

She nodded, saying nothing, and he went on:

"Well, jest about that time, one day in the early part of the summer I had a visit frum Aunt Sharley. She come to me in my office down at the courthouse, and I sent Jeff to fetch Lew Lake, and we both set down there together with that old nigger woman, and she told us whut she had to say. She told us that you children had growed up with the idea that you'd go off to boardin' school somewheres after you were done with our local schools, and that you were beginnin' to talk about goin' and that it was high time fur you to be gittin' ready to go, and, in brief, she wanted to know whut about it? We told her jest how things stood—that under the terms of your father's will practically everything you owned was entailed—held in trust by us—until both of the heirs had come of age. We told her that, with your consent or without it, we didn't have the power to sell off any part of the estate, and so, that bein' the case, the necessary money to send you off to school jest natchelly couldn't be provided noways, and that, since there was jest barely enough money comin' in to run the home and, by stintin', to care fur you and Mildred, any outside and special expense comin' on top of the regular expenses couldn't possibly be considered—or, in other words, that you two couldn't hope to go to boardin' school.

"I reckin you kin guess fur yourself whut that old woman done then. She flared up and showed all her teeth. She said that the quality always sent their daughters off to boardin' school to give 'em the final polish that made fine ladies of 'em. She said her Ole Miss—meanin' your grandmother—had gone to Knollwood and that your mother had gone there, and that you two girls were goin' there, too, whether or no. We tried to explain to her that some of the finest young ladies in the land and some of the best-born ones never had the advantages of a college education, but she said she didn't keer whut people somewheres else might do—that the daughters of her kind of quality folks went to college and that you two were goin', so that all through your lives you could hold up your heads with the finest in the land. You never seen anybody so set and determined about a thing ez that old woman was. We tried explainin' to her and we tried arguin' with her, and Lew Lake tried losin' his temper with her, him bein' somewhat hot-headed, but nothin' we could say seemed to have any effect on her at all. She jest set there with her old skinny arms folded on her breast like a major-general, and that old under lip of hers stuck out and her neck bowed, sayin' over and over agin that you girls were goin' to that boardin' school same ez the Dabneys and the Helms had always done. So finally we throwed up our hands and told her we were at the end of our rope and she'd kindly have to show us the way to bring it all about.

"And then she up and showed us. You remember the night me and Lew Lake come up to your house to talk over the matter of your college education and I told you to call Aunt Sharley into the conference—you remember that, don't you? And you remember she come out strong in favor of Knollwood and that after a while we seemed to give in? Well, child, I've got a little confession to make to you now along with a bigger one later on: That was all a little piece of by-play that had been planned out in advance. We knowed beforehand that Aunt Sharley was goin' to favor Knollwood and that we were goin' to fall into line with her notions about it at the end. She'd already licked us to a standstill there in my office, and we were jest tryin' to save our faces.

"So you went to college and you both stayed there two full years. And I mout ez well tell you right now that the principal reason why you had so many purty fixin's

THERE never was a time when the quality of paint was so important as now. Prices are high; painters' wages are high, yet painting cannot be put off without serious damage to property. Hence the importance of getting paint that protects and endures for the longest possible time.

New Jersey Zinc in paint

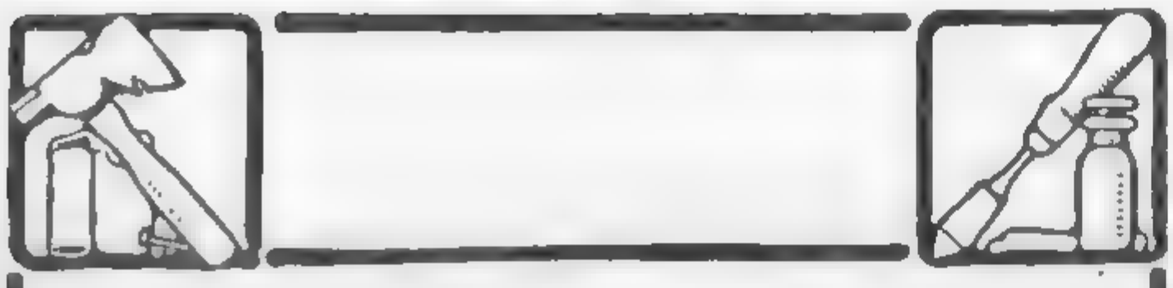
adds nothing to its cost but it adds much to its durability. This has been proved conclusively by United States government tests. That is why the paint on all our warships and lighthouses contains a large proportion of zinc. That is why manufacturers of prepared paint use zinc in their best paints. That is why competent painters use zinc when they mix their own paints. That is why every property owner should see that his paint contains enough zinc to give him his money's worth in protection and durability.

We will gladly send you a list of prepared zinc paints and also a list of manufacturers who grind zinc and lead together in oil, such as painters use to get a good zinc mixture.

Send for our booklet "Zinc in Paint." It tells a lot of things you ought to know about paint.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
55 Wall Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1848

Branch: Mineral Point Zinc Co., 1111 Marquette Building, Chicago



Your Farm Must Be a Factory

Every little scheme or invention that saves a man's work and utilizes a mechanical device means less labor expense and more profit for you.

Handy Farm Mechanics

tells you how to make and mend labor-and-time-savers and machines. It is a new page that is appearing every week in *The Country Gentleman*. Another new feature, of particular interest to the boy, is

Talks to Young Trappers

Articles which will appear weekly through the fall and winter will explain in detail where and how to set traps for the various fur-bearing animals to be found in the farm woods and along the streams, and what to do with the pelts that are obtained. Trapping is a winter sport that is more than a sport—it offers real business opportunities.

Among the three dozen features in the issue that is out today are:

Cattle in the Far West
The Only Substitute for Sugar
The Farmer's Share of Retail Prices
Is an Orange Grove a Lemon?
The Best of Hams and Bacon
The Field of Vision

Invest a Dollar and Save a Hundred or Two
You can do this and more by subscribing to, and profiting by what you read in,

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
As staple as wheat

5 cents the Copy **$1.00 the Year**

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
961 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

to wear whilst you was away and why you had ez much pin money to spend ez any other two girls there was because that old woman lived on less'n it would take, seemin'ly, to keep a bird alive, savin' every cent she could scrape up, and bringin' it to me to be sent on to you ez part of your allowance."

"But I don't understand yet," cried out Emmy Lou. "Why, Judge, Aunt Sharley just can write her own name. We had to print out the words in the letters we wrote her so that she could read them. I don't understand how the poor good old ignorant soul could figure out where the money which paid for our schooling could be found when both you and Doctor Lake ——"

"I'm comin' to that part now," he told her. "Honey, you were right when you guessed that Aunt Sharley has been holdin' somethin' back frum you durin' this past week; but she's been tellin' you the truth too—in a way of speakin'. She ain't got any money saved up—or at least ef she's got any at all it ain't ez much ez you imagine. Whut she's got laid by kin only represent the savin's of four or five years, not of a whole lifetime. And when she said to you that she couldn't leave you to go to live in that little house that your father left her in his will she wasn't speakin' a lie. She can't go there to live because it ain't hers—she don't own it any more. Over five years ago she sold it outright, and she took the price she got fur it and to that price she added whut she'd saved up ez the fruits of a lifetime of toil spent in your service and the service of your people before you, and that was the money—her money, every cent of it—which paid fur your two years at college. Now you know."

For a long half minute she stared at him, her face whitening and the great tears beginning to run down her cheeks. They ran faster and faster. She gave a great sob and then she threw her arms about the old Judge's neck and buried her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, I never dreamed it! I never dreamed it! I never had a suspicion! And I've been so cruel to her, so heartless! Oh, Judge Priest, why did you and Doctor Lake ever let her do it? Why did you let her make that sacrifice?"

He patted her shoulder gently.

"Well, honey, we did try at first to discourage her from the notion, but we mighty soon seen it wasn't any use to try, and a little later on, comin' to think it over, we decided mebbe we didn't want to try any more. There're some impulses in this world too noble to be interfered with or hampered or thwarted, and some sacrifices so fine that none of us should try to spoil 'em by settin' up ourselves and our own wills in the road. That's how I felt. That's how Lew Lake felt. That's how we both felt. And anyhow she kept p'intin' out that she wouldn't never need that there little house, because so long ez she lived she'd have a home with you two girls. That's whut she said, anyway."

"But why weren't we allowed to know before now? Why didn't we know—Mildred and I—ten days ago, so that she might have been spared the cruel thing I've done? Why didn't she come out and tell us when we went to her and I told her she must get off the place? Why didn't you tell me, Judge, before now—why didn't you give me a hint before now?"

"Honey, I couldn't. I was under a solemn promise not to tell—a promise that I've jest now broken. On the whole I think I'm glad I did break it. . . . Lemme see ef I kin remember in her own words whut she said to us? 'Gen'l'mens,' she says, 'dem chillens is of de quality an' entitled to hole up they haids wid de fines' in de land. I don't want never to have dem demeaned by lettin' dem know or by lettin' ary other pusson know dat an old black nigger woman furnished de money to help mek fine young ladies of 'em. So long ez I live,' she says, 'dey ain't never to heah it frum my lips an' you must both gimme yore word dat dey don't never heah it frum yourn. W'en I dies, an' not befo' den, dey may know de truth. De day dey lays me in de coffin you kin tell 'em both de secret—but not befo'!' she says.

"So you see, child, we were under a pledge, and till to-day I've kept that pledge. Nobody knows about the sale of that little piece of property except Aunt Sharley and Lew Lake and me and the man who bought it and the man who recorded the deed that I drew up. Even the man who bought it never learned the real name of the previous owner, and the matter of the recording was never made public. Whut's the good of my bein' the circuit judge of this district without I've got influence enough with the county clerk to see that a small real-estate transaction kin be kept frum pryin' eyes? So you see only five people knowed anything a-tall about that sale, and only three of them knowed the true facts, and now I've told you, and so that makes four that are sharin' the secret. . . . Don't carry on so, honey. 'Tain't ez ef you'd done somethin' that couldn't be mended. You've got all your life to make it up to her. And besides, you were in ignorance until jest now. . . . Now, Emmy Lou, I ain't goin' to advise you; but I certainly would like to hear frum your own lips whut you do aim to do."

She raised her head and through the brimming tears her eyes shone like twin stars.

"What am I going to do?" she echoed. "Judge, you just said nobody knew except four of us. Well, everybody is going to know—everybody in this town is going to know, because I'm going to tell them. I'll be a prouder and a happier girl when they do know, all of them, than I've ever been in my whole life. And I warn you that neither you nor Aunt Sharley nor any other person alive can keep me from telling them. I'm going to glory in telling the world the story of it."

"Lord bless your spunky little soul, honey, I ain't goin' to try to hender you frum tellin'," said Judge Priest. "Anyhow, I expect to be kept busy durin' the next few days keepin' out of that old nigger woman's way. . . . So that's the very first thing you aim to do?"

"No, it isn't, either," she exclaimed, catching the drift of his meaning. "That is going to be the second thing I do. But the first thing I am going to do is to go straight back home as fast as I can walk and get down on my knees before Aunt Sharley and beg her forgiveness for being so unjust and so unkind."

"Oh, I reckin that won't hardly be necessary," said Judge Priest. "I kind of figger that ef you'll jest have a little cryin' bee with her that'll answer every purpose. Jest put your young arms round her old neck and cry a spell with her. It's been my observation that, black or white, cryin' together seems to bring a heap of comfort to the members of your sex."

"I think perhaps I shall try that," she agreed, smiling in spite of herself; and her smile was like sunshine in the midst of a shower. "I'll begin by kissing her right smack on the mouth—like this." And she kissed the Judge squarely on his.

"Judge Priest," she stated, "this town is due for more than one surprise. Do you know who's going to be the matron of honor at my wedding three weeks from now? I'll give you just one guess."

He glanced up at her quizzically.

"Whut do you s'pose the young man is goin' to have to say about that?" he asked.

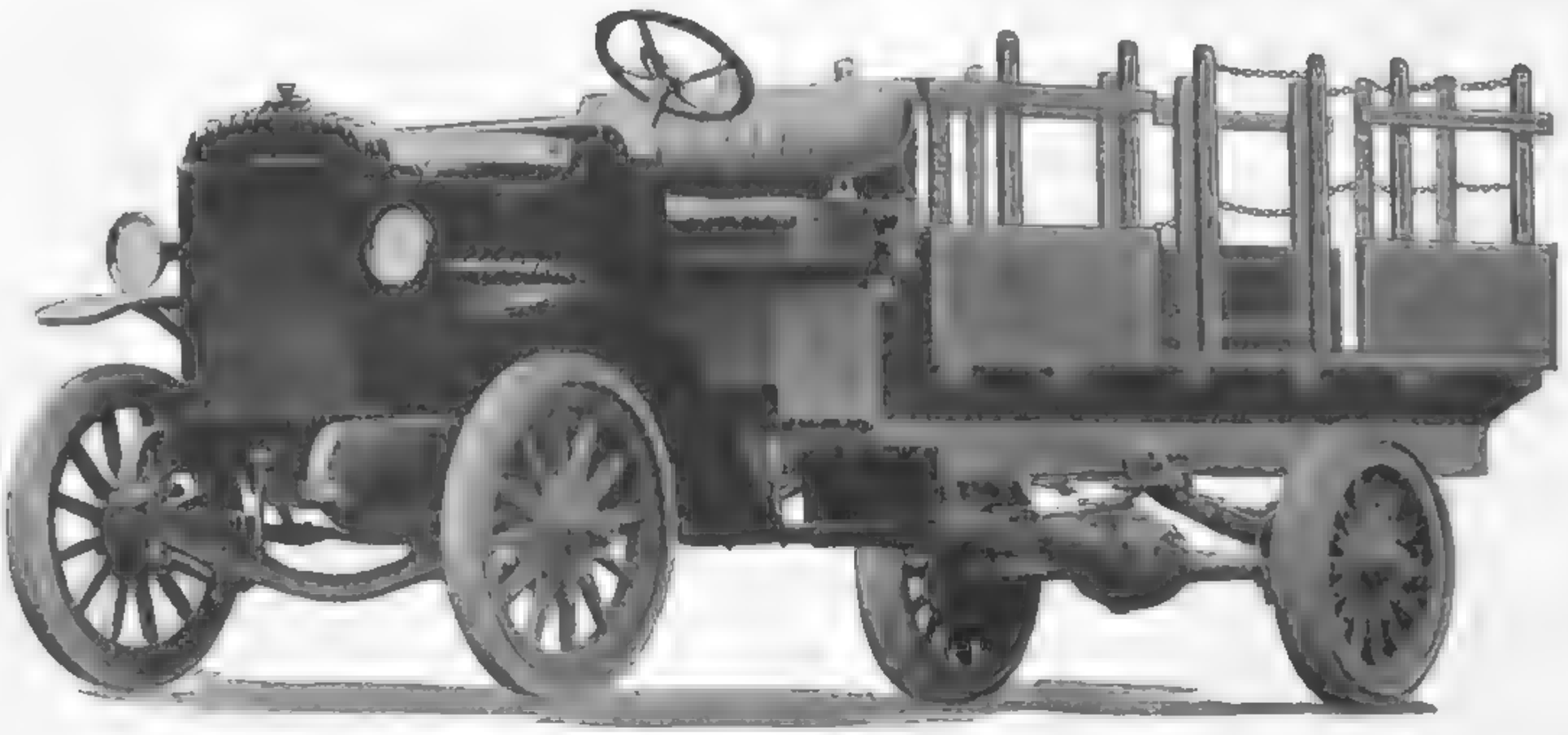
"If he doesn't like it he can find some other girl to marry him," she said.

"Oh, I kind of imagine he'll listen to reason—especially comin' frum you," said Judge Priest. "He will ef he's the kind of young man that's worthy to marry Tom Dabney's daughter."

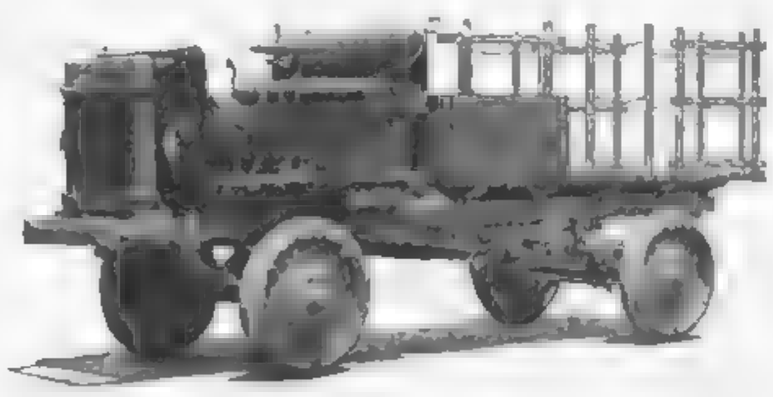
It is possible that some of the bridegroom's kinspeople, coming down from the North for the wedding, were shocked to find a wizen, coal-black woman, who was lame of one leg, not only taking part in the ceremony, filling a place next in importance to that of the contracting pair and the maid of honor, but apparently in active and undisputed charge of the principal details. However, being well-bred persons, they did not betray their astonishment by word, look or deed. Perhaps they figured it as one of the customs of the country that an old shrill-voiced negress, smelling of snuff and black silk, should play so prominent a rôle in the event itself and in the reception that followed.

However, all that is ancient history now. What I have to add is a commingling of past local history and present local history. As I said at the outset, there were formerly any number of black children in our town who bore the names of white friends and white patrons, but to my knowledge there was never but one white child named for a black person. The child thus distinguished was a girl child, the first-born of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Winslow. Her full name was Charlotte Helm Winslow, but nearly everybody called her Little Sharley. She is still called so, I believe, though growing now into quite a sizable young person.

MOTOR NASH TRUCKS



The new Nash Two Ton *rear drive truck for heavy haulage. Price, chassis $1875, F. O. B. Kenosha.*



The world famous Nash Quad, *formerly the Jeffery Quad, drives, brakes and steers on all four wheels. Price, chassis $3250, F. O. B. Kenosha.*

The Nash One Ton *rear drive truck for light haulage. Price, chassis $1495, F. O. B. Kenosha.*

Nash Trucks Have Demonstrated Their Quality In Service

Designed and built by Nash engineers, the new One Ton and Two Ton Trucks are proving fitting truckmates for the world famous Nash Quad, formerly the Jeffery Quad.

First the One Ton Truck was brought forth, a sturdy rear drive truck for light haulage. In the hands of users during the past six months, subjected to the hardest tests, this truck has proved efficient, reliable and economical. It has convincingly demonstrated its title to first rank in the One Ton class.

Now the Nash Rear Drive Two Ton, the latest product to bear the Nash name, designed and built for heavier haulage, is fast gaining just as fine a reputation for sturdy worth.

To the experienced truck buyer the importance of such mechanical features as internal gear drive axle, the M & S locking differential, engine governor, electric lights and starter incorporated in these trucks will be evident.

The further fact that both these Nash One and Two Ton Trucks are produced in one of the finest manufacturing plants in this country, and bear as a certificate of their fine workmanship the Nash name-plate, gives added assurance of their quality.

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN
Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including the Famous Nash Quad

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

Put your Motoring on a War Basis with the Franklin Car

SOME people think they can solve the thrift question by talking about it. The War situation is actual and real. Every man feels it is his duty to help the country, but he tells you what the Government ought to do instead of taking the first practical step—meeting the plain facts in the things close at hand; things he buys and uses and pays to maintain.

Gasoline and rubber are prime necessities of War. Yet many a car owner who talks thrift is actually destroying *fifty per cent more* of these commodities than his motoring should require.

War Time Activity Demands Economy in Motor Car Operation

Ask the man who gets eight, ten or twelve miles to the gallon of gasoline and five or six thousand miles to the set of tires. He probably has the feeling—almost the conviction—that he can do better with the Franklin, but it is easier to close his eyes to the facts and wonder whether the Franklin's record for gasoline and tire saving is really and actually true.

He does not *investigate*—he takes refuge in general doubt.

Another way he has of sidestepping the issue is to argue that in these days it is better economy to hang on to his old car. He knows how wasteful it is to run, yet he overlooks the fact that the Franklin saving in gasoline, tires and oil would more than carry his *investment* in a Franklin Car.

Perhaps he says he will meet conditions by using his car less. He forgets that while the average car is standing idle its *depreciation* offsets any reduction in running expense he could make.

He ought to see that it is true conservation for him to put his motoring on a War basis *now;* clean up his old car proposition; take a fresh start and get an automobile that actually fits conditions as they are *today*.

War time thrift and economy are possible to every motorist without reducing his mileage or curtailing the use of his car. War time activity makes this fact of vital interest. Thousands of men are finding increased demands upon their time and more work for their automobile.

Franklin Holds World's Records for Thrift and Efficiency

The Thrift and Efficiency Standards of the Franklin Car are matters of public record.

On May 1st, 1914, 94 Franklin Cars in all parts of the country averaged 32.8 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

On May 1st, 1915, 137 Franklin Cars averaged 32.1 miles to the gallon.

On July 13th, 1917, 179 Franklin Cars established the remarkable average of *40.3 miles to the single gallon of gasoline.*

All records under Standard Efficiency Test Rules.

In the Yale University Fuel Economy Test, Professor Lockwood and Arthur B. Browne, M. E. established the fact that the Franklin Car uses *less* gasoline per mile than any other car with six or more cylinders.

On November 17th, 1915, a Franklin Car covered 1046 miles on a single gallon of oil—a run from New York to Chicago.

Right Now Is the Time for All Motorists to Investigate the Franklin

Franklin Economy and Efficiency as demonstrated by these records of low gasoline consumption, continue throughout the car. Franklin owners' individual *tire mileage reports*, for instance, over a period of five years, give a national average of 10,203 miles to the set.

The *value of the Franklin Car as an investment* is clearly shown every time you find a used Franklin for sale. It brings a 20% higher price than any other fine car in proportion to its first cost and the use it had. The time is close at hand when the motorist must choose between a restricted use of his car and meeting conditions in a *constructive way* with the economical Franklin.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$2050.
Cabriolet	2485 lbs.	2850.
Town Car	2610 lbs.	3200.
Runabout	2160 lbs.	2000.
Sedan	2610 lbs.	2950.
Limousine	2620 lbs.	3200.
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	2050.
Brougham	2575 lbs.	2900.

All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y., U.S.A.

PATERFAMILIAS

(Continued from Page 20)

substitute for a complete sympathy and understanding, the freedom to give Jason unreservedly whatever he, Elijah, had.

XIII

ELIJAH returned quietly to his seat within. The perturbed individual with the darkly flushed countenance had fled, leaving Mr. Zopher to gaze about with an air of triumph and challenge. Futhey had at last exhausted the home paper. It was hot again, and the men sat listlessly in their formal garb.

From down the masculine row a satisfied voice declared: "I got to go North to-night. The firm telegraphed for me. Intend to shift our equipment and make percussion caps. Don't think I'll get back."

"My wife's made sixty sweaters," another said out of the silence that followed.

"Purl three and knit," Futhey murmured.

"I see they have no sleeves to them now," a third volunteered.

"They tell me," an acidulous voice added, "that men have took it up."

Biting comments mingled with perfunctory chaff. Futhey proceeded with an account of the amazing impudence of a chambermaid at Lake Widdershaw. "Told m'wife she had used the towel to clean her shoes. Mrs. Futhey said 'No such thing; that towel was just as you see it!' The girl got real hysterical. I spoke to Mr. Eckles, the proprietor, and he said: 'Mr. Futhey, you are among the most esteemed guests at my hotel; this will be followed up.'"

Suddenly whatever facile pleasure Elijah had first experienced South in winter vanished. The entire inn—with its uneasy, idle men and flood of complacently chattering women, the shrill, pallid children, the acrimonious or stony games of bridge and fatuous golfing pretensions—filled J. Elijah Mimm with an overwhelming distaste. With his family a part of this it was useless for him to remain. He had an impulse to wire Dave Bishoff to summon him home; to give up, lose himself again, finally, in the life he understood. This might do for old women like Futhey; but he, Elijah, hadn't reached a point where he was content to sit through the weeks gabbing about knitting or harassing overburdened chambermaids. If this was what retirement meant he'd die at his desk.

Dave, he knew, intended to go to France soon, in the interest of their new leather surfacing; and it would be just as well for him to be in the office. A nostalgia for the world of business filled him with a renewed energy. Here he was nothing, the obscure showman of a little highly ornamental troupe; but in the city he was a figure of importance; men of standing sought and deferred to his opinions; his employees greeted him with alert civility.

At his desk in the morning waited the adventure of the mail—challenges offered; smoothly worded prospects hiding traps that necessitated eternal vigilance; big opportunities, chances, for instant decision; the sharp pressing of buttons and rattling of telegrams. There were conferences; great formal dinners in distant cities; tours of view into immense, unbridled regions of forest with tons of bark at the ends of tracks laid precariously into the hearts of profound and removed valleys; or sleek, shifting acres of cattle on illimitable plains. His lips tightened as he recalled a particular competition with a rival firm that, coming South, he had ignored. Before the magnitude of a deal involving thousands of dollars, the industry of an entire section of the country, a fight with established, relentless capital, the thought of golf moved him to contempt.

Why, this place here, and most of the people in it, were light, light. No good. Then he had a swift vision of Jason forcing his motor from under the wheels of destruction. A manhood, virility, had leaped like a flash of lightning from the boy's mask of indolence and self-gratification. And Eleanor—twenty-two, just Mel's age when the latter married. Mel herself, warmly feminine, blundering, gold-hearted! To return to the office now, leave them, had the aspect of a desertion. He had said, coming here, that they'd go home together. His love for them all flooded back, cleansed of petty suspicions, injured pride, self.

He rose in the pressure of a necessity to see them at once, to gather them again in the concord, the rightness, symbolized for him by the word "home." They were nowhere to be found on that floor, but on a small errand above he was surprised to see all three gathered in Melina's room. Eleanor stood defiantly alone, Jason was lounging on the back of a chair, and Mel was seated with tightly clasped hands.

"Eleanor and Jason have had a few words," she explained.

"I've said all I'm going to," Jason remarked. "Now you have heard what the men think of him you can do as you like."

"What men?" Eleanor demanded disdainfully. "Drew Fisher and his lot? If you suppose their opinion has any weight with me you're sillier than I thought. You are nothing but a child, anyhow, in spite of habits that worry mother nearly to death"

"Well, you've been told," Jason retorted in a superior manner. "I'd just hate to have a sister of mine married to that squash. Why, the fellow asked Mackintosh whether it was true that you were a 'million-dollar baby.'"

"I don't believe it!" Eleanor declared. "They are simply jealous of Barton's position in New York. Their wives make all this talk because he won't pay any attention to them."

"You've been told," the oracular Jason repeated.

"What's the difficulty, Jason?" his father demanded.

"I've just kicked about Eleanor's playing round with this Crane. Everybody knows what he's after. I thought I ought to give her what advice I could."

"You should have come to me with it," Elijah responded. "But I had reached the same conclusion. You are right in looking out for your sister."

"Since you have heard so much of me," Eleanor said, dangerously calm, "it may be as well to inform you about Jason. Just what do you think of his sitting out in the motor half the night with a waitress?"

All the unformulated doubts Elijah had had with regard to the girl in charge of their table centered in the conviction that Eleanor had uncovered a dangerous fact. Jason's countenance slowly turned red, his features were drawn into a hard animosity. Melina gave a distressed gasp.

"You are all so superior to a perfectly nice girl who has had some bad luck that I guess I'll leave," the boy flung out. "Her father was a landed gentleman—and that's more than you can say, Eleanor Mimm. She's got an edge on our money grabber from Dillworth."

Elijah listened without anger or resentment to this exposition of his children by themselves.

Their concern, he saw again, was with something of which he was totally oblivious. But he was mainly engaged in an endeavor to grasp the essentials of the involved problem before him.

"Don't be foolish, Jason," he told the boy. "Anyone may have temporary reverses, and a girl should be praised for honestly making her own way. At the proper time for you to marry I'd be only too glad to have a practical daughter-in-law. And, from what I've seen of Annie, she's a bright, forward-looking girl. I have no doubt she could support you, but I hate to think of your allowing it ——"

"I can work," Jason interrupted.

"Show me," Elijah responded.

The other muttered a period concerning the admitted benefit to be derived from the constant presence of an inspiration.

"If you don't object," Eleanor said in a dignified manner, "I shall go to my room."

"I hope you will come out of it in a more Christian mind," Melina told her. The girl moved swiftly into the corridor, followed after a momentary and silent pause by Jason.

XIV

"DILLWORTH seems to worry 'em," Elijah observed shortly.

"Do you think there's anything in what Eleanor said—about Jason and that waitress?" Mel demanded anxiously.

"Bound to be," he responded. "Smart girl looking out for Number One, and Jason seems to be It."

"She's a sharp, unscrupulous thing!" his wife declared. "I'll see that she leaves at once. I declare, I don't know what's come over the children! Why, Elijah, I never acted this way when I was a girl; and I am certain you were never like Jason."

Let grateful incense rise!

How cheerful are these chilly evenings 'round the hearth—the logs in merry blaze—the shadows dancing fitfully about the room!

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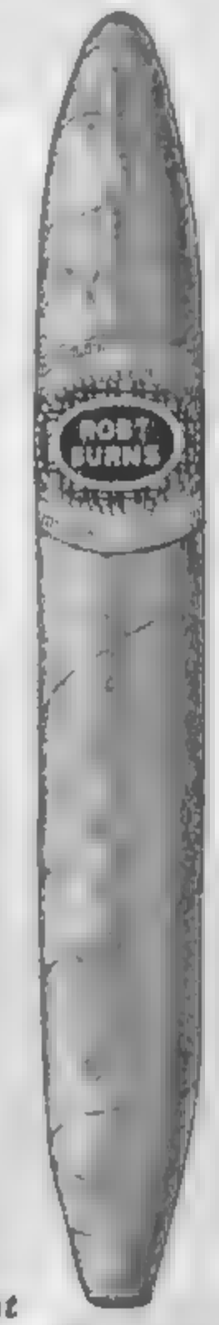

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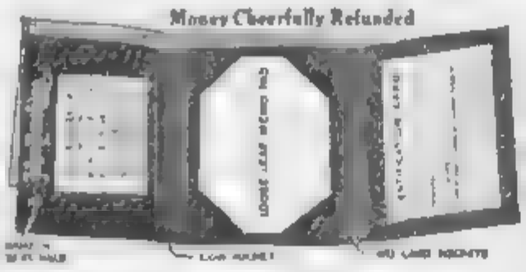

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"We didn't have a chance," he explained; "we didn't have the price. I'd caught some powerful good beatings before I was Jason's age, too. I don't remember dusting him once."

"Ma had a handy slap," Melina remarked absently.

"Well, we're in this," he proceeded, "and we must get out best we can. We are both to blame ——"

"I have given them everything they could ask for," she protested.

"So you have," he responded dryly; "and I kept handing it right over for you to do the mischief with. Christmas, I'm tired! I've got to get off this confounded starch."

In his flowing nightshirt, with a red cotton tracery on the neck and cuffs, he stopped at his wife's door.

"I've been thinking a lot about old times lately, Mel," he told her; "with you and me young, and the children babies. Maybe it's because it's a good spell ago and I have forgotten the worries, but anyhow it appears to me we were better fixed then than now. Do you remember how we'd have boiled leg of lamb and drawn butter every Sunday dinner? That was when we were living on McCandless Street. After dinner I'd go to sleep in the parlor with a piece of newspaper over my face, and, later, cut the grass in front, or shovel off the pavement if it was winter. Do you mind the widow—it was Mrs. Biswanger—why, I haven't thought of her name for years—who kept the cigar stand on the corner?"

"Elijah Mimm, your head's turned," Melina exclaimed vigorously, "bringing back all those years when we were poor as poor! I don't want to hear about them. When I remember how we had to manage, it makes me dizzy. Sometimes I think you haven't any proper pride."

He went reluctantly back to his bed, his envy of that young Mr. and Mrs. Mimm who had had "to manage" intensified by the insistent nuisance of drums from the ballroom below.

The following morning was without incident except for the facts that Jason had had breakfast before him—an incredibly early hour for that indolent youth—and that, in the absence of Annie, the girl at the next tables volunteered to wait on Elijah at lunch.

He was alone, but that was a common occurrence; Mel and Eleanor often failed to appear before two, and Jason might be at Sandholm. Yet, when at dinner the waitress was still absent and Jason stayed away, Elijah was secretly worried. He said nothing, however, momentarily expecting to see his son, and hear the obvious reason for Annie's substitute; while Melina and Eleanor were evidently in the midst of a dissension in which dinner made a temporary, silent truce.

Later he was summoned from the main assemblage by a bell boy with the information that someone wished to see him outside. At the portico's edge he found Annie, with a flowered hat securely tied by a veil under her chin. She had on, too, white gloves

"Mr. Mimm," she said, without delay, "Jason and I have just been married."

In spite of an instinctive preparation for this information he was conscious of a sharp disappointment, a feeling that Jason, blundering inexcusably, had betrayed not only himself but his mother's affection and his, Elijah's, long efforts.

"Where is he?" he demanded, forcing his voice into an ordinary conversational tone.

"That's what I came to explain," the girl replied. "We went away to—to a town, in his car, without much money, and coming back he was arrested for speeding. We couldn't pay the fine, the constable would not let Jason off, and so I came to ask you to free him."

"Sit down," Elijah told her, and he took a chair opposite. "Jason's held up already, and you came back to me for his release. You are his wife?"

"Yes," she repeated defiantly.

"I always thought you were a right sensible girl," he continued; "you have a head better than most men. Women are unaccountable"

She regarded him with a questioning frown.

"I mean," he explained, "that I am surprised to see an able girl such a fool as to marry Jason. Of course, there's the money," he admitted; "Jason will have quite a lot . . . in the future. A man can't cut off his only son as they do on the stage. But for a while Jason's wife will have no sinecure. Personally I think the boy might be better off with a practical woman than he has been with a full pocket. Anyhow, we'll see; but it will be a little hard on you now, when you are young and like pretty things."

"Aren't you going to give Jason anything?" she demanded. "Are you going to let him stay in that horrible lockup?"

"No indeed!" Elijah responded. "I am going to give you the amount to take him right out. I'll pay your way North, too, whenever you think best. I presume you'll want to find something to do."

"I should say not!" she retorted vigorously. "If necessary Jason can get good money in a garage."

"I hate to discourage you," he proceeded evenly, "but have you ever seen him do any work on his motor? I have known him to pay forty-five dollars for a repair car on the road rather than change a wheel. Mind, I don't say he won't come to it—I've seen good stuff in him myself—but it will be a matter of years for Jason to grasp actualities. It'll be a long time before he can take you to anything but the moving pictures. I said you were foolish, yet I don't know but I admire your grit."

"Won't you do anything for him—us?" she repeated with a swift scrutiny.

"I was just talking to Jason about that; yesterday, I think it was," he told her. "And I am willing to do what I said then, give him an allowance . . . of five dollars a week."

Now she studied him frankly with narrowed eyes and an inscrutable expression. "I never did like very young men," she said unexpectedly; "that is, until ——" The perfunctory, qualifying phrase easily expired. "I suppose," she continued, "that you think you understand me, that I am simply after your money, and, with luck, you might choke me off. If it were just that, if I were only the cheap sort, you'd lose right here; for then I wouldn't be able to see anything unusual about you. I'd take a chance, and most probably get away with a comfortable sum.

"But I am not like that, and I can see that you are not an ordinary man. I have no intention of living on five dollars and what Jason can make. And I have stopped working. I'm tired of it; it's really too stupid for a woman with brains. I am going to have a house and good clothes and a motor; and I'll get them—what's more, keep them—for I am willing to pay in respectability. I'll pay splendidly as a wife," she declared.

She stopped, fell into silent consideration. Elijah gazed admiringly at her alert poise, her air of keen capability. "If I had seen you at first," she continued, "talked to you, I wouldn't have wasted time with Jason. Even with him alone I was a little doubtful; but, Mr. Mimm, he isn't just a commonplace waster, either. Jason has something of yourself. And I don't see how I came to tell you the silly lie I did. We're not married. We were arrested going, not coming back."

Elijah said thoughtfully, after a moment, "The train North's due inside an hour."

"I've spent practically all I had made on these clothes."

J. Elijah Mimm promptly produced a worn, black seal card case, bearing the advertisement, in half-obliterated gold letters, of an insurance company, and counted out an adequate sum. "That will take you to New York," he said, tending it to her. She accepted the money silently, in an air of polite suspension. Elijah returned his card case; and still fumbling in a pocket, he moved over to a high window ledge shining with light from the pool room within.

He came back shortly with a narrow, pinkish strip of paper.

"It's still wet," he warned her.

She fluttered the check in the darkness; then, without attempting to scrutinize its face, folded it and put it away with the currency.

"Thank you." She smiled slightly. "I believe I'll ride to the station in the inn automobile. Oh, yes, Jason's at a place called Gale's Bluff. It's about twelve miles on the railroad. The telephone's down."

He heard the exhaust of the north-bound train from the office. Elijah proceeded to the desk, where he engaged the attention of the suave proprietor of the inn. "I've had word that my son has been stopped for speeding at Gale's Bluff," he remarked. "I'd be obliged if you would send over for him. Communication's interrupted."

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

In spite of the even course of the conversation with the waitress, the surprisingly fortunate outcome of Jason's escapade, Elijah was shaken by the whole occurrence. He sought a chair, an unlighted cigar loosely held in a supine hand, oblivious of the movement and voices about him. The girl was right—a different kind, tempting Jason's youth, would have involved them in long-drawn-out ignominy. The thing might easily occur next month. With Jason in his present temper, living in such places as the Conifer Arms, secretly assisted by his mother, as Elijah knew he must eventually be, there was no security for his conduct. The boy would fall into more serious error.

Jason would be at the inn within the hour. Trouble would immediately follow, J. Elijah Mimm recognized; and he must be prepared to control the situation—it would be then or never—with a definite purpose. He rehearsed once more the tale of Jason's disabilities—his inaptitude for practical life was apparently complete. Elijah realized again the uselessness, now, of a mere withholding of money. He mechanically shifted the cigar to his mouth and dug his hands into his pockets. There he came in contact with a letter. It was the latest communication from Dave Bishoff, with details of his intended trip to France, his purpose with an American firm banking in Paris and maintaining an ambulance service on the Front. France . . . ambulance. Jason completely dominating his motor at a crucial moment.

Eleanor passed through the length of the assemblage with Barton Crane. Her chin was elevated, and her eyes, fixed straight ahead, dangerously bright. Mel came up to where he was sitting and stopped. Elijah had determined to avoid, if possible, speaking to her of Jason's final episode with the waitress, and he hoped she would move away before the boy came storming in. Melina did depart, in the pursuit of bridge. Jason entered soon after, but he was coldly contained. Elijah thought that the boy seemed noticeably older.

He rose and motioning his son to follow proceeded up to his room, where he carefully closed the door to the bathroom.

"Where is she?" Jason abruptly demanded belligerently.

"On her way North."

The other's face grew paler and strained. "What lies and threats, yes, and money, did that cost? I was afraid if Annie met you, you'd try something crooked. I didn't want her to come, but there was no other way. But I did think that she—that Annie . . . Yet I can see that she wouldn't have much chance against your bullying. Or I suppose you appealed to her with the parental slush." He paused, and then slowly, bitterly, cursed the elder.

"She went quite willingly," J. Elijah Mimm responded. "Very superior. I'll admit that you have more discretion than I had credited you with. The fault really lay with yourself. You couldn't hold that girl anyhow. She'd leave you in a month."

"Lies," Jason stated.

"I am reasonably hard headed," J. Elijah Mimm continued; "and yet I gave her—my approval."

"Well," the boy shot out, "I'll tell you, if you don't know it now, that I am going after her on the next train. I know who her friends are in New York ——"

"You'll only make a fool of yourself," Elijah responded. "Probably see her in a yellow limousine on Fifth Avenue, and she won't recognize you. When you get over this burst I have something important to say."

"Of course you won't give me any money," the boy hurried on; "but don't fool yourself, I can get plenty from mother. And I can borrow, too, against the—the future."

"So you can," Elijah said slowly; "so you can. Force it out of a woman or take it from blackmailers in collusion who'll rob me. Those things are always possible; but you are not going to do either ——"

"You might as well shut up," the boy interrupted; "I'm sick of your gassing. I'll find Annie and show you up."

"You are not going to do either," Elijah repeated laboriously. "And here and now I absolutely forbid a word of this to your mother. I won't have her happiness in you spoiled." He stopped. Then, with a deep breath:

"Dave Bishoff's going to France almost at once. He'll see the head of a war-ambulance service; and among other things he's going to ask for a driver's job for you. You will be standing there beside him."

"So that's your little plan," Jason scoffed. "Well, it's exploded, hit by a submarine. I won't go. I won't do anything but find Annie."

"It's a man's life, Jason," the other continued; "the ambulances go right out into the trouble. It's a stiffish sight, too—the wounded. And the labor, I believe, is heart-breaking. It'll not do for you to crumble there, Jason; you'll have to stand squarely up against life and death. I—I wouldn't send you if I didn't think that, underneath, you were right. All that's needed, I hope, is for you to find out what's really necessary, valuable. I know it is dangerous; but I'd rather risk ——" He stopped, and then commenced again: "Nothing could be worse than the sort of thing you are in now, the overfed, cheaply expensive existence, these inns and gambling loafers and discontented women."

There was a stir in Mel's room, and a questioning knock fell on the door.

"Remember," Elijah sharply commanded, "not a word of the other to your mother!"

Melina glanced apprehensively from the boy to his father. "Where have you been, Jason?" she complained. "I have been dreadfully worried about you"

"I was held up for speeding," he replied sullenly.

"Jason and I have had a very serious talk," Elijah proceeded; "we have about decided for him to go to France with Dave and see something of the war from an ambulance."

"I told you I wouldn't go," Jason asserted; "and you know why."

Melina's face blanched. "Jason!" she stammered. "War! Why, Elijah, what a horrible proposal! It's the wickedest, cruelest thing I ever listened to. It is unthinkable. Jason—in all that murder!"

Angry tears sparkled on her cheeks. She went up to their son and drew him, resisting, against her shoulder. She gazed defiantly at J. Elijah Mimm.

"Make a man of him," Elijah asserted with a show of briskness. "Capital experience. Only wish I were young enough myself. Jason has real spirit, I'm sure. He'll not hang about a lot of women and doddering old men with a chance at the greatest adventure time has ever seen."

"Usually I'd think of it," Jason persisted, loosening himself from his mother, "but I won't now—I can't."

The defiance in Melina's face, directed at her husband, changed to animosity. Her breast heaved in short angry gusts of feeling.

"You are different from what you used to be," she said. "I noticed it as soon as you got here. I don't know what has become of all your old kindness. I guess it's that business. It has hardened you at last. But there is one thing you can't touch or change, and that is my life with my children. They are more mine than they are yours because I brought them up. They have come to me for everything, while you spent your time in the office. You have had other interests, but they have been all I had; through most of my life they were all a woman could have—and I won't be robbed now."

He turned again to Jason. "Bishoff will leave in about ten days. You will need some special clothing, equipment; and there is very little time."

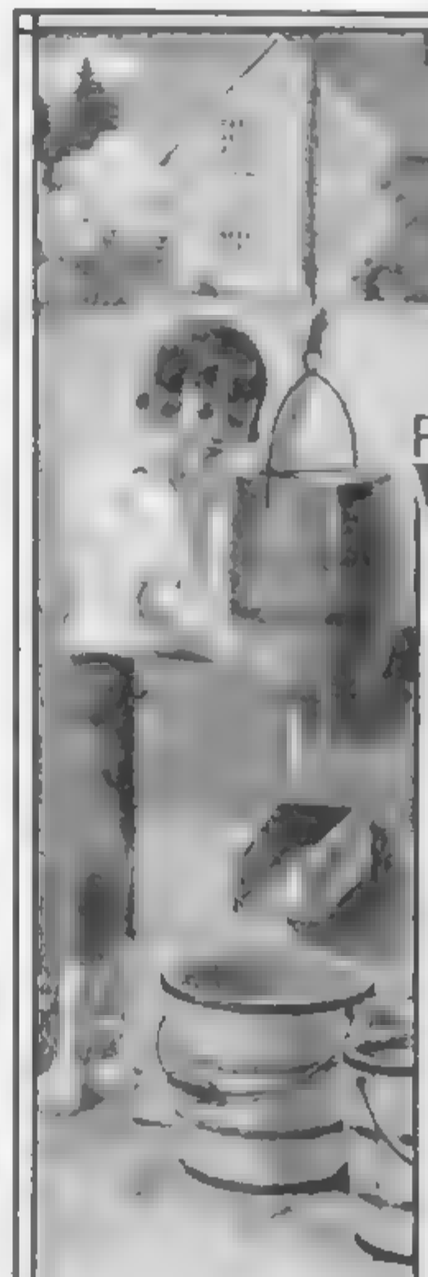
"Jason," Melina interposed, "I absolutely forbid your considering the war."

"I'd be willing to go North with you——"

"If you think you can threaten me, us, with stopping Jason's money," she cried, "I'll give him every cent I have in bank—only to keep him with me, safe."

"I have already indicated that probability to him," Elijah admitted. A spasm of suffering crossed his face. If Mel would only listen to him, understand! But she wouldn't. Why, Christmas, nobody could love the boy more dearly than he! He, too, would give a great deal just to have Jason at his side. But now he wasn't thinking of himself, of the present, but of Jason's whole life, his happiness, after they, Elijah and Mel, were dead.

He perceived that children, contrary to popular elder report, were not created for the benefit or sustenance of parents—there was no such sentimental looking back in life; rather the parents were points of departure, states of rapidly vanishing importance that children deserted impatiently for the future. Any attempted reversal of this could result only in impotence or strife.



Keeping the house supplied with water from a nearby well was one of the numerous tasks W. L. Douglas was called upon to perform while "bound out" to his uncle pegging shoes, at the age of seven.

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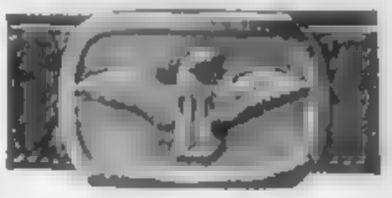

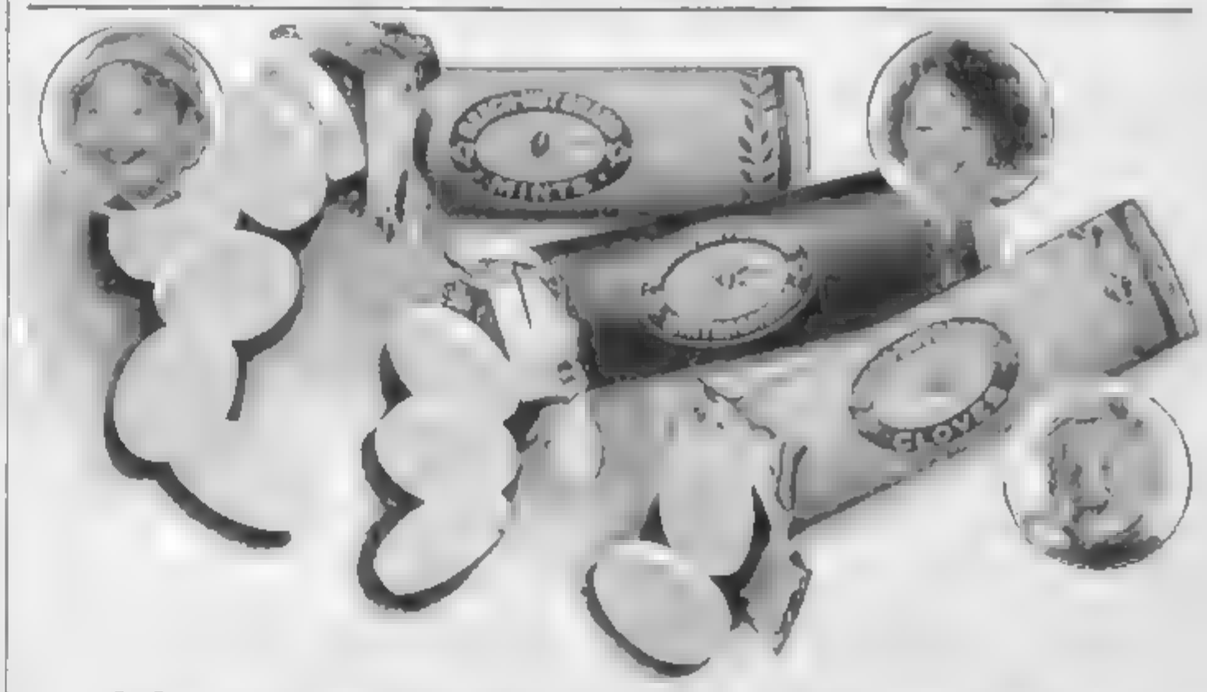

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The necessary thing was to give Jason the cleanest and strongest dive into the great waters of living of which he was capable.

The aging didn't count.

"I don't want to go," Jason stated; "and I don't have to. Do I, mother?"

She captured him once more within the protective circle of her arm. Elijah felt his warmth of impulse, his hope for Jason, turn frigid. He stood for a long breath gazing at his son with a pinched, shadowy countenance. It had been useless; the Jason he had attempted to animate was dead. He made a gesture of relinquishment, and then turned away. All he had done until now, to pay, pay, was all that he'd be able to do for his family. He couldn't combat Mel, the truth in what she had said ——

A touch fell on his shoulder. It was Jason, with a painfully red face.

"I didn't mean that," he articulated; "it just came out. A fierce thing for a fellow to say. And I'll—I'll go to France. If it's only to show you that I'm not as bad as you must think me."

Elijah's hand rose and met his son's in a wringing grasp that continued to hold them close, with meeting, level gaze. He forgot Mel for the moment in the pride that filled his heart. Then that receded before a new fear, a dread of the countless dangers already gathering about Jason, a new, vindictive attitude toward Germany. If anything final happened to the boy, he, Elijah, had sent him to death. His courage slowly flooded back, held by Jason's virile presence. Melina walked silently to the door into the bathroom. She shut it firmly behind her; and the sound of the second, closing, was perceptible. Their echo was followed by a premonitory silence, intensified by the faint sound of the metallic music below.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Sense and Nonsense

Hurried, But Polite

WILLIAM FLEISCHMANN, part owner of the New York Yanks, went across last summer on business, and his visit to London coincided with the passing over of a flock of German aëroplanes, dropping bombs after the pleasing German custom of bombarding unfortified cities from the air.

Fleischmann chanced to be in the city when the first warning of the attack was given. As he took cover he bumped into a typical London constable, who was trotting by, very much out of breath, spreading the news by word of mouth.

Though Fleischmann was in somewhat of a hurry himself, he caught the statement the bobby was making. Over and over again the policeman was repeating, in a panting voice:

"Hair raid himpending, please! Hair raid himpending, please!"

An Error Somewhere

IN A SMALL Western camp, according to DeWolf Hopper, the superintendent of the local Sunday school got up a Christmas-Tree entertainment, with recitations and music, and all that sort of thing. Since the community was a trifle short of talent, he was much pleased at the last moment to be approached by a wayfaring stranger who stated that he was a piccolo player of distinction, and in exchange for a trifling loan would be pleased to render a few appropriate selections at the church that evening.

The superintendent advanced the desired amount and put the visiting artist on his program. In the middle of the entertainment, a large audience of children and adults being present, the elated manager advanced to the front of the improvised stage and announced that it gave him the utmost pleasure to offer a special musical treat in the person of a piccolo player of note from one of the larger cities in the East, who would now oblige.

The performer, thus introduced, came forward, bowed, wrapped his lips about the proper end of his instrument, and forthwith emitted a succession of ghastly bleating sounds.

For a few moments the assemblage endured the torture in shocked amazement. The silence that followed was broken by a husky miner at the rear of the building.

"Well, the derned slob!" he ejaculated in a loud voice.

The Sunday-school superintendent dashed forward, interrupting the solo.

"Who called the piccolo player a derned slob?" he demanded.

"Who called the derned slob a piccolo player?" answered back the mining gentleman.

A Slander Refuted

AN ACTOR within the draft age, who had been examined for military service and rejected by the surgeons on account of faulty vision, dropped into the Friars Club and, to an interested group, proceeded to describe the tests to which he had been subjected.

"Why, you've got myopia!" spoke up Harry Davidson.

"You're mistaken, Mr. Davidson," replied the youth, with some heat. "I haven't got anything that belongs to you!"

The Demand Categorical

A BLACK woman halted in front of a produce store in a Georgia town and addressed the proprietor, who was also of color:

"Is dese here aigs fresh?"

"I ain't sayin' dey ain't," he answered back.

"I ain't axin' you is dey ain't," she snapped; "Ise axin' you is dey is. Is dey?"

Sizing Up the Cañon

SO MANY stories have been told of the remarks of tourists upon getting their first look at the Grand Cañon that Baron Brant, proprietor of the El Tovar Hotel, on the rim of the great chasm, thought until recently the possibilities for a new comment had been totally exhausted. But he was able not long ago to add a new gem to his collection.

Two visitors, both ladies, arrived together. As soon as they had registered the newcomers were escorted to the parapet overhanging the abyss. One, stricken dumb by the sheer wonder of it, stood and gazed down into those awesome depths, filled, as they were, with the colors that are to be found nowhere else in this world.

The other took a look and spoke up.

"Isn't it just too attractive for anything?" she twittered.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 25)

Peter Clark Macfarlane

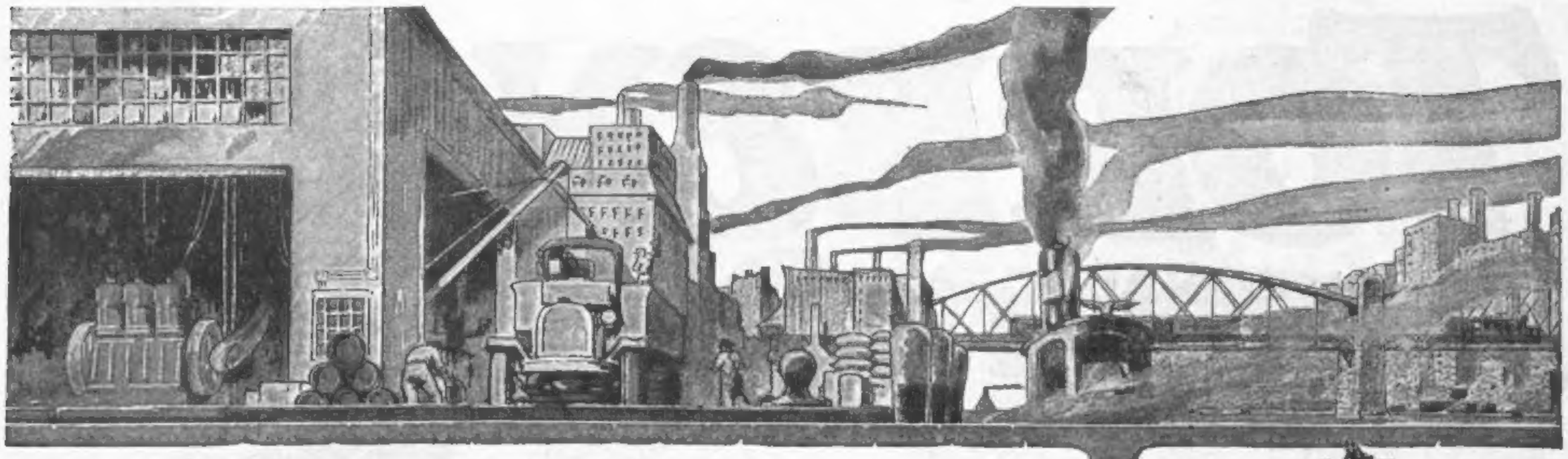
great journal of light and lubrication. Some people are the nervy guys, all right! Van has been in movies so long he thinks he can get away with anything—what!

Married? Yes, twice; both happily. Children? Four; all kinds and sizes. One is six-feet-five and strafing the U-boats of the Kaiser from the belly of a U. S. destroyer; another is saving money for a pair of roller skates.

Finally, lest some one mistake my calling by reason of some two hundred thousand words a year, let me insist that vocationally I am a preacher. The prophetic pill may be painted and sugar-coated but it's always there, even in that story about a prize fight which I slipped Brother Lorimer recently.

And here's a life secret: When the old typewriter has lost its punch, when the "more than two million a week" no longer lamp my lines because the young fellows that come along up have crowded me out of the big tent, I'm going to turn back, with the whiskers grown long upon my face and the hoar of age amid my hair, and trail way out among the bushes to some church so modest and humble and needy that it will take me for a shepherd. And there I'll put in the last of the day, pounding the pulpit and coddling the Sunday school, telling the young folks how things are up in the big-league cities, blessing the orange blossoms and lifting a voice of hope above the fall of clods, and helping everybody to remember that if we play the game pretty square here there's a sporting chance that we'll play it again somewhere else.

Selah!



Whether a Machine is worth $20. or $20000.—*Protect it*

The greatest factor in machinery depreciation—sometimes total loss—is carelessness; for instance,—carelessness in not spending a few short hours finding out the scientifically correct lubricant for each part of each machine.

Why not impress upon the operator responsible for your machinery this fact—that it is false economy to consider the cost of lubrication on cents per pound for oil or grease, when—it should be based on the saving of dollars per unit of expensive machinery replacement?

The mechanics and plant superintendents of America are the highest class men of their kind in the world. They know their own machinery—they are anxious to get the most out of it: but grease and oil are comparatively small items in plant purchasing; in these busy times one is not apt to figure them in terms of machinery depreciation, H. P. delivered, coal pile consumed, and production capacity.

* * *

A Cup Grease, For Instance, To Protect Machinery—Must

—act quickly—withstand excessive bearing pressure—spread quickly—adhere to bearing surfaces—be tenuous and elastic—be *all* lubricant—absolutely prevent metal to metal contact;—and must *not* liquefy or evaporate under intense heat—not cake at low temperature—not clog bearings or leave residue in cups.

CUPESE

To meet these qualifications necessary to an ideal machinery protectant, the Swan & Finch Engineering Department has produced Cupese, a special quality of cup grease for various purposes—manufactured of special crudes by the exclusive Acaloric Process, which is a development of 64 years of scientific grease production.

To any one interested in machinery and its operation, an engineering booklet—"Pennies Per Pound for Grease—or Dollars Per Year for Machinery Replacement," will be sent on request. Also specific information and samples of any Swan & Finch special grease and oil products.

To factory, mill and railway supply—hardware, oil and automobile accessory jobbers and dealers:
An unusual opportunity is open in some territories for a permanent profitable distributing connection for the world-known S-F Atlas Grease and Oil Specialties, selling to mills, manufacturing and other industrial plants, railways, and auto accessory and hardware distributors. Write for prices, plans and territorial arrangements.

SWAN AND FINCH COMPANY
NEW YORK

Quality Oil and Grease Products Since 1853

Specialties:—

SLO-FLO
The super-lubricant; cohesive, will not drip, climb or spatter; withstands excessive heat and pressure.

CUPESE
The Swan & Finch "hall-mark" name of a complete line of quality cup greases. Produced by the original manufacturers of mineral oil grease, by the Special Acaloric Process.

GEARESE
A correct lubricant for motor car transmissions and differentials. Reduces friction, reduces wear. Follows the gears continuously, leaving no spots where metal can touch metal. Unaffected by temperature changes. Insures a silent, smooth-running car.

TEXTUL
A special oil product for wool and worsted manufacture. Has all the good qualities of Red and Lard Oils and yet is offered at far less cost. Saponifies readily, carries well through the carding process, and is easily washed out—needs no alkali added for emulsion.

AERUL
A practical, quality oil for aeroplane motors. The correct viscosity combined with proper cold test values gives perfect seal and maximum horse power with safety assurance.

MOTUL
A superior quality motor oil for the protection of valuable automobiles. Its heat-resisting qualities guarantee minimum of carbon—its elastic tenuousness under ring pressures insures maximum seal and cylinder protection.

ASBESTESE
An asbestos wool-mixed grease combination for correct car journal lubrication. An improvement on oil-soaked waste, where oil drips and necessitates frequent re-packing. Lubricates efficiently without repacking for from four to eight months—under all conditions—and will stand up at 30° below and 300° above zero.

CORUL
A combination of special oils that meets the 11 requirements of perfect core making for malleable and grey iron castings. Corul is made to meet the needs of the most exacting job, and yet is economical enough to justify its use for all classes of work.

MARINUL
A world-known special oil, produced to meet the excessive stresses of marine service.

TALESE
A high grade grease preparation. Easily the equal of tallow for drop forge die-swabbing at 50% less cost. Is especially practical because of low flash tendency, minimum of smoke and unquestioned separation of metals.

EXESE
The 1000°F. lubricant—for oven gears—bloom cars—or lubrication under excessive heat conditions anywhere.

VESUVESE
A waterproof lubricant for exposed gears—for cable dressing.

LARCUL
A practical, economical, metal-cutting lubricant.

Also:

Atlas Engine Oils
Atlas Cylinder Oils
Atlas Turbine Oils
Atlas Dynamo and Motor Oils
Atlas Crank Case Oils
Atlas Transformer Oils
Atlas Cutting Oils
Atlas Tempering and Quenching Oils
Atlas Spindle and Loom Oils
Atlas Wool Oils
Atlas Leather Oils and Greases
Atlas Fish Oils

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

HERE is a typical Torbensen-equipped truck-chassis "opened up" to show what a sensible, straight-from-the-shoulder drive it is.

How it Transmits the Power

The rear axle—which actually *drives* the truck—can never get *all* the power the motor develops. This is a well-known fact.

Therefore it's up to the rear axle to transmit to the rear wheels every possible ounce of the power it *does* get.

In Torbensen drive the power reaches the jackshaft in practically the same way as in other drives. But here's the difference—the jackshaft, by means of pinions fastened to its ends, drives internal gears, fastened to the wheels. This gives great driving leverage by putting the big gear reduction *on* the wheel and near the rim. This makes Torbensen-equipped trucks very powerful, even if they have small motors. The illustration shows clearly how simple and effective a drive this is.

TORBENSEN Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

What it Does

Now mind—and this is important—all the parts involved in transmitting this power *have nothing whatever to do with load-carrying.* They *concentrate* on power transmission. That is why they can do so much work without being heavy and cumbersome.

All the load is carried on a strong patented I-Beam, which has *nothing whatever* to do with *driving.* That is why Torbensen Axles are so strong and last longer than any *truck.*

These two groups are held together in practically perfect, permanent alignment. Together they form Torbensen Drive.

Due to this construction, Torbensen Drive adds at least 20% to rear-tire mileage, cuts down repairs and delays and saves gas and oil.

Write to us for an informative booklet explaining clearly every feature of Torbensen Drive.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

Tire Service in Road Signs

Hood Tire Signs are a new service to motor car owners throughout the highways of America.

Right in front of you, at dangerous points, they caution you night and day.

Hood Tire Signs also suggest to you a tire that has created new standards of durability, of wear and dependability.

They remind you of the sign of the Hood dealer where Hood service awaits you in the nearest city or town.

These signs are a national effort to give every Hood Tire user a road service equal to the service which they obtain from Hood Tires upon their cars.

Watch the Hood Tire Signs.

Look for the sign of the Hood dealer. He will tell you wherein Hood Tires and Service will reduce your mileage cost.

For overnight service don't substitute. See Automobile Trade Directory and Chilton's Directory for list of Hood Tire Distributors.

Hood Tire Co., Inc.
Watertown, Massachusetts

WHY MESS WAS LATE

Pictures from Home

Let the times temper your giving that the spirit of Christmas may be carried to our soldiers over-seas.

Make your gift to those at home, a Kodak, that they in turn may make light hearts and happy faces by sending a continued Kodak story of that home to the brave lads, somewhere in France. Helpful organizations are doing a great work in looking after their physical comforts—but "the folks at home" are the ones who can keep them cheerful in mind and heart—and pictures will help.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*